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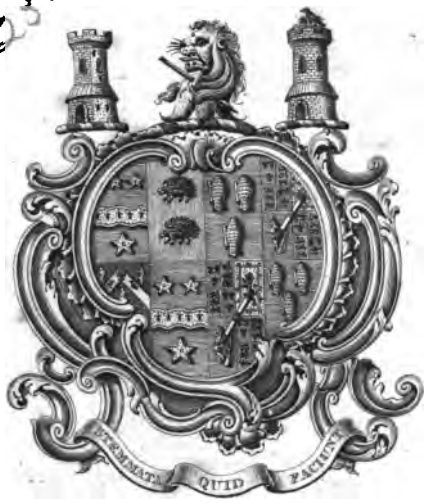
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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR:

REFLECTING  
*MEN AND MANNERS.*

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WITH  
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,  
*The Stage.*

---

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.

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VOL XXII.

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*Embellished with superb Engravings.*

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London:

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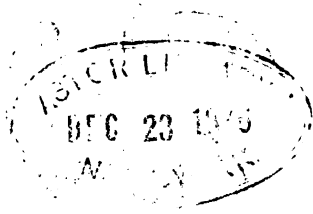
*By J. Wright, No. 38, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.*

And published by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, in the Strand;  
sold, also, by all the Booksellers in  
the United Kingdom.

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1806.

SECRET



NOV 23 1946  
CLARK  
VIA AIR

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
JULY, 1806.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. COWLEY, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN  
ORIGINAL PAINTING BY COSWAY.

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1806.

WYMAN  
OLAN  
WYMAN

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
JULY, 1806.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. HANNAH COWLEY.

(With a Portrait.)

Mrs. HANNAH COWLEY's maiden name was Parkhouse; her father was a native of Tiverton, in Devonshire, descended in the female line from the family of Mr. Gay. He was originally designed for the church; but, on the death of patrons, or some other disappointment, he commenced bookseller in the place of his nativity. It was in this situation, probably, and from a father so qualified, that Miss Parkhouse had an opportunity of receiving, like her great namesake, as recorded by Mr. Johnson, the kernel without the husk of learning. About the year 1772, she married Mr. Cowley, in the service of the East India Company at Bengal, and brother to Mr. Cowley of Cateaton Street, by whom she has several children. It was not until the year 1776, that Mrs. Cowley appeared as a dramatic writer. At the conclusion of Mr. Garrick's management, "The Runaway" was performed, and was the last drama received before his relinquishing the stage both as a performer and manager. To this comedy, which was acted with great success, he contributed an epilogue; and the reception the piece met with, encouraged our dramatist to continue her exertions for the stage. She then produced "Who's the Dupe," a farce, acted at Drury-Lane, 1779; "Albina," a tragedy, 1779. In bringing forward this play, which was acted at the Haymarket, she met with considerable difficulties; and, in her preface, complains of the treatment she received.

A paper war between Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Hannah More took place on account of this tragedy. The latter was suspected of having been admitted, by the managers of Covent Garden, to a sight of the manuscript of *Albina*, and she was accused in the public prints, of having borrowed several of the sentiments and situations; and introduced them into her tragedy of the *Fatal Falshood*. Mrs. More published a letter in the *St. James's Chronicle*, in refutation of this charge, and Mrs. Cowley replied to her with considerable spirit. The controversy, which, like most disputes of a similar nature, left the question exactly as it found it, produced the

following lines, which were inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of September, 1779.

*"No plausible satire in my verse I bear,  
That POPE might gide, or ADDISON might fear."*

ANON.

"ARE there two nymphs that grace this favourite isle,  
On whom the tragic Muse has deign'd to smile;  
To whom fair Nature gave her chaste design,  
Fancy's rich tints, and Judgment's sober line;  
Both born alike to glow with Friendship's flame,  
Both born alike to gain an honest fame;  
Both born to tread, by turns, where Fancy leads,  
Her silent grottoes, and enamel'd meads:  
To catch the strokes that Nature's pencil wrought,  
The wing'd idea, and extatic thought!  
To these should every lovely grace be given,  
That favour'd mortals can obtain from Heaven:  
A taste exact! an elegance of soul!  
While (loveliest still) good nature crowns the whole.  
Yet in two such should some small difference find  
Too easy entrance in th' unwary mind;  
Or o'er each breast a gloomy empire keep,  
Shall not the Muses sigh, and Friendship weep?  
Or say, shall Envy's glance the scene explore,  
Or guess the name—a COWLEY, or a MORE?"

J. W.

Mrs. C. is also the author of "*The Belle's Stratagem*," a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1780. This had a run of upwards of twenty nights. "*The School for Eloquence*," an interlude, acted at Drury Lane, for Mr. Brereton's benefit, 1780, not printed; "*The World as it Goes*; or, *A Trip to Montpelier*," a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1781. This piece was unfavourably received, which occasioned its being altered, and again brought forward under the title of "*Second Thoughts are best*," 1781, and was again unfavourably received. Neither of these are published. "*Which is the Man*," comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1782; "*A Bold Stroke for a Husband*," comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1783; "*More Ways than one*," comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1783; "*A School for Grey Beards*," comedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1786; "*The Fate of Sparta*," tragedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1781. The poetical correspondence of "*Della Crusca*," and "*Anna Matilda*," engrossed so much of the public attention, that the utmost ingenuity was exerted to remove the

veil of mystery from those two writers. It was at length discovered that "Anna Matilda" was Mrs. Cowley, and the "Della Crusca," Mr. Merry. She is also the author of "A Day in Turkey;" "The Town before you;" and a poem "On the Siege of Acre."

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### MR. CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

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MR. CUMBERLAND, in his most interesting and intelligent Memoir of himself, observes—"As Goldsmith in his *Retaliation* had served up the company, at the St. James's Coffee-house, under the similitude of various sorts of *meat*, I had, in the mean time, figured them under that of *liquors*; which little poem I rather think was printed, but of ~~this~~ I am not sure."—Happening to possess a printed copy of the poetical *jeu d'esprit* in question, I transcribe it for insertion in your agreeable *mélange*. S. K.

---

#### "TO DOCTOR GOLDSMITH,

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO HIS "RETALIATION."

DOCTOR! according to our wishes,  
You've character'd us all in *dishes*;  
Serv'd up a sentimental treat  
Of various emblematic meat:  
And now it's time, I trust, you'll think  
Your company should have *some drink*:  
Else, take my word for it, at least,  
Your Irish friends won't like your feast.  
Ring then—and see that there is plac'd  
To each according to his taste.

To DOUGLAS,\* fraught with learned stock:  
Of critic lore, give ancient *Hock*:  
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,  
Pure unadulterated wine;  
For if there's fault in taste or odour,  
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lander.

To JOHNSON, philosophic sage,  
The moral Mentor of the age,  
Religion's Friend, with soul sincere,  
With melting heart, but look austere,  
Give liquor of an honest sort,  
And crown his cup with priestly *Port*.

\* Bishop of Salisbury.



Now fill the glass with gay *Champagne*,  
And frisk it in a livelier strain ;  
Quick ! quick ! the sparkling nectar quaff,  
Drink it, dear GARRICK ! drink, and laugh !

Pour forth to REYNOLDS, without stint,  
Rich *Burgundy*, of ruby tint ;  
If e'er his colours chance to fade,  
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,  
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,  
And warm the bosoms of the Graces.

To BURKE a pure libation bring,  
Fresh drawn from clear *Castalian* spring ;  
With civic oak the goblet bind,  
Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;  
Let Clio (as his taster) sip,  
And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend, the Dean of DERRY,\*  
A bumper of conventual *Sherry*.

Give RIDGE and HICKEY, generous souls !  
Of *whiskey-punch* convivial bowls ;  
But let the kindred BURKES regale  
With potent draughts of *Wicklow-ale* :  
To C——k next, in order turn you,  
And grace him with the vines of *Ferney*.

Now, DOCTOR,† thou'rt an honest sticker,  
So take your glass, and chuse your liquor.  
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,  
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?  
With Wakefield's Vicar sip your tea,  
Or to Thalia drink with me ?

And, DOCTOR, I would have you know it,  
An honest I, though humble, poet.  
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,  
Who drives his cart the Dover road ;  
There, traitor to his country's trade,  
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade ;  
Hence with all such !—for you and I  
By English wares will live and die.  
Come, draw your chair and stir the fire ;—  
Here, boy !—a pot of *Thrale's entire*.

\* Dr. Barnard.

† Dr. Goldsmith.

## PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your account of Professor Richardson, inserted in your Mirror for May, you have mistaken the name of the parish in which he was born. It was the parish of Aberfoil, or Aberfoyle, according to the orthography in the excellent description given of it in Sir John Sinclair's statistical account, and not Aberfail, of which his father was minister. You might likewise have added to the list of his works, that besides his well-known essays on Shakespeare, his anecdotes of Russia, and other performances, all his poems and plays have been lately published in two elegant octavo volumes. From these I shall select, as peculiarly suited to the subject of the slave-trade, now so interesting to the public, the following lines.

## ON SLAVERY.

Misery, worse than death,  
 When free-born men, endowed with godlike powers,  
 With generous passions glowing, are compell'd  
 To obey the wild desires, or mean caprice  
 Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance  
 The heart revolts, and virtue cries aloud  
 Against the deed! Chill'd by unkindly blights,  
 Their opening virtues languish and decay.  
 Their features lose the liberal air of truth  
 And open candour. Dark suspicion clouds  
 Their lowering visage; and deceit perverts  
 Their faltering speech. When pride and avarice warp  
 Th' oppressor's heart, bar his relentless ear  
 Against the prayer of pity, and erase  
 The sense of merit from his darken'd soul,  
 What shield can weakness to his ravenous grasp  
 Oppose, but dastard guile? Can those who groan  
 Beneath the inhuman task, whose rueful pangs,  
 Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate,  
 And thirst of vengeance in the soul, indulge  
 Tender emotions, and the glowing heart?  
 O ye, who roll the eye of fierce disdain,  
 Impute not to the trembling tortur'd slave,  
 Condemn'd by partial fortune, to endure  
 The stripes of avarice, and the scorn of pride,

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Impute not guile, or an unfeeling breast.  
 Ye teach him feelings ! your insatiate rage  
 His hate exasperates, and enflames his heart  
 With rancour and unusual wrath. 'Twas thus  
 Th' Iberian *humaniz'd* the guiltless tribes  
 Who roam'd Peruvian forests, and the banks  
 Of Orellane, what time convuls'd, and torn  
 With agony, the tortur'd sires bequeath'd  
 Resentment to their sons. 'Twas then their hearts  
 Throbb'd with new horror; with unwonted ire  
 The wild eye redden'd, and the virtues fled !  
 The gentle virtues !—In their stead arose  
 Dismay, the counsellor of dastard deeds;  
 Revenge and ruthless hatred. Then were heard  
 Wailings and weeping : howl'd the desert caves,  
 And nature, from the roaring torrent sigh'd.

I shall add, as an example of the author's composition in rhyme,  
 the following passage from his poem, entitled—

THE COMPARATIVE EFFECTS OF AMBITION AND LUXURY.—

Oft in the wilds, on Ætna's swelling side,  
 Too soon complying with presumptuous pride,  
 By fires unseen that underneath them glow,  
 The blooms of summer prematurely blow ;  
 Nor wait till spring, with showers and gentle gales,  
 Restore soft verdure to the hills and dales.  
 The wand'ring peasant, with amazement, views  
 The glade adorn'd with unexpected hues ;  
 The genius of the gay retreat reverts ;  
 With holy awe the grassy altar rears ;  
 Pours out libations ; offers fruits and flowers ;  
 And seeks repose in the devoted bowers.  
 Unwary stranger ! the foundations shake !  
 The prison'd fires from bursting caverns break !  
 The mountain bellows ; pitchy columns rise ;  
 And lightnings flash ; and flames assail the skies.  
 Sicania labours with convulsive throes ;  
 The mountain yawns ; the molten torrent flows,  
 Pours down a fiery deluge, and devours  
 The blazing forest, and devoted bowers.

The bowers of pleasure perish e'en like these,  
 While ruin desolates the vale of ease,  
 Gnashes his iron teeth, flings to the ground  
 The goblet with the festal garland crown'd,  
 Scatters the screaming bevy, headlong guides  
 The fiery progress of sulphureous tides,  
 And with a giant arm, tears from the sky,  
 The gaudy ensign of licentious joy.  
 That ensign, streaming to the wanton air,  
 Adorn'd with emblems, and devices rare  
 Of promis'd rapture, emblems of deceit !  
 Lur'd many a stranger to th' impure retreat,  
 E'en to the mazes of that impious glade,  
 Lur'd, and to bitterness of soul betray'd.

---

#### ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

---

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a judge. "I believe you," I replied; "but every magistrate is a man before he is a judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice;" and then I related to him this tale.

"A countess, handsome enough to prejudice the most rigid judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment, the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her hair, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study, he found the tradesman in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man, out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O Sir! my cause is lost.'—'Put yourself in my place,' said the judge, quite confused. 'Could I refuse

her?" and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel, who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due."

The above anecdote is an instance of the old adage, *summum jus summa injuria*, reversed; for here, strict justice arises from a gross perversion of justice. Happily for this country, it is impossible that such a series of events could happen here. In an age of dissipation and extravagance like the present, it would be folly to say that the people of England are proof against influence and corruption: but the stream of justice always flows free, and unsullied even by the breath of calumny. A judge would consider a present, or even a visit, from a party in a cause coming before him, as the grossest affront, and would be as much dishonoured by the idea even of being actuated by any influence whatsoever, as an officer would by being kicked at the head of his regiment. Indeed, there is such a regular course of gradual appeal, from the lowest magistrate to the highest, and the proceedings of every court are made so public over the whole island, by the circulation of newspapers, that any bias towards corruption or partiality, must be followed by public disgrace, and exemplary punishment.

Voltaire puts these words into the mouth of an Englishman, in one of his dialogues:—"Les plaideurs ne sollicitent jamais leurs juges: ce seroit dire, Je veux vous séduire. Un juge qui recevrait une visite d'un plaideur seroit déshonoré. Ils ne recherchent point cet honneur ridicule, qui flatte la vanité d'un bourgeois; on ne vendent point chez nous un place de magistrat comme une mectairie."

The satirical writings of all the other nations of Europe, are full of models of the corrupt administration of public justice. In this the French, while they had any laws at all, were eminently conspicuous.

H. J. P.

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

---

MR. EDITOR,

It is said that many persons still maintain that PATCH was innocent of the murder of Mr. Blight. I am not of this opinion; but the following is a remarkable instance of the fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence, though of the strongest nature, and may serve to caution juries against depriving a fellow-creature of his life, upon such testimony, where there is "a single loop to hang a doubt upon."

Yours, &amp;c.

X.

---

*Extraordinary Case of Jonathan Bradford, who was executed at Oxford, for the Murder of Christopher Hayes, Esq. in the year 1786.*

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford; he bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans, and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer: he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and

asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail, he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus; "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford: Bradford was brought to trial, he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen: they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and, that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villany transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene!

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong! There was little need left of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence! No room appeared for extenuation! And the jury brought in the prisoner Guilty, even without going out of the box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes, but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-

box, and escaped to his own room, which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness: it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim!

It is much to be wished that this account could close here; but it cannot! Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—He could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

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### THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

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FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

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THE ATHANASIAN CREED is a form of words occasionally read as part of the liturgy of the church of England.

This collection of complicated definitions, which, at last, leaves the point in question unexplained, has proved a stumbling block to many conscientious men; it excited the inquisitive scruples of Chillingworth, and the candid doubts of Waterland and Clarke; Archbishop Tillotson, in a letter to Dr. Burnett, (Oct. 23d, 1694) wishes the church well rid of it; and Bishop Taylor confesses, that it cannot be deduced from the language, or be supported by the authority of holy writ.

Yet a creed which has maintained its ground for almost nine hundred years, and which, excepting the damnatory clauses, is said, by its supporters, to derive its origin from an evangelist, the precursor and herald of Jesus Christ; a creed which has received the open assent or silent subscription of ten thousand sincere Christians and excellent divines, ought not to be hastily rejected.



"I acknowledge that it is a complication of subtleties," says one of its learned and able defenders, "but to guard Christianity against the attacks of its adversaries, the verbose rhetoricians of the day, it was necessary to fight them with their own weapons, and by opposing subtleties to subtleties, exhibit an acknowledged and generally received truth, in the technical phrases and verbal niceties of its enemies."

On a subject, which has, for ages, alarmed the fears, or roused the zeal of many great and many good men, little of novelty can be produced; the question, indeed, can never be satisfactorily or finally settled, until we have determined whether reason is, or is *not* necessary in matters of revelation.

I appeal to every considerate orthodox member of our establishment, I appeal to every rational Christian, to lay their hands on their hearts, and to say, whether it is possible to peruse this creed without suspense, or to assent to it without hesitation: how painful then must be the task, how keen the regrets of many a worthy clergyman of the church of England, who, at stated intervals, is compelled to declare, with its unknown compiler, that an absolute and unqualified agreement with its elaborate doctrines, is, BEFORE ALL THINGS, necessary to salvation; that he, who in the struggle of reason tramples on its tenets, or in the timidity of mental reservation, evades its abstruse mysteries, shall, without doubt, PERISH EVER-LASTINGLY.

I am convinced that the intricacies of this ecclesiastic scale, in which unity and polytheism tremble on the balance, or alternately kick the beam, joined with the inhumanity of the obnoxious clauses, and the unaccommodating zeal, with which, in some instances, they have been insisted on; I am convinced that these untoward circumstances have driven many individuals from the pale of our national church, and ultimately into the disconsolate wilds of Deism; for doubt or disgust once excited, seldom remains at rest, in a studious contemplative mind.

"The thirty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark," says a divine of the establishment, "clears all my doubts, and at once quiets my mind on the subject; 'of that day and hour knoweth no man, neither the angels which are in Heaven, nor the Son, but the Father:' Is not this," continues the same writer, "is not this a regular climax, beginning with the lowest order of intelligent beings, and ascending gradually to the highest? Is not the knowledge of the day of judgment denied, first to men, then to angels, then to the Son of God?"

In answer to this quotation, it hath been said, that by the law of scripture analogy, passages, which apparently contradict the Athanasian hypothesis, should be accommodated to those which confirm it; a canon of theological criticism, to which every man will agree, the moment he is convinced that the author of the creed in question was divinely inspired and infallible; and it cannot be denied, that texts occur in the holy scriptures, equally favourable to a different explanation.

But waving the divine authority and scriptural correctness of this part of our liturgy, is it consistent with the opinion we are taught to entertain of Almighty God, whose wisdom, as well as mercy, appears in all his works; is it possible to suppose that he would have insisted on the belief of a speculative opinion, as essentially necessary to salvation, without a plain, clear, and open avowal of it?

Would it not repeatedly and explicitly have been laid down, and alike by all the inspired writers of the New Testament, as a fundamental principle of the Christian revelation; a *sine qua non* previous to the admission of any person to share its benefits?

Would the Creator of the world, in whom omnipotence and intelligence are evidently united, would he have left the present peace and the future destiny of a considerable portion of mankind to depend on the heated imaginations, and the interested decisions of polemic rhetoricians, on a letter, a syllable, or a word, on *ὅτι* and *πρός*, on *ομοίαν* or *ὁμοῦσαν*; on the difference between a person and a being; a difference which is not easy to imagine, and I think impossible to describe?

If, as is the opinion of many, the soundness of whose faith, and the goodness of whose intention, I have neither right nor inclination to call in question; if the entire removal of the Athanasian Creed, from our national liturgy, is thought, at the present crisis, unsafe and inexpedient, long may it remain; for I confess with shame and regret, that it is a subject, on which, after many a bitter struggle, I have not yet formed a decided opinion: indeed, of what avail is doctrinal investigation and speculative opinion, without that more essential orthodoxy, a pure heart, and an amended life!!

But justice, humanity, and good policy require, that the reading it, or not reading it, should be left to the discretion of the minister, who is too often obliged to submit to that most odious compromise, religious hypocrisy, or to relinquish the support of his family.

This salutary and reasonable regulation was approved of and proposed by Archbishop Tillotson, by the Bishops Taylor, Pearson, Beverley, and Clayton; by the learned and pious Doctors Cave, Hule, Bennett, and lastly, by that eminent divine, as well as great lawyer, Lord Chancellor King.

"On the other hand, it hath been observed by some of its defenders, that an implicit, orthodox, pure, uncontaminated faith, is more manageable in a state, and more conducive to the peace of the church, than rational conviction; or the hallowed warmth of sincere devotion. I once pronounced, and I again repeat my emphatic protest against such an odious, abominable, time-serving system, which strips from religion consolation and purity of heart, and in their place, wraps round it a party-coloured robe of worldly policy, and disgraces a countenance divine, with a mask of atheistic perfidy.

If once an opinion should be impressed on the great body of the people, that, in matters of religion, profession and belief do not go hand in hand, the church of any country, under such circumstances, totters to its foundation, sooner or later it must fall, and Christianity, however its flourishing may be insisted on by some, as wholly independent of worldly support, Christianity may be buried in its ruins. This awful, this momentous truth, confirmed by past ages, and evinced by present example, I would wish to impress strongly on prelates and statesmen.

"Whoever," says a late writer, "believes that Jesus Christ is, in a sense in which no other being ever was, the son of God; that he came into the world to lay down his life for sinful men; and that acceptance is only to be obtained through his merits and intercession; whoever, in consequence of such belief, conforms his life to the law of Christ, seems to do *all of importance* towards his salvation, fulfils the gospel conditions, and thereby answers the end of the gospel covenant."

The following is part of the speech of Dr. Clayton, a bishop in Ireland, on his making a motion in the house of peers for expunging the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds; a motion, which the primate declared, 'MADE HIS EARS TINGLE.'

"The Athanasian Creed," said Dr. Clayton, "has not even the authority of a council to support it, but is now a known forgery, detected by the criticisms of the learned Vossius; it cannot be traced within two hundred years of Athanasius.

"Perhaps it may be asked, How comes it then to bear his

name ! The answer is, that it agrees with the Athanasian doctrine, and had his name affixed to it, by the church of Rome, because he was a person much esteemed by that church, which has long laboured to propagate his political and religious principles ; but as the true character of Athanasius is not generally known, I beg leave to inform your lordships who and what he was.

“ Athanasius was a young, forward, petulant deacon, in the church of Alexandria, of an ambitious spirit, and with talents admirably suited for disputation.

“ Having no probability of succeeding to the bishopric of Alexandria, unless he could drive out Arius, who was the senior presbyter in that church ; he fomented a dispute on the subject of the Trinity between the archbishop and Arius, who being obstinate, uncomplying, or sincere, was excommunicated and expelled from the city.

“ The old prelate died not long after, when Athanasius, only twenty-eight years of age, by a union of force and corruption, ascended the archiepiscopal throne, was illegally consecrated, and confirmed in his see by the Emperor Constantine.

“ But the turbulent arrogance of his spirit was not to be controlled by gratitude, nor by policy ; he grossly insulted his benefactor, the emperor, and treated Constantius, his successor, with insolence and contempt ; for this, and many irregularities, he was deposed by a numerous council of bishops, regularly assembled ; but, in defiance of ecclesiastic discipline, and the laws of decency and justice, he forced his way into the see, over the murdered bodies of his antagonists, and made a forcible and bloody entrance into the cathedral.

“ All the enormities I have mentioned were committed with the concurrence of the Vatican ; for it ought to be observed, that while Athanasius treated his royal master, and the rest of mankind, with insult and defiance, he paid servile court and implicit obedience to the papal chair.

“ This slavish submission, paid by Athanasius to Julius, is the first precedent that can be produced, in the books of the canon law, in support of the supremacy of the pope, who, till that time, was considered as little more than bishop of Rome.

“ Your lordships will be so good as to observe, that I do not take upon me to say that the doctrine contained in the Athanasian Creed is false ; I only say, that it is not plainly and clearly revealed ; nor do I presume to condemn those who think they have evidence



παῖρος εἰσιν ὡς καὶ συναιδίου τῷ πατρὶ καὶ τῷ υἱῷ ἰσχυραὶ τὸ ἅγιον πνεῦμα.

Arius εἰπὼν

Πιστὺν καὶ γὰρ εἰς ἓνα θεὸν αἰδίου, καὶ εἰς τὸν υἱὸν αὐτοῦ, οὐ παρὰ τῶν πικνῶν ἐκῆσεν, ὡς θεὸς καὶ υἱὸν ἐποίησε. καὶ πάντα ὅσα ἔχει ὁ υἱός, με ἔχον, ἐλάβε παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ οἱ ἐκ ἑσῶς εἰσιν ὁ υἱὸς ὑποτάκτος τῷ πατρί· ἀλλὰ ἀπολείπεται τῆς τοῦ θεοῦ δοξῆς ὡς ποιῆμα λατρεῖται ἡμεῖς τῷ θεῷ ὁμοκαίως καὶ εἰς τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦ ἁγίου τὸ ἀπὸ τοῦ υἱοῦ γεγενῆος.

Arius afterwards quoted Saint Paul, “ ἡμῖν εἰς θεὸς εἷς καὶ ἓς πάντες.” To this Athanasius replied καὶ εἰς κυρίως Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς διὰ πάντα πάντα.

Arius then observed, “ Ἀ γὰρ αὐτὸς ὁ πατὴρ ποιεῖ πάντα καὶ ὁ υἱὸς ποιεῖ.”

A long passage was next quoted by Athanasius from the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, to the end of the sixteenth verse: after a pause; he pronounced with a loud voice, the following words, which have been so often produced by those who support the same hypothesis: “ Ἐγὼ καὶ ἡ πατὴρ ἐν ἑσμέν.”

To this Arius replied: “ Σὺ σαββαίος εἰ.”

Subjoined is a Latin translation of the first Greek passage.

Athanasius loquitur.

“ Credo in unum Deum, patrem omnipotentem, Deum semper patrem, et in Deum verbum unigenitum filium Dei; eumque unum cum patre suo, coexistere, et ex substantia patris esse, et æqualem suo patri esse, et ejusdem dignitatis, et cum patre suo per deitatem ubique adesse, et omnia continere sua essentia, et a nemine contineri quemadmodum ut deus pater ipse.

“ Credoque in spiritum sanctum, eum esse patris substantiæ, et coæternum cum patre et filio; verbum quoque dico, in carne fuisse.”

Arius loquitur.

“ Credo et ego in unum Deum æternum, et filium ejus, quem ante secula creavit, ut Deus filiumque sibi fecit; et quæcunque habet filius, ea quum non haberet, accepisse a Deo, atque ideo illum patri non æqualem esse, neque ejusdem dignitatis, sed ut creaturam relinqui, et deficere a gloria Dei, eundemque minorem esse, quantum attinget ad potentiam Dei; credoque in spiritum sanctum et filio genitum.”

## A V A R I C E.

THERE are two sorts of avarice. One consists in a solicitude to acquire wealth for the sake of those advantages which wealth bestows, and the dread of poverty and its attendant evils; the other, in an anxiety for wealth on its own account only, and which sacrifices to the attainment of it every advantage that wealth can give. The first is the exaggeration of a quality which when not carried to excess is praiseworthy, and is called economy. The other, when indulged in the extreme, produces the effect of a species of prodigality. Where is the great difference between the man who reduces himself to the want of the common necessities of life, by completing a collection of books, pictures, or medals, and the man who brings himself in effect to the same situation, for the sole end of leaving a precise sum of money to his executors? What signifies whether I starve myself and my family, because I will possess a copper farthing of Otho, or will not part with a golden guinea of king George?

But if there is more folly in one, the other is more likely to be productive of vice. A man who considers the real value of wealth as the object of his passion, will hardly refrain from acts of dishonesty when strongly tempted; but I have known many of the jackdaw boarders, who were men of the most inviolable integrity. Of these the late Mr. Elwes,\* who carried this strange passion almost to madness, was a striking example.

Perhaps there is no character so seldom to be met with, as that of a man who is strictly reasonable in the value he sets on property; who can be liberal without profusion, and economical without avarice.

\* The entertaining biographer of this singular character is mistaken, when he says his election for Berkshire cost him nothing. Besides opening houses, giving ribbons, and incurring every expence common on those occasions, at his first election he gave away guineas and half guineas among the populace of Abingdon, with a profusion that was as useless as it was unprecedented.

## TALKERS AND HEARERS.

"----- He flies the spot---alarm'd with dread,  
Lest Thirsis should begin to read."-----

So unwilling are men to be *hearers* in society; and we find, invariably, throughout society, that it is precisely those who will not listen one moment to the narrations of another, who require the most profound attention, and unwearied nods of approbation, for their own.

The *perfect* hearer should be composed by the same receipt the Duc de Sully gives for making a great statesman. He should have little feeling—and no passions.

The hearer must never be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker, or reader of his own works, like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French talker *rise up and hold open* the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

An hearer *must not squint*. For no lover is so *zealous* as a *true talker*, who will be perpetually watching the *motion of the eyes*, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

An hearer must not be a *seer of sights*. He must let an hare pass by as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt a narration by crying out at the sight of an highwayman, or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine *lost a good legacy* by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he discovered at the end of an avenue, and announced as an acceptable hearing to the pride of the family. But it happened to be at the very time the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

An hearer *must not* have a weak head; for though the talker may like he should drink with him, he does not chuse that he should fall under the table till he himself is *speechless*.

He *must not* be a *news-monger*; because *times past* have already furnished the head of his patron with *all* the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, an hearer *must not* be a wit. I remember one of this profession, being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good *seaman*, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked "If it was by *Shrewsbury*



clock." It happened the person so interrogated had not read Shakespere, which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

*Silence*, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely the suppression of the action of the tongue: it is necessary that every muscle of the face, and member of the body, should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

An hearer must *not* have the fidgets. He *must not* start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not sniff with his nostrils if he smell fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

Q. Z.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

THOUGH every man cannot arrive at the *perfection* of taste, yet it may be necessary he should be sufficiently instructed not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to taste *proud*?—Is he a *coxcomb*?—Is he a *spendthrift*?—Is he a *gamester*?—Is he a *slanderer*?—Is he a *bad neighbour*?—A *sham* patriot?—A *false friend*?—By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is *not* a man of taste.

It should be a rule to *suspect* persons who insinuate any thing against the reputation of others, of *that vice or error* with which they charge their neighbours; for it is very unlikely that their insinuations should flow from a love of virtue. The resentment of the virtuous, towards those who are fallen, is that of pity—and pity is best discovered on such occasions by silence.

Q. Z.

## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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*Qui monet quasi adiuvat.*


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**Mr. Francis's Speech in the House of Commons, on the 28th of May, 1806, against the Exemption of Foreign Property in the Funds from the Duty on Income. pp. 24. 1s. Ridgway. 1806.**

THIS eloquent and argumentative discussion of a very important question, was so imperfectly reported *ex necessitate rei* in the daily prints, that it was equally a justice due to the subject, and to the public, to give it to the world in its present more detailed and satisfactory form. Of the principles and merits of Mr. Francis as a public person, his long experience and uniform conduct in parliament, it is unnecessary for us to speak, or the political world to be told. The rectitude of his conduct in India, has been acknowledged by all the principal persons in the present administration, by a letter under their hands, and very lately proclaimed by Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons. So long ago as the first of December, 1783, Mr. Burke said of him: "This man, whose deep reach of thought, and whose grand plans of policy, make the most shining parts of our reports, from whence we have all learned our lessons, if we have learned any good ones; this man, from whose materials those gentlemen, who have least acknowledged it, have yet spoken as from a brief; this man, driven from his employment, discountenanced by the directors, has had no other reward, and no other distinction, but that inward '*sunshine of the soul*,' which a good conscience can always bestow on itself. He has not yet had so much as a good word, but from a person too insignificant to make any other return for the means with which he has been furnished, for performing his share of a duty, which is equally urgent on us all."\* Nothing more, we apprehend, need be stated to entitle any public act or writing of this gentleman to the attention of his country. The speech before us may be considered as a speech *sui generis*; since, though pronounced in opposition to ministers, it is evidently in every line so devoid of party spirit, and so manifestly devoted to truth and good policy, that the silent concurrence of both sides of the house, could not but have attended, and crowned the delivery. We proceed to confirm our judgment, by laying before the reader

\* Burke's speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.

the substance of what Mr. Francis submitted to the Commons on the 28th May, when Lord Henry Petty moved that the bill for granting further rates and duties on profits arising from property, &c. be read a third time.

The honourable member commences his address with these interesting and generous observations:—

"It is painful to me at all times to differ from my right honourable friend,\* and still more to find myself compelled to maintain an opinion, which I know he will oppose. In fact, however, I have not provoked this question, nor was it possible for me to foresee that I should have to maintain it against my right honourable friend. Some time, I think, before the property bill was in print, and when I knew little or nothing of its contents, an honourable gentleman (Mr. Rose), whose assiduous attendance in general on the business of the house, and particularly on subjects of this nature, is much to be commended, took some occasion, I forget what, to declare his opinion that, if the foreign property in our funds were not exempted from the income tax, the owners would sell out, and transfer their capital to some other country. This was the proposition, which I resisted without reflection in the first instance, and *that* was the quarter it came from. Until the debate in the committee of the 12th of this month, I did never know what opinion my right honourable friend entertained on the subject. Then indeed I found myself between the hammer and the anvil; but that malice has served only to harden me in my opinion. I state the facts; but I make no apology. The part I take, and my resolution to adhere to it, I hope will entitle me to this conclusion at least, that if I am in error, it is the serious error of judgment, and that I think the object of considerable importance. I am not so thoughtless as to look for a dispute with such an opponent on doubtful ground, or for a trivial object. All I desire of him, and I am sure he is too liberal to do otherwise, is to answer me as he understands me, and not to avail himself of any lapse of expression, in my hasty way of speaking, as long as he knows what I mean. He wants no advantage of that kind over me or any man." P. 1—2.

He then goes on to review the question under the three following heads. *First*, the policy of the exemption; *secondly*, the inconveniencies and abuses which are likely to attend it; and *finally*, the justice due to the parties concerned, and the good faith which ought to be preserved to them. Mr. Francis adds, "I reserve that question for the last, because I think it most material." P. 3.

In discussing *the policy of the exemption* of foreign property in our funds, the honourable member states, that the return from the tax office, dated the 8th of May, exhibits a capital of about twelve millions, in different stocks, held under foreign names, and the duty on this, says he, cannot be less than 50,000*l.* per annum: and he

\* Mr. Fox.

continues, "we are told by the public officers, who make the return, *that these accounts are coming in daily to a great amount.* Then, I ask, do we know what we are doing? Is the Chancellor of the Exchequer sure that, when the bill shall be once passed, the return of foreign stock, real or *pretended*, may not reach to double or treble its present amount? The temptations to fraud are obvious and powerful; and, as to the penalty, I shall only observe that government will have to enforce it, not upon awkward, clumsy delinquents, but on many of the most dextrous and experienced practitioners in concealments of this kind. How the real and *bona fide* foreign property, supposing it right that such property should be exempted, can with any certainty be distinguished from the rest, will form, as I believe, a serious difficulty in the execution of the act, and ought to be seriously considered." P. 4.

"It is argued, or rather it is threatened, that if we tax this income, foreigners will sell out and carry their capital into some other country, and that this will be attended with a material depreciation in the market price of our funds. I, for one, do not believe it. Nor is any man entitled to threaten us with that consequence, until he has shewn, to what other fund these foreigners can transmit their property, and where else they can now place it, I will not say with security, but without manifest risk and the greatest danger. Is there a lace left on the continent, subject to the power of France, or within reach of its influence, where the income of funded property will *not* be taxed? or indeed where the capital itself is safe from confiscation." P. 5.

Where is the answer to this reasoning? None can be devised by truth, and sophistry vainly strives to make head against it. Oh, but the foreigner does not spend his money here! No, says Mr. Francis, most ingeniously, but abroad, to assist Buonaparte, to increase a hostile power already too formidable to this country.

"While he does so, you favour him. But if he were to change his residence and spend his fortune in England, you would make him pay for doing that, for which *in common sense* you ought rather to reward him." P. 7.

The *abuses* to which this measure is liable next come to be considered; and these are most ably and forcibly exposed. Our confined space, however, obliges us reluctantly to go on immediately to the third article of discussion—the *strict right of the claim*, and the principles of justice by which it is supported. This proposition is very judiciously and learnedly handled. Mr. Francis shews that no one of all the statutes, by which annuities have been granted, furnishes the smallest pretence for the exemption of foreigners; and "as to

sound reason, or solid argument," says he, "*I have heard none.*" P. 13.

We are also in possession of what passed in the house on these debates; and, notwithstanding the event, are, we confess, precisely in the same condition. With respect to the appeal made to a fundamental principle in the constitution, which was supposed to furnish a final and triumphant answer to all his objections, Mr. Francis meets it manfully, and skilfully combats and destroys it. In the course of this profound argument, he takes an opportunity of making some remarks, with eloquent simplicity, on a society called *The Friends of the People*, instituted for the purpose of procuring, by the strength and weight of combination, a reform in the representation of the commonalty of this kingdom.

"Many persons," says he, "now highly stationed in his majesty's councils and service, were the leaders of this association: my noble friend *the lord high chancellor*, my noble friend *the first lord of the admiralty*, my right honourable friends *the present and preceding treasurer of the navy*,\* all of them privy-counsellors; my learned friend *his majesty's attorney general*,† and among many others my noble friend *the Earl of Lauderdale*, at whose house the original engagement was drawn, at whose table it was signed. It was my lot too, sir, to be one of the friends of the people;—at all times the least considerable, and now, I believe, *the last of them*. My right hon. friend was not a member of that society; but, I think, his subsequent conduct has proved that he concurred in our principles. *The institution itself has gone into oblivion. A feeble memory is one of those human infirmities which sometimes accompany the most exalted faculties.* But I have no doubt that the principles *still live in the hearts of my noble friends, though they are not aware of it, and that, some time or other, they will be resorted to again.*" P. 17.

From this apparently extraneous matter, he deduces support to the doctrine which he would inforce. The lines, with which he concludes this clear, honest, and unaffected oration, we are bound to quote.

"The only article," says he, "that remains to be considered, and with that I shall conclude, is the *prudence* of making this exception in favour of foreigners in the present times and circumstances of the country. The chancellor of the exchequer has been obliged to abandon the first tax he has proposed on iron; and I suspect that the *home brewery* is very likely to share the same fate.‡ The fact, I fear, is, that we are arrived at the final limit of taxation on consumption,

\* Mr. Sheridan. Mr. Tierney.

† Sir Arthur Pigot.

‡ This prophecy, the effect of judgment and reflection, we have seen falsified.

or very near it. *The multitude* can pay no more, without crushing and confounding the gradations of society, when no distinction of rank or fortune will be left, but between the many and the few. I wish I could remember and repeat the eloquent language, with which this opinion, or the conclusion I would draw from it, was urged and enforced a few days ago, by my honourable friend,\* who closed the impeachment of Lord Melville. Speaking of the treasure of the navy, he said, what *I say* of all the public revenue, 'that it has its fibrous root in the meal of every peasant; in the cloth of the coat he wears; in the implements, with which he earns his daily bread; in every article he consumes.' The actual burthen of the taxes is enough to drive the mass of the people to despair. *If you do not wish and intend to drive them to madness, you will not aggravate their sufferings by this unjust exemption of strangers from contributing even to the protection of their own property.*" P. 18.

It would seem impossible not to feel the full conviction, which the wisdom and good sense of these remarks are calculated to impress upon the mind. But, on Mr. Francis's motion to omit the clause providing an exemption in favour of foreigners, they failed to obtain their object, but only failed where nothing could succeed. The bill having been read a third time, the speaker submitted to the house that that was an improper stage for such a proceeding, and that the motion could not be entertained. Could the forms of parliament have admitted of a division, and Mr. Francis had, considering the puny arguments held against him, been overcome, it would have been *numero, non pondere*.

If, on any subject, we critics may be supposed to be out of the pale of suspicion with regard to prejudice, it undoubtedly is in giving an opinion on any thing that relates to *property*. Being then, as it were, *hors de combat*, and perfectly unbiassed, we own ourselves completely convinced by the logical reasoning and deduction, sound sense and eloquence of Mr. Francis; and hold his judgment conclusive on all the truth and merits of the case. The pamphlet will be read universally with pleasure and profit.

An *Appendix*, containing four extracts from letters received by Mr. Francis, pending the debates on the subject of this publication, afford many cogent reasons on the same side of the question. But these additional proofs are, on the present occasion, streams that merely serve to overflow the banks already filled from the rich source which preceded them. It was this consideration that induced us to suppress, as superfluous, any comments of our own.

\* Mr. Whitbread.

*A Review of the Conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in his various Transactions with Mr. Jefferys, during a Period of more than twenty Years, containing a Detail of many Circumstances relative to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. By Nathaniel Jefferys, late M.P. for the City of Coventry. pp. 68. 3s. Sold 20, Pall-Mall. 1806.*

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* SO HE DOTTH YOU, MY LORD; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fals.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

H. IV. act iii. sc. 3.

Such is at best the debt which this "lean-witted" ex-member for Coventry would seem to claim of his royal highness the Prince of Wales; but reducing the whole to love, valuable indeed if deserved, it will be found that Mr. Jefferys has forfeited all title to it. That a man always actuated by selfish, and sometimes by baser motives, as we shall shew in his parliamentary schemes, should pursue his meanly ambitious tricks and contrivances for a long series of time, and at last discover that he is (to use a gentle term) a fool, cannot be a matter of much surprise. Nor is it wonderful that the defeated hopes of *such a man* should produce this contemptible *tirade* of abuse, falsehood, and malignity, in which nothing is proved but these words of Shylock, "*This is the fool that lent out money gratis*;" and together with this proof is clearly exhibited the ample justice that was done him.

Mr. Jefferys, without a spark of either, has, *in limine*, the impudence to throw himself on the *candour and liberality* of the public, and to look to them for the approbation of a conduct marked at every step with the grossest disingenuousness and illiberality. With a vast deal of gratuitous cant about *feelings, painful duty, &c.* he commences his ungrateful and groundless libel on the character, honour, and humanity of his royal highness! Three and twenty years since, it is stated, that he began the business of a jeweller; the Prince was graciously pleased to employ him, and in consequence of that truly noble affability which so distinguishes his royal highness, as scarcely to suffer an inferior to feel his inferiority, Mr. Jefferys presumed, and took for friendship what was not, nor could not

possibly be any thing more than grace and condescension. The pamphleteer here disappointedly quotes:

“ There’s no art,

To find the mind’s construction in the face—”

Nothing can be more true to the point, or he himself would have perceived that the heir apparent merely treated him as the son of a king should treat a tradesman, and the Prince would, in all probability (judging from the event) have discovered enough to have induced him to dismiss Mr. Jefferys for ever, from the moment of their first interview. The Prince, however, was no physiognomist, or Mr. Jefferys had an *illegible face*, and on the proposed marriage of his Royal Highness with the Princess of Brunswick, Mr. J. through the kind patronage of H. R. H. received orders to procure the jewels necessary on the occasion. They amounted to 64,000*l.* and the ruin which Mr. J. complains of, rests, it may be said, entirely on this transaction, and we proceed to shew where the blame alone attaches. We do not hesitate to affirm, and shall briefly prove, that it was wholly owing to the presumption of Mr. J. who, without consulting his shoulders, undertook to bear a burthen which he was unable to support; to perform an engagement to which he was incompetent. It is well known that when a jeweller has a large order for diamonds, he employs a broker, who goes into the market, and, on the credit of his principal, obtains, at a good or bad rate, what is required. Mr. J. at this period sent his agent to make the necessary purchase. The sellers were ready enough to vend their articles at an established estimation, but on learning the name of the buyer, “No,” said they, “we cannot give Mr. Jefferys the long credit which he must have.”—“Lay it on the goods,” replies the broker; and at length so it is resolved, and Mr. J. pays at least 40 per cent. more for the diamonds, than any other jeweller would have paid, going into the market, and buying at a reasonable credit. We defy Mr. J. to deny these facts. Now it is as clear as the light of the sun, that what was deducted by the commissioners,\* when the Prince’s debts were paid, would have left, had the jeweller been every way equal to the orders he affected to execute, a

\* The twenty per cent. loss sustained by the debentures (admitting it to be fact) could never have been suffered, had he not been a man wholly unfit to meddle with large concerns. A tradesman in good credit and decent circumstances, would not have lost more than 3 per cent. by them at the utmost, and possibly nothing. Is the Prince to be blamed for the inconveniencies which a lame man experiences, who chooses to engage to run any given distance, in a certain time, or to pay for the carriage which his inability, previously concealed, makes him then require?



sufficient profit even on such a commission, for any honest tradesman. It would indeed have been a lamentable thing, if the full amount of this demand had been discharged. Had the tradesman been sufficient, there would have been no deficiency; as it was, all the deficiencies, in every sense of the word, belong exclusively to Mr. Jefferys.

With regard to the petty sums officiously lent to the Prince, of 1600*l.* and 420*l.*—and the pitiful, and to Mr. J. the disgraceful, details which accompany them, what do they lead to, or prove? Does not Mr. Jefferys himself acknowledge that they were paid, and does he not shew that, by his impertinent importunities, all obligations (if any can be supposed) were fully cancelled. As to H. R. H.'s "assurances," of which so much is said, we have only Mr. J.'s word for it, and in that his whole conduct, as related by himself, affords us but little room to have much faith.

Now let us see how this upright tradesman, who complains so of his debtors, behaves to his own creditors.—With a certain prospect of ruin before him, as he confesses, and his creditors clamorous, he gets into Parliament, keeps his carriage, continues to incur a large annual expenditure, (all things unsuitable to him in his best days) and not till he is ousted at Coventry, surrenders the remnant\* to satisfy his debts. One word of his malignity and parliamentary virtues, and *we send this "jewel of a man" to Coventry for ever.* It requires more temper than honesty can well command, to read what is unblushingly advanced at p. 19 of this pamphlet. A shop-keeper is desired to wait on the heir apparent, to take an order for jewels to be presented to his intended consort, and he hardly dares to speculate on what the Prince "*appeared to feel,*" on the approaching nuptials, and has the dastardly shamelessness to insinuate what he does not know, with "*I will not repeat the expressions of his Royal Highness upon this subject.*" What is most indecently and irrelevantly foisted in, p. 66, with respect to *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, carries its own cure with it, and only serves to defeat and expose the spleen, malice, and malignity of the writer. Much might be preferred to shew the good people of Coventry how blessed they were in their member when Mr. Jefferys represented them, but they know him now, and the exposure is unnecessary. For the country at large, a single quotation from his letter to the Earl of Moira will be sufficient.

\* Two shillings and three-pence in the pound, on about 30,000*l.* after having received, as he confesses, 68,220*l.* 18*s.*

"I have," says he, and, can it be believed, prints it in this very pamphlet, addressed to the '*candid and liberal public*' "I have *constantly*, my lord, in parliament, supported the present administration, while in opposition, in *their most unpopular moments*, and I hope they will not, now that they are in power, forsake me, because I can be no longer of any use to them." P. 49.

The same is repeated to *Mr. Fox*, from whom, says he, with a mark of exclamation forsooth, "I never received any answer!" What answer would such a reptile in politics have had? The *Earl of Moira* did return him one, and what that nobleman observed at the interview which followed is most strikingly just and fit. His lordship said, on Mr. J.'s talking of this "*Review*," that he should think it his duty to persuade his royal highness never more to notice Mr. J.; that *his conduct* was a fit subject for the attention of the attorney-general; "and," continues Mr. J. "his lordship went so far," (and then just reached the mark) "as to compare my proposal to publish a review of the prince's conduct, to *the threatening letter of a felon to extort money*." Admirably said and righteously deserved.

In this book-making, and book-reading age, the scheme of hatching this scurvy libel may put a few miserable pounds into the pockets of Mr. Jeffrys; but *any other man* would lose more honour than he would gain profit by such a publication.

O Jeffrys! Jeffrys!\* *quærenda pecunia primum,*  
*Virtus post nummos.*

*Supplementary Pages to the Life of Cowper, containing the Additions made to that Work, on reprinting it in Octavo. By W. Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 122. Johnson. 1806.*

ALL who love genius in the garb of simplicity, or possess a cultivated taste, are amongst the devoted admirers of the epistolary writings of Cowper, and to such, these "more last words," and as many other as can be added, will prove most acceptable. As to Mr. Hayley's share in the whole of this business, it is of very little importance. We should therefore dismiss this article with the observation, that what is here printed from the octavo edition, is for the accommodation of the possessors of the quarto; but that we are led to some further remarks, by what appears, very much out of its place, not to say indecently, at p. 5, concerning the editor, his opinions, and his rhymes.

\* To be read with the quantity of the "*Cives, cives*," of Horace.

E—VOL. XXII.

Cumberland, in his "*Memoirs*," quarto, p. 233, having said something in perfect good humour about Mr. Hayley's "having twice mis-employed his pen, once by flippant censure on his critical ancestor (Dr. Bentley) and once by unmerited praise in rhyme, addressed to himself," the latter is pleased "in his mild and civil manner, to make this merciless and uncivil" excuse for his wantonness.

"And first," says he, "for his famous progenitor. As his critical grandfather was the God of Mr. Cumberland's infantine idolatry, I can easily forgive what I cannot but consider as an injudicious display of zeal, in resenting an *occasional*, and not a malicious mention of those defects in the celebrated critic, which had been abundantly, and sometimes very justly, censured and derided by the most eminent scholars and wits of his own time. I believe Bentley to have been a man of many virtues and much learning, but occasionally subject to fits of *dogmatical petulance*, not perfectly consistent, in my opinion, with such habitual good manners, and such an indulgent christian spirit of improved good nature, as true and sound learning ought to inspire. Yet in allowing that *arrogant critic*," &c.

Going on in this way, rubbing now with, and now against the grain, he winds up this count with an implied promise of a future tickling for the memorable maternal grandfather of Mr. Cumberland. Then "brandishing the scalping knife of satirical malignity," he thus settles the rhyming part of the story.

"I come now," he continues, "to the second transgression imputed to me, that of having praised the Doctor's *more polished, yet diffident descendant, above his desert*. To this charge Mr. C. can hardly wish me to plead guilty; and my reply to it must have more of truth than politeness, if I should inform my accuser that, since that eulogy was written, *I have myself* found reason to entertain some painful doubts concerning its perfect propriety. But this is a point, which, of all living, Mr. C. is himself the most competent to decide, because I praised him for a benevolent simplicity of heart. This inestimable endowment he has frequently represented as his peculiar characteristic. It is certainly possible, as my personal intercourse with Mr. Cumberland has been very trifling indeed, it is possible that I may have greatly *mistaken* his real disposition, when I commended it so warmly." P. 7.

Is this a strain "consistent with *such habitual good manners*, and such an *indulgent christian spirit of improved good nature*, as true and sound learning ought to inspire?" Shame, shame, Mr. Hayley, to pretend to mistake Cumberland's laudable affection for his illustrious grandsire, and friendly introduction of your verses, which could gratify no vanity but your own, for "a vindictive reproof," and a breach of "the common rules of politeness." Perhaps Mr. Cumberland's overweening regard, in both cases, may have carried him a little too far, but most inoffensively so; therefore, even exclaim,

"brother, brother, we are both in the wrong," and be as good friends as ever. Let not such men hold themselves up to the ridicule of wittlings. *Seris inter se convenit Ursa*, says Juvenal, and we shall favour these learned gentlemen with our running translation :

The gruffest bear can live with brother Bruin,  
Ay, quiet live, and never seek his ruin—  
Copy this *gentle kind*, your squabbles cease,  
And let us see *two poets* live in peace !

Had we seen this book last month, when reviewing Williams' specimen of a translation of Homer, we should have been glad, as it would have afforded us an opportunity of shewing that gentleman, that all Welchmen are not of his opinion with respect to Cowper. Having received several compliments, and amongst them, one from a Welch attorney, the poet humorously observes, in a letter to the Rev. W. Bagot—"If you find me a little vain hereafter, my friend, you must excuse it, in consideration of these powerful incentives, especially the latter ; for surely the poet who can *charm* an attorney, especially a *Welsh one*, must be at least an Orpheus, if not something greater." P. 57. His opinion of his own version of Homer, Letter II. and XII. perfectly coincides with ours, and we should have willingly quoted it. How would this divine bard have smiled at the idea of a *gentleman of Wales*, travelling all the way from Merionethshire, to lay him upon the shelf, and to make waste paper of Pope !

*The Harper and other Poems. By Quintin Frost, Esq. 8vo. pp. 101. 5s. Longman and Co. 1806.*

THE *Harper* has many reasons, he tells us, for not hazarding his name, and he has therefore assumed for his *nom de guerre*, Quintin Frost, Esq. *Frost* does not, we confess, at the first blush, appear to be the best and most recommendatory name for a poet, and all that can be said in favour of it, in this instance, is, that it is in general remarkably indicative of the prime quality of the verses.

*Reflections on Mr. Windham's Plan submitted to Parliament for the Improvement of the Army. By an Officer. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Threlton. 1806.*

WE cannot hear of the improvements of Mr. Windham's plan, and the numerous advantages to be derived from it by the soldiery, without exclaiming with Juvenal, or whoever wrote the sixteenth satire, commonly ascribed to him,—

*Quis numerare queat felicitis præmia, Gallus,  
Militiæ?*

What vast prerogatives my Gallus, are  
Accruing to the mighty man of war?

*Dryden.*

We recommend the whole of this satire of the Roman poet to any one who can treat the matter *with good humour*, as an excellent ground for a pleasant poem, on Mr. Windham's plan. After the above quotation, the satirist proceeds ironically to enumerate the blessings they enjoy, which may be easily parodied with the happiest effect, and the gist of the work may tend to prove that the old mode of conducting the regulars is the best, and that the militia and the volunteers are all-sufficient for what they are ordained. These are our sentiments, and as to the present pamphlet, it is above its merits to have the honour of introducing them to the world.

*The French Anas. In three Vols. 12mo. Phillips. 1805.*

THIS work will be found exceedingly entertaining and acceptable to all classes of readers, as well to the most persevering and laborious, as to the most tangent and frivolous. After a quotation well introduced, from Wolf's *Prefatio ad Casauboniana*, the compiler gives us this account of his undertaking.

"With respect to the plan on which the following selection has been conducted, the editor wishes to state, that choosing from the various *Anas* those passages which seemed to him to possess the most general tendency to amuse or instruct; adding notes, where the articles could be usefully expanded or illustrated; compressing some passages, without weakening their sense; and adding literary and biographical sketches of the authors, whose names are affixed severally to each *Ana*, are the only attempts in this work by which he has presumed to exceed the laborious and cautious province of a translator and compiler." P. vi. Pref.

A few extracts will amuse, and at the same time afford a taste of the feast, which Mr. Phillips, with his usual judgment, has been the means of providing for the public.

#### "A QUACK DOCTOR.

"A foolish, idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself, and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all patients whatever; and, as by chance, they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A countryman called on him, and desired to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass he had lately lost. The quack bid him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his

225. The clown spread a report, that he knew a doctor who sold pills which would recover strayed cattle." *Poggiana*, p. 9, vol. i.

This anecdote reminds us of a jest in a farce called the *Doctor and Apothecary*: A pretended doctor there recommends his pills, in the case of a lost lap dog.—The dog's lost—Eh! take the pills, says he, they are very *searching*.

"THEODERIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

"This prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismund asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world."—"Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?"—"You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?"—"I mean," says Theoderic, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gravel, gout, or stone." *Id.* p. 16.

This is good advice, but we cannot help recollecting that

"When the devil was sick  
The devil a monk would be;  
When the devil was well,  
The devil a monk was he."

FROM THE PERRONIANA.

"I observed one day to the duke of Mantua, who said the jester whom he retained in his service, was a fellow of no wit or humour—"Your Grace must pardon me. I think he has a deal of wit, who can live by a trade he does not understand." *Vol.* 1. p. 43.

We have a number of these *wits* in the metropolis. Drawing masters, for instance, who, says Shee, and well, when they find they cannot learn the art, become teachers of it.

FROM SEGRAISIANA.

"An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising, that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. 'But,' continued the orator, 'to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them.'" *P.* 184, *vol.* i.

We intended to have added more, but we can take a hint.

*The Letters of Junius complete, interspersed with the Letters and Articles to which he replied, and with Notes Biographical and Explanatory, also a prefatory Enquiry respecting the real Author. By John Almond. 2 Vols. Phillips. 1806.*

THE world is here presented with a very copious *Junius*. The lovers of sarcasm and bold assertions, not always supported by a strong ground of truth, and when upheld by facts, too frequently

wantoning in and abusing the liberty of the press, have ever been loud in commendation of these extraordinary letters, and still continue to flatter them with their praise. Others, of a more mild, gentle, and benevolent nature, admire the wit of the author, but can by no means commend the spirit that sometimes appears to animate him. We certainly are of the latter number; however, since, to talk of the *mildness, gentleness, and benevolence* of reviewers might occasion a smile, we shall offer no opinion in that character, but call in to our assistance a writer of eminence, who has lately given judgment in the case. His sentiments meet our ideas in many respects, and a perusal of the passage will be particularly serviceable to many who, without being able to form a judgment of their own, wish to speak of Junius with sense and taste.

"I consider *Tristram Shandy*," says Mr. *Cumberland*, "as the most eccentric work of my day, and *Junius* the most acrimonious; we have heard much of his style; I have just been reading him over with attention, and I confess I can see but little to admire. The thing to wonder at is, that a secret to which several must have been privy, has been so strictly kept; if *Sir William Draper*, who baffled him in some of his assertions, had kept his name out of sight, I am inclined to think he might have held up the cause of candour with success. The publisher of *Junius* I am told was deeply guaranteed; of course, although he might not know his author, he must have known whereabouts to look for him. I never heard that my friend *Lord George Germain* was amongst the suspected authors, till by way of jest he told me so not many days before his death: I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility. The man, who wrote it, had a savage heart, for some of his attacks are execrable; he was a hypocrite, for he disavows private motives, and makes pretensions to a patriotic spirit. I can perfectly call to mind the general effect of his letters, and am of opinion that his malice overshot its mark. Let the anonymous defamer be as successful as he may, it is but an unenviable triumph, a mean and cowardly gratification, which his dread of a discovery forbids him to avow."—*Memoirs*, p. 506. Lackington, 1806.

We make no apology for this quotation.—Mr. Almon might have made it, at this hour of the day, without injustice to his author. The work is well and correctly printed, and the edition, to all who need a *Junius*, is very desirable. The editor's laborious at-

tempt to prove these epistles to be the production of *Hugh Boyd, Esq.* is not without ingenuity, but, as it respects ourselves, without effect. We presume to give no opinion on the subject with regard to names, but we guess that the writer was a man like *Timocreon Rhodius, eating all the good things of this world, and saying all the bad ones he could of its inhabitants.* With a *mutato nomine*, be this his epitaph:

Πολλα φάγων, και πολλα πίων, και πολλα κακ' ειπών  
 Ανδρωπους, πειραι Τιμοκρεων 'Ροδιος.

*The complete Confectioner, or the whole Art of Confectionary made easy, with Instructions, engraved on Ten Copper-plates, to decorate a Table with Taste and Elegance, the Result of many Years Experience with Messrs. Negri and Co. the most celebrated Confectioners in the World. 3d Ed. with very considerable Additions. By F. Nutt, Esq. p. 6s. 6d. Matthews and Leigh.*

THIS book is indeed full of *sweet* things. It is true, however, that were we tempted to spend six shillings and sixpence on *confectionary*, it should certainly not be in this form. On any other plates you please, *Squire Nutt*, but for our money by no means "on copper-plates." Other people may have other tastes, and to such we may, we believe, (for we must own we know but little of *whips* and *trifles* in their present sense) recommend this publication as one abounding in *deserts*. Housekeepers, and more regular artists in this way, will, to use *Shakspeare's* language, find some "*kernels* in this light *NUTT*."

*The Citizen; a Hudibrastic Poem. In 5 Cantos; to which is added Nelson's Ghost; a Poem, in 2 Parts. By Edward Montague. 8vo. 6s. Hughes. 1806.*

STUPID, dull, and ignorant, and as to *Hudibras*, "as like as *Vulcan* and his wife." If *Mr. Montague* be, as we suspect, "a fat and greasy citizen" himself, we advise him to *draw in his horns*, and attempt to butt with them no more.

*Ulm and Trafalgar. 4to. 1s. Hatchard. 1806.*

THIS is the only copy of verses that has, in our judgment, done any credit to the memory of *Nelson*. That glorious day, full of sorrow and exultation,

*When the vanquish'd triumph'd, and the victors mourn'd;*

Dryden.



that day,

Quem semper acerbum,  
Semper honoratum (sic Dñi voluistis) habebo; Virg.

"for ever sad, for ever dear," is by our poet finely described in the true spirit of poetry. "*Yielded armies*," in the first line, is an unhappy epithet, but it is probably the excellence of its companions that makes us perceive its imperfection. This is indeed an animated strain :

" And sure, if e'er the spirits of the blest  
Still fondly cherish, in the realms of rest,  
Their human passions ; thine are still the same ;—  
Thy zeal for England's safety and her fame !  
And when in after times, with vain desire,  
Her baffled foes in restless hate conspire  
From her fair brow th' unfading wreath to tear,  
Thy hand—and hands like thine—have planted there,  
Thou, sacred shade ! in battle hovering near,  
Shalt win bright victory from her golden sphere,  
To float aloft, where England's ensign flies,  
With angel wings, and palms from Paradise !" P. 8.

Perhaps "thy *hand*—and hands like thine," seeing that Nelson had but one, is a nice distinction, which may excite a smile where the author intended to be serious.

We are credibly informed that this is the production of *Mr. Canning*. It reflects much honour on his muse.

*An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers.* By H. Brougham, Junr. Esq. F. R. S. 2 Vols. 18s. Longman and Co.

COLONIAL possessions, according to the actual state of European nations, are of so much moment, that the consideration of the best policy in these relations cannot be too seriously weighed and examined. In a particular point of view the "*Mémoire*," and "*Essai par le Citoyen Talleyrand*," which we reviewed last month, will be read with great advantage ; and on political economy, before this "*Inquiry*" is taken up, it would be well that a Tyro in these matters should consult Dr. Smith and Sir James Steuart. Mr. Brougham's work offers many excellent reflections, but his arrangement is faulty, his manner crude, and his language frequently obscure, redundant, and inelegant. Much information may still be gathered from the mass.

*Forty Sermons on Doctrinal and Practical Subjects; selected from the Works of the Rev. Samuel Clarke, D. D. For the Use of Families. To which is prefixed a Sketch of his Life. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. Chaplain to the Earl Camden, and Editor of the Abridgement of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe. Price 9s.*

MR. CLAPHAM has, in this publication, done an essential service to the religious world. The writings of Dr. Clarke, invaluable in themselves, are not, from their high price, accessible to many readers. Besides, to those who are possessed of them, they are, in a great measure, useless. They are, in their original dress, too scholastic: they are, as Mr. C. observes, "too learned and obscure to be useful:—they contain too much of abstract reasoning:—the various senses in which some particular word in the text is shewn to be used, are too elaborately displayed:—the reader is wearied with the number of proofs where the mind does not require conviction;—and the same subject is often discussed from different texts, until it is entirely exhausted." These are forcible objections, and the greatest admirers of Dr. Clarke must allow them to be just: it is no wonder, therefore, "that those admirable sermons are so much neglected by many of the clergy, and that, by the laity, they are seldom read at all." Much praise is due to Mr. Clapham for the publication of this volume, in which he has exercised his wonted judgment; and he will not, we trust, be disappointed in his hopes of its becoming "as acceptable to the family, as useful in the closet."

An account of the life of Dr. Clarke is prefixed; and it is such as will greatly prepossess the reader in his favour. In the Sermons we see the man.

*Notes on the West Indies: Written during the Expedition under the Command of the late General Sir Ralph Abercromby: including Observations on the Island of Barbadoes, and the Settlements captured by the British Troops upon the Coast of Guiana: Likewise Remarks relating to the Creoles and Slaves on the Western Colonies, and the Indians of South America. With occasional Hints, regarding the Seasoning or Yellow Fever of Hot Climates. By George Pinckard, M. D. of the Royal College of Physicians.*

It is amongst the chief and rare consolations of the critical inspectors, when they can, unreservedly, and consistently with their

bounden duty to the public and their own consciences, recommend the labours of the mind to their readers. Under such justifications we can honestly give in our testimony with regard to this production, which is a very interesting collection of valuable facts, and judicious observations upon them, set off in language peculiarly correct, yet not refusing those ornaments of style, which render them more engaging.

Selection is difficult where excellence is general. The Doctor's sentiments on the military character will be read with pleasure and approbation.

The "Portsmouth Poll," is a picture drawn with great vivacity of pencil, and, had we space for it, should be given to our readers, with the whole of what refers to Portsmouth, in particular *Haslar Hospital*.

#### DRAMATIC.

*Almahide and Hamet, a Tragedy.* By Benjamin Heath Malkin, Esq.  
M. A. Large 8vo. pp. 158. Longman and Rees. 1804.

ACCIDENT has prevented an earlier notice of this tragedy; and now we can only afford it a few lines. The subject is the same, with considerable variations, as that on which Dryden built his *Conquest of Grenada*, to which, however, the author is under few obligations, either for the language, characters, or conduct of his drama. It is written with accuracy and elegance, and the sentiments are aptly introduced, and forcibly applied. His object has been "to convey a lesson on the miseries of faction, and to exhibit the conflict between duty and passion, and the consequences of the latter in virtuous minds." In this he has been successful; but Mr. Malkin's *forte* is, as he himself suspects, not dramatic poetry; his blank verse, though it does not "*halt*," can only be said to *creep*: it is little better than measured prose, and scarcely ever rises to the strain of passion.

We can speak in warmer terms of his introductory observations: they include a brief historical review of the dramatic writers of this country, accompanied by some excellent criticisms, and conclude with remarks on the present state of the drama, so ingenious and just, that we have thought we could not gratify our readers better than by giving them at length in the stage department of the present number.

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.* Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

**ATREUS AND THYESTES**, a tragedy by Crebillon, 1707.

A lawyer of Paris, of the name of *Prieur*, with whom *Crebillon*, who was intended for the bar, was placed when young, although old, and in bad health, went to the first representation of this tragedy. The author, at the end of the play, being upon the point of leaving him, *Prieur* embraced him with great affection, and said, "I die content, it was I that made you a poet; I leave a man to the nation."

This anecdote will be better understood after a relation of the following circumstances. It was in consequence of the advice of *Prieur* to *Crebillon*, that the latter was induced to dedicate his talents to the tragic Muse. They were both fond of theatrical amusements, and, from the judicious observations which the young man made upon them, *Prieur* judged that Nature had formed him for a writer, and proposed to him to attempt a tragedy. *Crebillon*, who had only written a few songs, and some other light pieces of poetry, for a long time declined the task, but *Prieur* at last persuaded him, and the poet chose, as the subject of his first essay, *The Death of the Children of Brutus*. He presented his play to the comedians, who refused it. *Crebillon*, hurt at the rejection of his tragedy, immediately went to *Prieur*, complained to him bitterly, and called his judgment in question, for having urged him to the undertaking, swearing that he would never make any more verses. *Prieur* adhering to his former opinion, reasoned with him upon the futility of his anger, and at length persuaded him to commence another tragedy. This piece was *Idomeneus*, which was followed by *Atreus*.

*Crebillon* often told his friends, that at the first performance of this tragedy, the pit was undivided, and went away without either applauding or hissing. After the performance, he went to a coffee house, where he met with an Englishman, who paid him many

compliments upon his tragedy, and said it was more suited to the meridian of London than of Paris. "The poisoned cup of Atreus, made me, notwithstanding, tremble, English as I am.

Ah! Monsieur, that cup——that cup!  
*Transeat à me calix iste."*

ATTILIUS, a tragedy, by *M. Gouvet*, 1752.

This play was never acted, although it was highly praised in many circles of *Paris*, to whom the author had read it. On several evenings, when the actor announced the representations of the next evening, the pit frequently called out for *Attilius*, but *Attilius* never appeared. On one of the evenings they were so very vociferous, that the actor said to them, "Gentlemen, you ask for a play which is not known." At length the author printed it, the public read it, and never asked for it again.

BIBLIS, a tragic opera, by *Fleury*, the music by *La Coste*, 1732.

A famous Italian sung in this opera. A young lady was asked if she did not think he sung very well: "Yes," she said, "he has a charming voice, but he appears to me to want something."

THE WAND OF VULCAN, a comedy in one act, in prose and in verse, by *Renard* and *Fresny*, 1693.

A man of the name of *James Aymar*, made at this time a great noise at *Paris*, with a divining rod or wand, with which he pretended to find out many secrets of nature; the subject gave rise to several dissertations, and furnished the idea of this comedy. It had amazing success when first performed. The authors made additions to it, under the title of *Augmentations to the Wand of Vulcan*. A bookseller upon this occasion published the story of an inn-keeper, who, in order to perpetuate an hogshead of old wine which pleased his guests, constantly kept filling it up with new.

BRIOCHE, or the origin of Puppets, a parody of *Pygmalion*, by *M. Gaubier*, 1713.

This piece not meeting with any success, some one asked the author, why he had risked it upon the stage? who said, "For a long time the people of *Paris* have vexed me by retail, so I seized the opportunity of being even with them, and have taken my revenge by wholesale."—"Indeed you have taken it with usury," replied the other.

REMARKS  
ON  
THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.

BY BENJAMIN HEATH MALKIN, ESQ. M. A.

MODERN genius, if it listen at all to the discordant judgments on its own character, must be not a little perplexed to ascertain its rank in the public opinion. To the ear of levity, which sets criticism at defiance, or holds it in contempt, the comic writing of the present day has a grace beyond the reach of art : it supplies from the regions of oddity the exhausted stores of humour : it possesses all the powers of caricature, in exciting a stronger titillation of risibility than the most finished touches of painting : it promotes the end of amusement, by no fastidious selection of its means ; and why should we be merry by method ? It substitutes the eagerness and surprise of plot and incident for that antiquated dialogue, which listlessly held together a fable too probable to keep our attention on the stretch : the writing is become a matter of inferior moment, and effect is only to be studied. The critic, on the contrary, denounces the anathemas of his court against all doctrines and modes of mirth, but those which are canonized by the inquisition of the acknowledged wits. He applies the altitudinal admeasurement of artificial rules to every flight of fancy ; and requires us to debate it gravely in our own minds, whether we ought to laugh, before we give way to the irritation. With him, nothing is a joke, but what ought to be. On these principles, he tries the unhappy subjects of his jurisdiction by laws to the enactment of which they sent no representative : he fines them for omissions, before they had been told that performance was a duty ; and condemns them for innovation, without releasing them from their engagement to be original. To this severe and authoritative judgment is generally subjoined a weighty and solemn disquisition, whether the authors have corrupted the public taste, or the public taste spoiled the authors ; for, till this point is settled, it would be fruitless to attempt reform.

For my own part, though I cannot so far compromise my real opinion, as to say that I altogether approve the style of the reigning authors, I neither deplore so bitterly the present, nor despair so deeply of the future. Were I disposed to arrogate to myself an office, that would indeed very ill become me, I should be much

sooner induced to arraign their taste or their industry, than their talents; and where the vitals are untouched, the diseases of the extremities may be remedied. Nothing is incorrigible but dulness. The misfortune is, that writing popularly leads to writing much, and writing much ends in writing carelessly. The demand for a fresh supply is so incessant, that the manufacturer can bestow little pains on the article he brings to market; and he is very naturally tempted to weave it of a thinner quality, when he finds the purchaser more solicitous to strike the bargain, than to handle and pry into the texture. Yet I consider myself as justified in remarking, on the acknowledged irregularities and incongruities of some very popular productions, that there are in every one of them detached scenes, and individual traits of character, which prove that their authors might, by applying more thought and more labour, have compounded a whole after the purest and most sterling models. Farmer Ashfield, Job Thornberry, and Vapid, are delineations of nature, sentiment, and eccentricity, which any comic writer might be proud to claim. I suspect, however, that an idea has gone abroad in the profession, which must effectually tend to discourage the ambition of excellence. If there should exist so monstrous a maxim, as that it is possible for a piece to be too well written, and die of a plethora, then indeed must the art of dramatic writing decline. But I have no conception that our audiences, though willing to be pleased at an easy rate, would frown on those labours that aimed at imparting the higher pleasures of legitimate comedy, and handing back burlesque to its proper station in the farce. There are many instances of their receiving what they might have rejected, but very few of their rejecting what they ought to have received. They are excessively good-natured, but not at all stupid. I have heard it confidently asserted, that such a comedy as *The School for Scandal*, if produced now, would not succeed: all I ask for is, that the experiment may be made. But the art of acting is changed, as well as the art of writing. To this I answer, that the acting will always accommodate itself to the writing. The performer must play the buffoon, if the author draws a caricature: but he will converse like a gentleman, if he has pointed dialogue to deliver; he will appeal to the feelings of the spectator, if he has natural character to embody. Unsuccessful authors are disappointed, and therefore querulous; but no instance has ever come within my observation, in which a new piece has failed, for want of being adequately supported by the zeal and ability of the profession.

But there is a light, more favourable to the present race of authors, in which this subject may be viewed. Dramatic composition divides itself into three parts; fable, character, and dialogue: and it requires such a combination of talents, which are not often found in company, to produce excellence in all, that it has rarely been attained in the best periods of our stage. In Jonson, perhaps, the ability to form a plot, to conduct it by suitable personages, and to develope it through the medium of probable conversations, was more nearly balanced than in any other man. Shakspeare was indeed inimitable in character and dialogue, but he saved himself the trouble of inventing story, and was not always scrupulous in what he selected. He seems rather to have felt, what he well might, that any story would tell in his hands. Congreve invented his own plots; but perhaps he would have done better, had he borrowed them. He contented himself in general with taking characters, that were the heirlooms of the stage, and making them talk more gaily than they had done before, though they acted less naturally. On the overpowering wit and unintermitted point of his dialogue, he rested the triumphs of his muse. It seems therefore more to be wished than expected, that perfection of fable, character, and dialogue, should ever be met with in the same production. The censures that are implied on the modern stage, are fixed more on the dialogue than the character, and more on the character than the fable. There are many recent instances in which a high degree of interest is excited, though perhaps not by the most probable means: but many of the old fables violate every probability, and yet excite no emotion of surprise.—I question whether any dramatist of the present day would be allowed the use of such far-fetched expedients, as those by which Congreve usually brought about his catastrophes. I very much doubt whether a modern writer could procure a hearing for his fifth act, after he had finished the play in the fourth. Yet we hear the fifth act of the Merchant of Venice, though we hear it with listlessness. By this instance it is evident, that perfection of fable, either as to invention or conduct, is not absolutely necessary to the rational pleasures of the drama, though doubtless a high addition. The great supports of the cause have lavished their fascinations upon subjects which would have been hopeless in other hands, or which prior occupation had familiarised to the memories of their hearers: yet Shakspeare could immortalise the most obscure novel, or clothe the rolls of parliament in all the beauty and grandeur of poetry. Our female writers, on the contrary, have usually excelled in fable,



and been defective in character and point. Without determining the scale of importance to be assigned to these great requisites, I think we may fairly assert, that a piece which possesses any two of them in a high degree, though not a faultless drama, will satisfy the reasonable expectations of a candid critic: and though the third must neither be despised nor neglected, it may perhaps be desirable that a writer should bestow the best of his labour on the most productive soil, rather than distract his powers by too high and various attempts. If therefore we have rather improved in fable, though we have, in a great measure, lost the wit and satire of our predecessors, we may still hope, by endeavouring to bring our dialogue up to the level of our plots, to form no useless link in the chain of dramatic literature. We have already, if you can pardon the abrupt transition of metaphor, weathered the storm of German taste, and I hope the escape may be hailed as an omen, that our vessel is seaworthy, and will live.

But the demand for spectacle must be allowed materially to interfere with the higher interests of the drama. And this leads me to the province of opera, as most intimately connected with spectacle. I do not object to English opera, though I prefer the Italian. Ours is decidedly unnatural; but it professes to delight at the expence of probability, and can be criticised only on its own principles. The *Duenna* and *Ince* and *Yarico* have many charms, though the shade of Aristotle would probably determine that they ought to have none. It is only to be desired, that this species of composition should keep within its allotted range, and not thrust tragedy and comedy from their seats. At the same time, I would not exclude music as an attendant on either Muse, provided it does not share the throne. Opera, if allowed at all, should be confined to simple subjects, partaking somewhat of the pastoral. But in regular plays, it is an absurdity too gross to be endured, that the action should be partly in music, and partly in dialogue. Let it be entirely in music, if you please, for then you return to nature, though you come to the Italian opera. Much misplaced ridicule has been levelled at the heroes and heroines, who warble forth their own calamities: but the learned and witty authors of this banter only prove, that their definition of music is confined to ballad; and they will meet with considerable difficulty in exempting their revered Sophocles and Euripides from the force of their satire; for the sublime *Ædipus Tyrannus* in representation bore a closer affinity to the Italian *Artaxerxes* than to the English *Cato*. Blank verse

comes very little nearer to common conversation than musical recitative: and without examining whether those commentators are well founded, who reduce an oration of Demosthenes or Cicero to feet, with as much exactness as a book of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, it is undoubtedly true that all eloquent prose is music; nor will any man, who has not some taste and correctness of ear, write such periods as will bear to be read aloud. Prose is to verse, what recitative is to air. Nothing more is required to be consistent, than that the characters should either always speak in time and tune, or always in less laboured but still measured dialogue. They may converse in what language they please, but not in a patois. The only absurdity that hangs over the Italian opera in this country, is that of a large audience attending a representation, which scarcely one tenth of them understand. With respect to the literary meanness of the composition, that arises from the circumstance of inferior workmen being employed, who poetize by the day or by the piece: but any man who should assert, that an opera of Metastasio, well composed and well performed, was senseless or unnatural, would impress a liberal critic with no very high opinion of his own sensibility or understanding. But though I would exclude the mixture of dialogue and air from the action of a regular tragedy or comedy, I would take every opportunity of introducing music on occasions, when it is to be met with in real life. A hymn may well become a temple, and a song of victory can, scarcely be dispensed with on the field of battle: "Go, gentle gales" may beguile the moments previous to an assignation, or, "Here's to the maiden" inspire the jollities of the festive board.

There remains only tragedy, whether imperial or domestic, to be discussed. On this subject, as a candidate, I shall not presume to enter largely. Its topics are more confined, than those of comedy. It is difficult to strike out any thing new; and if we tread in the steps of our predecessors, we run the double risk of disgusting by a twice told tale, and instituting a comparison to our own disadvantage. It is a common opinion, that much reading in an author leads to imitation, and of course destroys originality. But in fact, at this late period of our literature, an author must read, to avoid those coincidences, which look like imitation. He must read, that he may discover what ground is occupied, and what is left open.—There is no danger indeed, that any modern writer should rob a great genius of his best thoughts, without being conscious of the

theft; but every book, however marked for its author's by interspersed felicities of native thinking, is compacted and as it were held together by many common-place remarks, clothed in common place expression. There are lines in Pope, which any pen might have written; thoughts in Milton, which any brain might have engendered. Yet, if we chance to stumble upon any thing that has been said before, whether better or worse, we are supposed to have taken more trouble in hunting it out, than an ordinary capacity need have bestowed upon the invention: and when once we stand accused of plagiarism, what cannot be traced is only suspected of having been drawn from more recondite and secret sources. The desire of avoiding a rock, so destructive to fame, and of opening new channels of moral instruction to the drama, has inspired one of the boldest attempts at innovation, which these days have produced. But, though I hesitate a difference of opinion with a distinguished genius very tremblingly, the system of writing on insulated passions seems to me to have very serious objections to cope with. The mode of treating moral subjects in a sermon and a play must be very different. The lessons of the stage are incidental, not direct; we can only convey instruction, by seeming to be thinking of something else: and by this means we sometimes lay hold on hearts, that take a pride in rendering themselves callous to all authoritative reproof. We must assassinate the enemy with an air-gun, not march against him with a train of artillery. Another objection to this principle is, that it necessarily involves a series: the hatred of the hero in this piece is contrasted with the love of the hero in that. But it enters almost into the very definition of a play, that it should be complete within itself, not looking to any thing that has gone before, or that is to come after. It should require no previous reading to illustrate it, and no deep thought to comprehend it: it should rather inform the illiterate, and arrest the inattentive, than pursue abstract speculations with the philosopher, or learned deductions with the lecturer. But whatever may be thought of the system, every tongue must join in magnifying the powers of the execution: and I believe the public would rejoice to witness the exertion of such talents, unconstrained by any system but that of giving rational delight.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY

## TO THE MOON.

Mild eye of pensive Eve ! effulgent moon !  
I hail thy placid beams, I hail the hour  
When Rest, with mystic spell,  
All busy tumult stills.

When, stealing from the lulling arms of sleep,  
I pace the dewy verdure of the lawn,  
And view, with raptured gaze,  
The soft Elysian scene.

View woods, dark-cloathing the retiring vale,  
And sinuous rivers, glimm'ring thro' the mist,  
That o'er the dædal earth  
A fleecy mantle throws.

Ethereal orb ! that gilds the humble thatch,  
Or tree embosom'd fane, or mountain grey,  
Or in the distance dim  
Gilds Ocean's heaving breast ;

Beneath thy ling'ring beams I love to pause,  
And mark the melting softness which pervades,  
The landscape's features bland,  
With many a magic tint.

But more amid some hallowed pile to sit  
Where humbled grandeur prompts the feeling sigh,  
And dark mysterious lore  
The rapt attention holds.

Where old tradition consecrates the place  
To pallid Fear, and tells of murd'rous acts,  
Of spectres dimly seen,  
Or Fairies' nightly haunt.

Where, rudely clust'ring on the tott'ring wall,  
 The ivy twinkles to thy glad'ning rays;  
 And o'er the crumbling mass  
 The graceful ash depends.

Thy reign, chaste Moon! no sounds profane invade,  
 But wafting peace, the curfew's simple toll,  
 Or gushing rill, or note  
 Of Night's melodious bird.

A while thy sober disk the rolling clouds  
 Oerspread with transient darkness, and forbid  
 Thy cheering face to smile,  
 And bless the mournful scene.

But now, slow rising from the sombre shades,  
 Thy silent lustre bursts with kindled charms,  
 And on the joyous sight  
 A flood of radiance pours.

E'en so shall Virtue, when involving death  
 Spreads his chill gloomy terrors o'er her form,  
 Triumphant o'er the grave  
 Resume her holy sway.

Again, with purest glory crown'd, rejoice  
 Amid the full seraphic choir of heav'n,  
 And beam, like thee fair Moon,  
 Sweet mildness down on earth!

*Plymouth, March 15, 1806.*

ROBERT LAMPEN.

### AN ADDRESS TO THE SETTING SUN.

REFULGENT orb of day! whose eye commands  
 This our terrestrial globe, with many a sphere  
 That in harmonious concert wheel their course,  
 Obedient to his bidding, great supreme!  
 Who out of chaos form'd the wond'rous whole,  
 Without thy central strength and genial light,

The world in endless solitude were lost,  
 Unhabited, and dark, and cold: by thee  
 Sublim'd, exults frail sublunary man,  
 And in thy quick'ning smile the various tribes  
 Of animals, and fruits, and flowers rejoice.  
 Progenitor of being and of bliss!  
 Altho' a creature thou, of all things made  
 Likest thy great Creator, take, O Sun,  
 A grateful bosom's tributary strain.  
 And tho' the paler moon's benignant reign  
 Soothes jarring thoughts, and wakes serene joy;  
 Thy potent fires superior homage claim,  
 Whose right directs her through the tract of heav'n,  
 Beneath thy wide dominion, mighty Sun!  
 From the bright portals of the golden east,  
 On to the many-tinted occident,  
 Where hoary Ocean waits thy drooping car,  
 What revolutions has thine eye beheld!  
 What strange vicissitudes! Yet still thy light  
 No diminution knows, no succour needs:  
 Bright emblem of heav'n's architect divine!  
 Greatest of ~~off's~~ known to the ken of man,  
 Who, in this mundane state, with wonder views  
 The countless worlds that gem the vault of heav'n;  
 To thee the feather'd choristers attune  
 The warbled descant from their leafy homes,  
 And, with thy poet, bless thy latest ray.  
 Nor these alone; for nature all combines  
 In universal song. The lambskins bleat,  
 The herds innumerable low; from vale to vale  
 Resounds the grateful hymn, and the blithe swain,  
 From labour freed, rejoices.

Happy he,

The cottager obscure, who at his door,  
 Vine hung, and grat'd with rustic industry,  
 Awaits, with brow compos'd, that placid hour,  
 When, in the glowing west, appears sublime  
 The sliding beam that warns him to repose,  
 Snug, warm, and homely is his rural hut,  
 And thy ~~stent~~ rays, flung on his cottage casements,  
 Seem like a blazing fire, or burnish'd gold,

That oft excites the traveller's doubtful gaze.  
 Steep'd in the vivid glow, stream the bright clouds,  
 The flow'ry lawns, the tangled forests blush,  
 In amber hues revolves the limpid wave,  
 And the rich grape a richer tint assumes,  
 But who of earth, with nice precision fraught,  
 And keen survey, enough can speak thy praise,  
 Can weigh the vast importance of thy pow'r,  
 Or trace the limits of thy mighty reign !

On yonder fir-crown'd hill, ling'ring, thou seem'st  
 A little while to pause, and look around  
 On Nature's drooping family. Not a flower  
 But wears upon its feeble lid a tear  
 To weep thy setting. Discord herself is hush'd,  
 Their rudeness e'en the stubborn winds forget,  
 And, sighing, gently pant along the vale.  
 But thou, majestic orb ! again shalt cheer  
 Spring's mournful children—oh ! that thou couldst bring  
 Some healing for the sorrows of mankind !

*Plymouth, March 15, 1806.*

J. NORRINGTON.

### LINES

*On seeing some Pieces of Armour at Shaw Place, the Seat of Sir  
 Joseph Andrews, Bart.*

SHADES of departed worth ! whose martial fire  
 Once fill'd these relics of the former age ;  
 If hov'ring near, bid Britain's race aspire  
 To shine in radiant truth's immortal page.

Teach them 'tis far more blissful to resign,  
 In freedom's sacred cause, their parting breath,  
 Than to a foreign galling yoke incline,  
 And wear a chain that's painful more than death.

This precept shall brave *Poland's*\* sons inspire,  
 Whose warlike glories emulate the lay,  
 When well-taught fingers touch the flaming lyre,  
 And seraph zeal the burning notes convey.

\* Battle of Warsaw.

Yet happier fate awaits fair Albion's land,  
If bold invaders press her peaceful shore;  
Her native spirit rous'd, each hireling band  
Shall with full cause the rash attempt deplore.

More bright will bloom the laurels on her brow;  
The more oppos'd, the higher will she rise;  
Her foes shall see their tow'ring hopes laid low,  
And fall beneath the lightning of her eyea.  
*Newbury.*

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#### ADDRESS TO AN INMATE.

Poor little flutt'ring heart! be still,  
Nor think that ev'ry mortal ill,  
Which doth the world with misery fill,  
Attends thy lot.

O'erflowing with malignant rage  
Against thy peace, if foes engage,  
And fierce, unequal combat wage,  
It matters not.

Perchance thou hast been basely us'd,  
Betray'd, deep-wounded, and abus'd,  
Who never yet a pang refus'd  
For human grief.

Yet let the fools of fortune boast,  
By sensual, low pursuits engrost,  
A few more annual suns, at most,  
Will bring relief.

Soon will thy pain'd vibrations cease,  
Soon death will sign the hop'd release;  
Safe passport to the realms of peace,  
And endless joy.



There, with some pure seraphic choir,  
 Thou'lt tune the sweetly-sounding lyre,  
 And love divine the theme inspire,  
 Free from annoy.  
*Newbury.*

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### THE ROSE-BUD.

HARRIET pluck'd an unblown rose,  
 And, smiling, said to me,  
 "E'er this young rose its sweets disclose,  
 "I give it unto thee."  
 "Why bring me this," I quick replied,  
 "It can no sweets impart;"  
 "I'll soon expand," she blushing cried;  
 "If warm'd against thy heart."  
 "This bud," resum'd the lovely maid,  
 "Would soon have been a rose;  
 "And then its fragrant beauties fade;  
 "It withers when it blows."  
 "Then e'er it opes its tender head,  
 "The captive rose to free;  
 "Before its perfum'd sweets are shed,  
 "Oh! pluck it from the tree."  
 "Then let it feel thy heart's warm power,  
 "Oh nourish it with care,  
 "And Gratitude will teach the flower  
 "To shed its sweetness there."  
 She plac'd the rose-bud next my heart,  
 I found her words were true;  
 But found, alas, in that same part,  
 A thorn was planted too.

LEARNED

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## A DEBTOR'S SOLILOQUY,

IN PRISON.

## I.

Am! now secluded from the world's routine,  
No more to sport in pleasure's fairy train;  
While others mingle in the festive scene,  
Alas! I linger only to complain.

## II.

No friend have I whose sympathetic tear  
Could chase the melancholy gloom away;  
No cheering accents meet my anxious ear,  
But flatt'ring hope wears out the tedious day.

## III.

Yet in this dire abode of woe and care,  
Reflection oft will yield my heart relief:  
That those—e'en those who wealth and pleasure share,  
Make fancied ills the cause of keenest grief.

## IV.

For why regret the joys that quickly die,  
Whose forms alone allure the young and gay?  
When Affluence hears chill Pen'ry's heartfelt sigh,  
Then friends forget, and pleasure fades away.

## V.

But pitying Heav'n, to ease my tortur'd breast,  
Has giv'n me pow'r to think of what's to come;  
That while depriv'd of liberty and rest,  
I look for happiness beyond the tomb.

## VI.

There virtue dreads no sorrows unreveal'd—  
There it finds peace—there ceases mortal care,  
Till time's fulfill'd; then death his pow'r must yield,  
And life return, and Heav'n's high throne appear.

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## VII.

Tremendous thought—by various feeling press'd,  
 And anxious hearts the fixt decree await;  
 By hope alternate rais'd, by fear depress'd,  
 To rise in bliss, or sink in endless hate.

## VIII.

See the vile sceptic, who a God disown'd,  
 Now first acknowledge an Almighty pow'r;  
 Then see the humble culprit who aton'd  
 His misspent life in death's last fleeting hour.

## IX.

Oh! happy we, could we but think it so:  
 Remov'd afar from ev'ry tempting vice;—  
 Religion can disarm the shafts of woe,  
 And change a prison to a paradise.

OMEGA.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## HAYMARKET.

Since our last Mr. Dibdin, who literally writes *currente calamo*, has produced a merry little comedy called the *Finger Post, or Five Miles off*, which has filled the theatre for more than twenty nights, and has not yet finished half its course. It is one of his happiest efforts, and the laughing philosopher himself, could he have been present, would have been obliged to hold *both his sides* from the first scene to the last.

We shall not put Mr. Dibdin on his trial for having outraged probability, and sinned against the rules of comedy. He would instantly plead *guilty* to the charge, and it would be our duty, as grave censors, to condemn him to get Aristotle by heart, and promise never to make us laugh again. We shall pass a milder sentence on this dramatic culprit, and advise him to *repeat his offence*, by presenting us with a similar specimen as soon as possible.

The characters are most of them old acquaintances, but they are placed in new situations, and sketched with so much spirit, that they have nearly all the merit, and more than the effect of perfect novelty. *Calendar*, a genuine disciple of Partridge and Moore, who speaks the language of the almanac, and studies the use of the globes, is the leading comic personage. Fawcett, who performs it inimitably, makes every point tell, and in one scene the effect he produces is quite *electrifying*. Among the other characters are a *quater*; a *countryman*;

and an *Irish carpenter*, who makes a finger post that turns round like a weather-cock. This blunder of Pat's occasions the principal business of the play, which is a *chapter of accidents* from beginning to end. Any attempt to detail the incidents would be idle, and as useless as vain. The parts will not bear to be detached, though the *tout ensemble* is excellent; like a *salmagundi*, of which the ingredients are insipid, till they are well mixed together.

The performers acquitted themselves ably. "In the first rank of praise" we must place Fawcett, whose performance decided the success of the piece. Linton, in the *quaker*, was very ludicrous, and his *song* is constantly *encored*.—Mathews also brought his character very forward, and Hatton's *thief* is a *chef d'œuvre*. We never saw a little part sustained with more characteristic minuteness. In look, dress, and action, it was complete. De Camp played with great spirit, and Grove, in the old miser, was very respectable. This actor is gaining fast upon the town; his attention to the business of the scene, and the correctness with which he dresses and plays all his characters, do not pass without notice. They are merits which will ever render him a valuable acquisition to any theatre. Chapman is always judicious and forcible; he appeared to great advantage in this piece. The female characters are not very prominent. Mrs. Powell, however, plays the old woman admirably.

The author was favoured both with prologue and epilogue by Mr. Colman. The first is a spirited composition, but it is not a just argument that a piece is necessarily good because it is attractive. We see every day that what has least merit brings the most money to the theatre. Nor are we bound to respect a play because it has received the *fat* of the licencer, who looks, we apprehend, more to its political than its moral tendency, or its literary merit. The epilogue has much point.

MR. RAE, the gentleman who made his appearance in *Octavian*, has since played a number of principal characters with tolerable success. He has a genteel person and an expressive countenance, but his voice is neither pleasant nor extensive: in level dialogue it is feeble, and when exerted the intonations are rather painful to the ear. Feeling he has, and good sense, but he does not act much from himself. He has caught something from Kemble, and more from Elliston, but, like most borrowers, he has adopted most of their faulty peculiarities, and not their excellencies. It has lately become a *vice* in tragic acting to express strong feelings of distress by hysterical *guggles* in the throat. Elliston carried them to excess; he knew their efficacy in obtaining applause, and availed himself of them too liberally. Mr. RAE is a still greater adept in this *throat-acting*. He is always in convulsions. The trick really becomes disgusting, and should be dropped. In the agonies of expiring nature, or when grief so weighs upon the heart as to deny the tongue its utterance, the adoption of it is allowable and natural, but beyond this "'tis gross—'tis palpable."

Mr. Rae, however, has capabilities, and we may one day find him a valuable actor. In comedy his action and manner are constrained; but this is a fault which practice may remove. It must be considered that he has had many characters to study and perform in a short time, and a young man who can bear the weight of so arduous a part as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, and make a cre-

ditable stand in characters of a lighter description, (in which Mr. Elliston's talents were so conspicuous) such as *Captain Beldare, Frederick, Felix, &c.* may fairly be allowed to possess a considerable portion of merit.

#### MRS. C. YOUNG.

At Manchester, on the 11th of July, 1806, in the twenty-first year of her age, departed this life, Julia, the wife of Charles Young, one of the managers of the theatre royal Manchester. Her death was occasioned by a bilious fever, a few days after she had safely become a mother.

In London, Bath, and Liverpool this lady was better known as Miss Grismani. Her talents for the drama were acknowledged to be of a cast, that, had her life been spared, must have attained superior excellence and the highest professional rank. Those who knew her will not here expect to find a panegyric on her virtues and her talents; they knew how much these were above all praise. With an elegance of form, a bewitching and most expressively animated countenance, she possessed the fascinating manners of an accomplished gentlewoman, and a mind endowed with most uncommon acquirements. These fitted her to captivate all who came within the sphere of her attraction; whilst *those qualities of the heart and disposition*, which are hidden from the observance of ordinary acquaintance, but which constitute the essence of matrimonial happiness, and alone can form the delight of familiar intercourse; whose presence strengthens every tie of blood, and warms into enthusiastic friendship the favourable impressions made by manners and accomplishments; *these* made up her whole character—for these the bitter tears of her wretched husband will never cease to flow—for these, as she was most beloved, so she will be most regretted by a numerous and illustrious acquaintance.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

*Il Fanatico per la Musica* gains on the public by repetition. The mellifluous notes of *Billington*, and her fine execution on the *piano forte*, added to the irresistible humour of *Naldi*, form a treatment which richly gratifies the fullest assemblies of nobility and fashion that we ever remember to have witnessed at this late period of the year. The subscribers are greatly indebted to *Kelly* and *Jewell* for the tasteful and well ordered management of this elegant amusement, during the whole of the season.

#### ARGYLE ROOMS—MASQUERADE.

The *luminous* Gibbon, as he is often called by those who were never illuminated by him, describing a masquerade at Boodle's, in a letter to a friend, says, what we may repeat with propriety on the present occasion—"It would be as difficult to describe the elegance of the scene, as it would be to record the humour of the night. The one was above, the other below, all relation." The beauty of the women, the brilliancy of the *coup d'oeil*, and the excellence of the wines and refreshments, were indeed better *felt, seen, and tasted* than they can possibly be described. As to the *humour*, it was suited to the genius of the moment and the meridian of *Argyle Rooms*, but, like most humour, it was of that delicate constitution, that bring it once out of the warm room into the air, it faints, and

its spirit evaporates ; it catches cold and dies. *Mr. Melick*, as a quaker, *year'd and nay'd* it with considerable effect, and the spirit moved him to drink many a bumper, and to sigh over the temptations of the flesh that surrounded him with genuine hypocrisy. Amongst the numerous characters present we noticed—a wretched *Richard* never “himself,” a famous coachman who drove through his part excellently well, a woe-worn *Ostavian*, who, if he kept his calendar right, must have notched a night of pleasure, a *Caleb Quatom*, the true “*recitator acerbus*,” killing with scrap-recitations, &c. &c. &c. A more agreeable and joyous masquerade has rarely taken place in this country ; but this winter has, we must confess, been remarkably distinguished for its superiority in this truly fascinating, and, when well ordered, as in the present instance, innocent amusement.

#### NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

To the numerous exhibitions of this theatre, full of ingenuity and attraction, has recently been added one of uncommon splendour and magnificence—*The Cloud King*. The acting in this piece is excellent, and the manner in which it is got up does great credit to the talents of *Mr. Cross*. The other performances we have already noticed. The *tout ensemble* is very much approved of by all ranks of visitors, both fashionable and unfashionable.

#### ASTLEY'S, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

*Mr. Astley, junr.* with his accustomed anxiety to amuse the public, whose patronage is so liberally bestowed on him, has, in consequence of the loss of *Mr. Richer*, substituted in his place some very surprising exertions on the slack rope and wire, by *Mr. Link* and *Signora Rossa*, with vaulting, which exhibits great strength and agility. *Mr. Jeffries* is considerably improved in his horsemanship, but the boy is far superior to him, and promises, with time, to excel in the art. The remainder of the entertainments still continue as before, and that no change has taken place seems very satisfactorily accounted for, by the fullness of the houses proving it entirely unnecessary.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

Meaner things, as well as states, have their rise and fall, their prosperity and adversity, and when they are at their worst, they, by a natural necessity, improve ; gradually in general, but, in the instance of this theatre, with most unexampled rapidity. *Sadler's Wells*, in the memory of us all, took the lead, decidedly, amongst the various exhibitions of this description, but through inattention to the concern (no matter where) it fell into neglect ; but, owing to the spirit with which its management is now conducted, and the extraordinary genius and ability of *Mr. C. Dibdin*, in providing entertainments of this sort, it has suddenly risen into all its former favour, if not into more than it ever possessed. The novelty of introducing into a theatre such a vast body of water, and the skill with which all the manœuvres on it are managed, continue to possess a degree of attraction not likely to be diminished by repetition. The harlequinade of the *Water Kelpie*, and the very ingenious and interesting melo-drame, *The Invisible Ring*, are of a superior description, and their merits are nightly attested by the loud applause of fashionable and crowded houses. The clown of *Gri-*

staldi is irresistibly droll, and his qualifications to support a principal part in a ballet of action of a sort rarely coupled with the grotesque and caricatured acting of the mischievous hero of pantomime. The night on which we amused ourselves with his exertions, he suffered a severe accident in the grand combat in *The Invisible Girl*. The guard to his weapon, it appeared, was not sufficiently wide, and his antagonist cut his hand in a manner that prevented his concluding the performance. This will for the future, of course, be carefully provided against, since any notion of danger prevailing in the minds of the audience, very much impairs the pleasure of the exhibition.

The last season was reported to have been very lucrative, but we prophesy that the present harvest will be far more profitable, and the proprietors will owe much of it to the ingenious labours and superintending taste and judgment of Mr. C. Dibdin.

#### VAUXHALL.

On Monday, July 21st, the annual silver cup and cover, given by the proprietors of Vauxhall gardens, were sailed for by seven pleasure boats. The weather was favourable, and the scene delightful. The gardens were consequently crowded, the company excellent, and the hilarity and harmony that prevailed were enjoyed till broad day-light. We hear, with regret, that after the present season, these fascinating gardens will be shut against the public for ever, the ground being to be let on a building lease.

#### PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

*Theatre Royal RICHMOND*.—This commodious little theatre is this year taken by Mr. Cherry, who has collected a respectable company, and used every exertion to give *eclat* and variety to the performances. Miss Cherry has distinguished herself greatly in many difficult and opposite characters. Mrs. Dibdin has performed a few nights, and at her benefit had the attraction of BRAHAM and STORACE. Notwithstanding the heavy torrents of rain, and a grand *fête* given by Mrs. Jordan, on her eldest daughter's coming of age, the theatre overflowed in every part. The receipt amounted to £.100. Mr. Farley, who is engaged for a short period, is getting up the *FORTY THIEVES*, whose operations cannot fail to be successful under so experienced a captain.

*Theatre Royal GLASGOW*.—MR. EDITOR,—Since my last our theatrical corps has been dreadfully annoyed by the horrid and unexpected appearance of a *Ghost*! "Touching this vision," the performers have exhibited symptoms of dismay equally strong as did *Aeneas* when he beheld the grizzly apparition of the great Hector. Yet, after all the hubbub and confusion the *Ghost* has created, it is only a pamphlet bearing that hideous name! There is no doubt, however, but that it has furnished the world with many "damning truths" respecting our theatrical concerns. The animadversions it contains are in general just, though not without exception. The eulogium on Mrs. Orger is certainly too highly

coloured; the passage on Miss Jones is in the same predicament. In most other matters "It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you." An attack, however, has been made on its *criticisms in sorry poetry*; of the author of which I may ask:—

"Could it be worth thy wond'rous waste of pains,

"To publish to the world thy lack of brains?"

Mr. Cooke has played here ten nights. Miss Smith, of Covent-Garden Theatre, succeeded him, and performed eight. This lady evinces a strong *penchant* for wearing breeches! not contented with appearing in *Edgar* in male attire, she has attempted the part of Young Norval—but has added nothing to her fame by the transformation of sex. She has proved greatly inferior in attraction to Cooke. For these ten days Mr. Byrne, Master Byrne, and Miss Searle, have been also exerting themselves for our amusement, but unfortunately the united talents of both their *head* and *heels* have not collected even one numerous audience. Mrs. and Miss Jones have absented themselves from the theatre in consequence of what they judged unjust and illiberal treatment, on the part of managers. Mr. Jones (of the orchestra) is gone along with them, so that we have now only two *fiddlers*! That, however, signifies nothing under the present management!!

In addition to the list of benefits detailed in my last, I now add the following, viz.

Mr. Cooke,	- -	The Revenge,	- - - -	£. 170
Tom's,	- -	The Stranger,	- - - -	60
Byrne,	- -	The Belles Stratagem,	- - - -	56
Miss Searle,	- -	Cymbeline,	- - - -	24
Smith,	- -	Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds,	- - - -	122

Last night the house closed for the season. The company goes to Edinburgh, from whence it is said they will return here about the middle of August, and be joined by Mr. Hill and Mrs. Atkins. Mr. Rock has fallen infinitely short of my expectation in the capacity of manager. His former energies seem benumbed since he came into contact with the *leaden* sceptre of our old chief.—In the selection of a new company I hope he will at least be more successful than Jackson has been with this one. Independent of its intellectual incapacity, volumes might be filled in pointing out the personal defects of individuals. It is not more *impotent* in intellect than corporeally *lame*. We have actors with arms *too* short; though perhaps they may plead the same apology as did a poet, who, when one of his lines was pointed out to him as being a syllable too short, observed to the reader, that he would soon find another a syllable too long. In some of his *agonizing* scenes, Mr. Toms displays a pair of arms "immeasurably spread." We have also a squinting eye—a pair of *blubber* lips—three or four performers literally *near-sighted*, who, with "spectacles on nose," cut a *dash* at rehearsal. Though these defects be much more hurtful to the possessors than to the public, yet they must ever prove strong bars to professional excellence on the stage. In short, our company stands alone; "none but itself can be its parallel." With the exception of six, the male department is characteristically described by *Massinger*—



"Created only to make legs and cringe,  
 "To carry in a dish and shift a teacher."

Our wardrobe stands miserably in need of repair. At a late representation of *Venice Preserved*, the reverend senators, from their poverty of dress, excited the most sarcastic sneers of insoluble contempt which I ever heard within the walls of a theatre! And truly it was not to be wondered at. Every one of the audience must have taken them for *paupers*, had the play-bills not informed them that these gentlemen represented *Venetian* senators! The old dirty reddish-coloured shalloon gowns in which they sat enveloped, were—

"Doublets, that hangmen would  
 "Bury with those that wore them."

Glasgow, 18th July, 1806.

ARGUS.

*Theatre INVERNESS.*—Our season has commenced in our new theatre, which is respectably attended. Amongst other novelties brought out by our attentive manager, Mr. Beaumont, the Shylock of Mr. Wrihten is not the least attractive. This young actor, who made his *debut* last season at Edinburgh, possesses good requisites both natural and acquired. He has been also well received in the *Stranger*, *Hotspur*, *Macbeth*, *Duke of Aranza*, *Rolla*, *Osmond*, &c. We have a good actress in Mrs. Beaumont, who has succeeded in many principal characters, serious as well as comic. She is considered as the *Jordan* of the Highlands. To these I may add Mr. Beaumont, the manager, Mr. Leonard in the *Buffo* or low comedy, and Mr. Wallace in the genteeler walks, who are all entitled to commendatory notice.

July 9th, 1806.

CANDID.

*Theatre Royal GLASGOW.*—Permit me to explain an expression or two in my letter of May last.

Mac Gibbon's friends complain that his name is there improperly branded with an *alias*, which, it seems, conveys certain unpleasant ideas south of the Tweed. The actor alluded to having certainly passed in other theatres by the name Gibbon, (at Wolverhampton if I remember right) I was certainly justifiable in applying to him both appellations. From information on which I can depend, I believe him to be of a family of the name of Mac Gibbon, who possessed, a century ago, certain estates in Argyleshire; I think, among others, that of Otter, upon Lochfane. Niel Mac Gibbon, well known to the amateurs of Scottish song, was, if I recollect right, of this family.

The business in Glasgow has been bad, notwithstanding the attractions of Cooke, and latterly Miss Smith. As if the shocking deficiencies of the present company were not sufficiently apparent, the managers, in the plenitude of their wisdom, have curtailed it of Mrs. and Maria Jones. Having very modestly forfeited this young lady for declining to appear as a dumb *figurante* in one of Byrne's *ballads*, the mother very properly remonstrated, and proffered her and her daughter's resignation, should the forfeit be exacted. The resignations were accepted of, and thus an accomplished actress, with her family, are lost to the theatre!! Master Wilson has now parted from Mr. Hough, and renounces the stage. From what has reached me, I am decidedly of opinion that poor

Hough has acted most honourably, most generously, and most unexceptionably, in every respect, to this *enfant perdu*, who certainly promised something, but who as certainly is most decidedly inferior, in theatrical merit, to Master Betty.

JUSTUS.

*Theatre Royal NORWICH.*—Mr. Incedon exhibited last week, at this theatre, two of his entertainments. As your London readers have no opportunity of hearing this celebrated singer except on the stage, a short account of one of his performances in the country may be amusing to them. The first entertainment he performed here was called "*Hospitality, or the Harvest Home.*"—The idea of such a species of entertainment originated, I believe, with Dibdin, and when we consider that he was not only the author of his recitations and songs, but that he set the latter to music, and spoke, sung, and accompanied the whole entertainment, we cannot help looking upon it as a most singular and astonishing effort of genius. Mr. Incedon's author is, fortunately for himself, unknown. Bartley, of Drury Lane, has the felicity of reciting this precious stuff. Mr. Incedon of course is the singer, and Mr. Horn the accompanist.—Fourteen of the songs of this piece are new, and one old. The best of them are Shield's, who has contributed two, one of which contains a description of a thunder storm strikingly characteristic. The other, "Dear Mary," is in his simple and truly elegant style. "The Smuggler's Grave," by Davy, is an impressive melody. All of them were sung by Incedon in his usual superior manner. Of the other new songs the less is said the better.

The second night he gave us "The Country Club," which, though certainly a far better entertainment than the former one, was "nothing to boast of." The best songs in this piece, as well as the other, are Shield's. "The Thorn" is so well known that nothing more need be said in its praise. Of all the singers by whom I have heard it performed, Incedon alone has the true idea of this elegant ballad; the florid noisy style of Braham sits very ill on an air, whose characteristic is simplicity, and the slides and graces of the Italian school accord but little with the true English ballad style, of which this is so good a specimen. Shield's other songs are "Lovely Jane," and "Tell her I love her," both of which are calculated to add to his deserved reputation. Mazzinghi has furnished two songs in very different styles, "The Ship on Fire," a simple yet impressive ballad in C minor, and an Italian mock bravura, in which Incedon gives rather a highly coloured caricature of that school, for which, I suspect, he has no great relish. Sir John Stevenson's "Charter song" is spirited and animating, and Florio's "Far, far at Sea," an air of considerable sweetness and elegance. To all of these Incedon did ample justice; indeed, as a singer of English ballads, he certainly is unrivalled; he combines at once such tremendous power of voice and such sweetness of tone, joined to an almost unlimited compass, that, with the good taste and experience he possesses, he seldom fails to delight, if not to astonish his hearers. The theatre was well attended both nights, and the performance seemed much to delight the Norwich audience.—Mr. Horn is a neat player, and accompanied the songs in a masterly style.

Norwich, July 1, 1806.

A TRAVELLER.

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## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

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### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

**VACCINE INOCULATION.**—Lord H. Petty called the attention of the house to this interesting subject. It appeared, from his statement, that the progress of this useful discovery had been much retarded in London, owing to certain prejudices; and that, in consequence of this, the number of annual deaths, which had been reduced from 1811 to 622, had again risen to 1685. Under this consideration, it became the duty of the legislature to lend to useful truth every aid in its power, and to give the fullest sanction and weight to what it knew to be right. With this view, it was his intention to propose an humble address to his majesty, praying him to direct his college of physicians to enquire into the state of vaccine inoculation, its efficiency, and the causes that have retarded its universal adoption. The report would be made before the next session, and the result of it would be generally acted upon. If the report should be correspondent to his present conviction, and it should appear that any discredit thrown on the vaccine inoculation should be unfounded and exaggerated, it would be a proper question to suggest the best means of preventing the circumstances that might have given rise to it. He moved accordingly, that an humble address should be presented, praying his majesty to direct his college of physicians to enquire into the state of vaccine inoculation, and to report the same, with the evidence, and their opinions and observations thereupon.

Mr. Matthews had at first doubted the efficacy of this wonderful discovery, but on the strictest and most particular investigation he was now satisfied. The name of Jenner would be allowed by posterity to deserve well to be enrolled among those

*Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes  
Atque sui memores alias fecere merendo.*

After several observations from Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Windham, Mr. Banks, and Mr. W. Smith, all of whom concurred in the praise of this useful discovery, the motion was carried unanimously.

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## DOMESTIC EVENTS.

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### THE YOUNGER BRANCHES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

His majesty's message, recommending to parliament to increase the provision made for the younger branches of his royal family, has been taken into consideration; and it has been agreed to in the committee of supply, that the incomes of the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and Gloucester, should be augmented from 12,000*l.* to 18,000*l.* This increase, with that of an additional 1000*l.* per annum to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the five Princesses, and the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, will be an annual addition of 43,000*l.* to the national expenditure. We do not object so much to the magnitude of the sum, as we do to the time in which the measure is brought for-

ward; and with all the respect and loyalty which we feel for the sovereign and for his family, we do not hesitate to say, that at a moment such as the present, pregnant with danger and difficulty, fraught with taxation beyond all precedent, it would have been wise in the king's servants to have postponed the proposed increase until the conclusion of peace, or the arrival of an hour more propitious to its adoption. It must be the sincere wish of the country that his majesty's offspring should possess the means of upholding the high situations, in point of splendour and comfort, which they naturally fill in the state; but how comes it, that the inadequacy of these means has been discovered, only at the very time when the liberality of the public is most restricted, and when economy and order are become absolutely necessary to the preservation of our dearest interests? As the princes and princesses have for the last four years contrived to exist upon the establishments voted in 1778, would they not have more effectually secured the esteem and attachment of the people, in still suffering the *severe privations and hardships* they endured from the smallness of the provisions made for them, than in thus having them brought forward by ministers? To forbear from asking, or from taking, during a contest in which they themselves have so very much at stake, would have been an act of magnanimity that must have inspired courage and perseverance among their fellow subjects, and an act of sympathy that must have shown they were no less ready than the landed proprietor, the merchant, and the tradesman, to suffer in the common cause. The crisis in which we live certainly does not recommend the application, nor justify the liberality of the guardians of the public purse.

“Non hoc ista tempus spectacula poscit.”

We are, however, more inclined to attribute the measure to the new policy of ministers than to any sanction it may have received in another quarter, or to any intimation from higher authority. The *man of the people* and the *men of the people* are most strangely changed. The possession of power and place has spells and charms so dazzling and so potent as

“——— to cheat the eye with blar illusion,

“And give it false presentments;——”

They can no longer see any danger in the influence of the crown or the gratification of royalty; and whether we are to have no peace without the restoration of Hanover, or to increase the revenues of the royal family, they equally prove themselves servants of all work.

The reasons urged by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for this augmentation deserve notice. Lord Henry Petty observed, on Friday evening, (we quote his language from *The Times*, a paper remarkable for the accuracy of its parliamentary reports):—

“The provision for the younger sons of the king was fixed at 12,000*l.* per annum in 1778. This was judged at that time to be a proper sum, and adequate to the due support of their rank. But he would leave it to the house to determine, when they looked at the increased expence attending every article of consumption, when they considered that most of them were doubled since that period, and some of them more than doubled, whether that sum could be regarded as any way adequate. From the advanced ages also of the illustrious personages,

more appearance and greater expenditure were called for, than in the younger part of their lives, when this sum was originally fixed."

If this argument be strong in favour of the princes, is it not *at least* equally so in favour of the great mass of the community, particularly of those classes subject to the operation of the income duty, who are now taxed *doubly*, having at the same time to pay *doubly* for the necessary articles consumed by their families? Is it not, above all, a conclusive and triumphant argument in favour of the middling ranks of society for a total exemption from that unequal system? If, as Lord H. Petty declares, most of the articles of consumption are doubled, and in some cases more than doubled, with what justice can persons with 150*l.*, 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year, be required to pay a tenth of the whole, while persons of thirty, forty, and fifty thousand per annum, contribute merely in the same proportion?

The only prince who has declined coming forward with any claim on the liberality of the public is the Duke of York. The Prince of Wales is, and will, we trust, be long out of the question. It appears, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Duke of York conceives himself sufficiently provided for by parliament, and we are glad to find that his royal highness knows when he has enough. But surely the other princes have had other sources of emolument, exclusively of their establishments. The Duke of Clarence has had the profitable situation of Ranger of Bushy Park, with the peculiar advantage of an excellent and economical house-keeper, who has acted her part both in *public* and *private* with deserved success. The Duke of Kent is Governor of Gibraltar, and Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot, consisting of four battalions. The Duke of Cumberland has a regiment of Light Dragoons. The Duke of Cambridge is Commander of the German Legion; and the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Third Regiment of Foot Guards. It will not, we think, be maintained that these are situations of no profit; and when we state, that in the months of October and November last, the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, and Cambridge, had each 20,000*l.* and the Duke of Gloucester 19,500*l.* out of the proceeds of the captured vessels before the issuing of letters of marque, few will, we apprehend, think that their royal highnesses have been exposed to any material embarrassments and inconveniences in their respective households.

LORD NELSON.—The following codicil to the will of this illustrious hero was not proved till the 4th instant. It shews that public spirit and a strong sentiment of justice and generosity mingled with his last feelings, while it bears ample testimony to the eminent services which Lady Hamilton rendered to this country; it will also account for the rancorous antipathy of Buonaparte towards the Queen of Naples, by whose active intervention these were so happily carried into effect:—

#### CODICIL.

"October the twenty-first, one thousand eight hundred and five, then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

"Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king

and country, to my knowledge, without her receiving any reward from either our king or country; first, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the Ministry sent out orders to then Sir J. Jervis, to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets; that neither of these was not done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered. Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt had not Lady Hamilton's influence, with the Queen of Naples, caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with every thing, should they put into any port in Sicily; we put into Syracuse, and received every supply—went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet!—Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country, but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter Horatio Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only; these are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear—my relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

“NELSON AND BRONTE.”

Witness, HENRY BLACKWOOD.

T. M. HARDY.

**MASSACRE IN ST. DOMINGO.**—Captain Dodge, of the schooner *Mary Ann*, who arrived at New York in sixteen days from Cape Francois, brought intelligence, that on the 14th and 15th of May, a general massacre of all the remaining white inhabitants of Cape Francois took place, and it was said generally, throughout that part of this ill-fated island under the dominion of Dessalines.—The particulars of this tragical event are briefly these:—Some time previous to the 14th of May, the greater part of the white French inhabitants of Cape Francois were ordered, under some pretence, to a fort about three leagues from the town, and there confined. On the night of the 14th, the residue of these unfortunate people, amounting to about one hundred and fifty, were strangled in their beds, by order of the emperor. The blood-thirsty villains, not content with this, plunged their bayonets in their bodies, mangling them in a horrid manner. They then plundered the houses of those unfortunate people who had thus fallen victims to the avarice and cruelty of the black emperor. On the 15th it was reported at the Cape, that those of the inhabitants who had been sent to the fort had been put to death in the most cruel manner, and their dead bodies treated with the greatest indignity.

The following unpleasant information has been communicated to a mercantile house in Leeds, by their correspondent at Naples, under date of the 16th ult. “I have now to acquaint you, that a number of merchants here have been obliged, by order of our government, to present their books, which have been examined, and a great number of others have been notified to give in a note in the space of forty-one hours, to the minister of the finances, of all the money;

effects, &c. belonging to the present enemies of the French empire, under penalty of an arbitrary punishment, and ten times the value of the effects not given up."

The following is the quantity of strong beer brewed in London, by the first six porter breweries, from the 5th of July, 1804, to the 5th of July, 1806:—

	<i>Barrels.</i>		<i>Barrels.</i>
Barclay and Perkins - -	335,034	Gyfford and Co. - - -	160,845
Meux and Co. - - - -	324,083	Goodwin and Co. - - -	144,394
Truman and Hanbury - -	252,234		
Whitbread and Co. - - -	207,955		1,424,542

Statement of the quantity of beer denominated porter and stout, brewed in London, by the twelve principal houses, between the 5th of July, 1805, and the 5th of July, 1806:—

	<i>Barrels.</i>		<i>Barrels.</i>
Meux - - - - -	187,349	F. Calvert - - - - -	64,475
Barclay - - - - -	182,529	*Brown and Parry - - -	57,404
Hanbury - - - - -	125,820	Elliot - - - - -	45,943
Whitbread - - - - -	104,311	J. Calvert - - - - -	36,444
Goodwin - - - - -	73,335	Clowes - - - - -	36,058
Shum - - - - -	75,111	Biley - - - - -	31,175

It appears from official returns lately received from India, that in the Presidency of Fort St. George alone, 429,821 persons had been successfully vaccinated between September 1802, and May 31, 1805, being, on an average, 160,000 a year.

A practical horticulturist recommends that birdlime be rubbed on the young twigs of gooseberry and other fruit bushes, on which, at this season, the caterpillar begins to commit its depredations on the shoots; and on which also, the fly that produces the caterpillar might be caught, and thus prevented from laying its eggs on the leaves, &c.

The number of bankrupts announced in the *London Gazette*, from December 27, 1805, to June 27, 1806, amounts to five hundred and ninety-one!

Lord Minto is certainly nominated for the government general of India. He is succeeded at the board of control by Mr. Thomas Greagville, a gentleman highly qualified for that, or indeed any other ministerial situation. He has also a seat in the cabinet. Lord Landerdale is consoled for his disappointment, with the great seal of Scotland, vice the Duke of Gordon. The salary is 3000*l.* per annum.

The commissioners of naval enquiry have completed the investigation to which they were delegated by parliament, and their board is consequently dissolved.

At present there are two hundred and three weekly provincial newspapers published in Great Britain and Ireland, of each of which one thousand copies are sold on the average. At sixpence each paper, the annual return to the proprietors is 263,900*l.* and at the duty of three-pence halfpenny each paper, they

\* Owing to repairs and improvements going on, and which are not yet completed, this house has brewed but little more than half the season.

yield to the state 154,000*l.* per ann. Each paper contains also an average of forty advertisements, yielding to the proprietors, at seven shillings each, the sum of 147,784*l.* per annum; and the duty, at three shillings per advertisement, yields to the state 63,336*l.* per annum. Such are the wonders of one department only of our periodical press.

**FINANCE.**—From papers laid upon the table of the house of commons, it appears, that the gross amount of the permanent annual taxes for the year ending the 5th day of January, 1806, was 40,026,588*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* of which, after deducting repayments of various kinds and charges of management, there remained applicable

To national objects - - - - -	35,314,158 10 4½
That the amount of the remaining hereditary revenue, after all deductions, was - - - - -	59,969 8 3½
That the net produce of the property tax was - - - - -	4,337,583 12 9½
That the net produce of the war taxes in the department of the customs, was - - - - -	2,632,147 19 10½
Ditto, the department of the excise, - - - - -	6,360,229 13 9½
That the net produce of all the taxes and sources of re- venue, both permanent and temporary, was - - - - -	51,339,045 15 10½
Loans paid into the exchequer, - - - - -	25,130,404 19 6½
Grand total - - - - -	76,469,450 15 4½

The late Lord Chedworth's will has been pronounced valid by the verdict of a jury in the Court of King's Bench.

**THE BRITISH NAVY.**—There are at present in commission 730 ships of war, exclusive of cutters, &c. of which 122 are of the line, 15 from 50 to 46 guns, 155 frigates, 181 sloops, 247 brigs, &c.

The following bankruptcy was lately announced in the *Nieuwes Gazette*:—  
“Frederick Bremer, *ghost maker* to several provincial theatres.”

It is extraordinary how time adds to the value of some things:—a *brass half crown*, of James II. coined in Ireland, lately sold for *ten guineas*.

At a sale of the effects of the late Mr. Frankland, of Sussex, a load-stone sold for *£. 150*, an orrery for *£. 550*, and a turning lathe *one thousand and sixty pounds*.

The projected improvements in Westminster Hall will be proceeded on during the present vacation. The new Court of King's Bench is to be built on the opposite side of the hall to the common pleas, next the Speaker's court-yard. This has long been wanted, as the present court is considerably too small for the accommodation required. That which is now the Exchequer Bill Office is to be converted into a room for the accommodation of the grand jury, and several adjoining apartments are to be built for the convenience of the judges' attendants, and the officers of the court. On the exterior part of the hall, next the Abbey, four coffee-houses are to be erected, for the accommodation of barristers, witnesses, &c. and all the sheds which now disgrace that venerable pile are to be pulled down, and the entrances to the hall repaired and beautified.



An American bookseller has published an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this notice, "that the matrimonial article is printed in *large letters* for the use of *old ladies*."

It is again and again repeated, that if this country abolishes the slave trade, foreign nations will take it up. As well might our police officers say, "if we put a stop to picking of pockets in the metropolis, the people of Bristol or Liverpool, Dublin or Edinburgh, will continue the trade, and we shall lose the benefit of it."

#### BIRTH.

Countess of Chichester of a daughter. Countess of Cowper of a son and heir. At Hermandston, in Scotland, Lady Sinclair of a daughter. The Lady of the Hon. E. John Turnour, youngest son of the late Earl Winterton, of a daughter. The Lady of the Hon. Lieut. Col. Plunkett, of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, of a son. The Lady of G. B. Mainwaring, M. P. of a son.

#### MARRIED.

Viscount Fitz Harris, eldest son of the Earl of Malmesbury, to Miss Dashwood, neice to the Earl of Effingham. Colonel Arthur Vansittart, of Shottesbrook, Berkshire, M. P. for Windsor, to the Hon. Miss C. Eden, fourth daughter of Lord Auckland. At Edinburgh, Lord Rolfo, to Miss Greig, daughter of ——— Greig, Esq. of Gayfield Place. Mr. W. Sloane, to Lady Gertrude Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. G. Stibbert, Esq. son of General Stibbert, to Miss Jane Slatter, daughter of the late Rev. T. Slatter, Rector of Saltford, Somersetshire. R. Smith, Esq. of Aylesbury, to Miss M. S. Watson, second daughter of Sir James Watson, Knt. The Right Hon. N. Vansittart, to the Hon. Miss Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland. The Right Hon. Viscount Milton, of Grosvenor-square, to the Hon. Miss Dundas, daughter of Lord Dundas. Sir William Abery, to Miss Wellesley. The Hon. Col. William Bligh, to Lady S. Stewart. Mr. Charles Kemble to Miss De Camp.

#### DIED.

Lewis Thomas Lord Sondes, in the 53d year of his age. Sir W. Lawson, Bart. of Brayton-House and Hell-Hall, Cumberland. Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. elder brother of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, many years a Member of the Irish Parliament, and Secretary at War in that Kingdom, previous to the question of the Regency, when he resigned his seat and office. He was a gentleman of the most distinguished talents as an author, both in history and political controversy. At Hans House, Chelsea, H. Holland, Esq. the architect. The Rev. A. R. Dillon, Archbishop and Duke of Narbonne. Suddenly, at Kensington Gore, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, sister to the late Lord Leigh. At Standlake, Oxon, the Rev. Arthur Homer, D. D. At Forest House, Laytonstone aged 63, Samuel Bosanquet, Esq. a Director of the Bank of England. Mrs. C. Young (late Miss Grimani), of the Manchester theatre.

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

*AUGUST, 1806.*

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD GRAVES, A. M. ENGRAVED  
BY KIDNEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JONATHAN.

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1806.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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Enquiry shall be made after the Paraphrase from the Italian by O. C. T.

LEOPOLD's papers shall also again be looked into.

The observations of VERITAS, (Norwich) have been hitherto omitted for want of room; and it is now too late to print them. We acknowledge no influence of the nature alluded to by VERITAS.

The printed extract from an American publication has been received; and we thank a CONSTANT ADMIRER for the communication.

CAROLUS proposes to send us some observations on "the Violations of sense, *grammar*, and poetry," in a modern opera. This sort of spelling does not authorise us to expect much from the critic; but he may transmit his remarks if he thinks fit.

EDWARD's letter is answered in the present number.

P. R. is referred to our number for January last, for a full account of the proceedings with which he desires to be acquainted.

COOKE v. ATKINS. W.'s report of this trial is accompanied by remarks which prevent us from giving it a place.

†† MR. CARR's *Stranger in Ireland* is published, and shall be reviewed next month.

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*The Rev.<sup>d</sup> Richard Graves A.M.,  
Rector of Claverton!*

*Pub. by Vernon & Co. Poultry, 30. Sept. 1806.*

THE  
MONTHLY MIRROR,  
FOR  
AUGUST, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF  
THE LATE REV. RICHARD GRAVES, M. A.  
RECTOR OF CLAVERTON, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.  
(With a Portrait.)

---

MR. Graves, of Claverton, was the younger son of a respectable gentleman's family in the north of Gloucestershire. His father, Richard Graves, Esq. of Mickleton, was a man of eminent endowments and literature, particularly versed in the study of Roman and British Antiquities, and so excellent an historian and medallist, that Mr. Hearn, the celebrated Oxford Antiquary, distinguished him by the appellation of *Gravesius Noster*. He made vast collections from Dooms-day book, the MSS. and records in the Tower, and other authentic stores of information, towards the history of the Vale of Evesham, in which a part of his estates was situated; all which papers, after his death, came into the hands of his friend James West, Esq. late President of the Royal Society, and at Mr. West's decease were sold, in 1772, to the Earl of Shelburne. His epitaph in Mickleton church is written with peculiar elegance by Mr. West.

Richard Graves, the subject of this memoir, was born at Mickleton, in the year 1715, and received his earliest tuition from the curate of the parish, who, to gratify the literary taste of his father, taught him at the age of twelve years to study Hesiod and Homer. About a year afterwards he was sent to a public school at Abingdon, in Berkshire, and when just turned of sixteen was chosen a scholar of Pembroke college, in Oxford. On his arrival at college, he was invited to join a party of young men of extraordinary sobrie-

ty, who amused themselves every evening with reading Greek and drinking water, which wholesome beverage Dr. Cheyney had brought considerably into vogue. At the head of this singular society was Dr. Dumbarsque, afterwards chaplain to the factory at Petersburg. Mr. Graves was, to use his own words, a *pretty good Grecian*, when he first went to Oxford, and during his continuance in such company for six months, in which time he had read over Epictetus, Theophrastus's characters, Phalaris's epistles, and such other Greek authors as are less frequently read in schools, it is to be supposed that he considerably enlarged his stores of erudition, and fixed his taste for literary pleasures.

He did not, however, confine himself to this temperate society. After mixing successively in the various parties into which colleges are usually divided, he became particularly attached to Mr. Shenstone and Mr. Anthony Whistler, a young man of family and fortune in Oxfordshire, since likewise distinguished as the friend and correspondent of Shenstone. These three met almost every evening during the summer, and, less abstemious, though not less devoted to intellectual acquirement than the former party, "sipped Florence wine, and read plays and poetry, Spectators and Tatlers, and other writings of easy digestion."

The conversation of men of such pleasing character was too congenial to Mr. Graves's mind to admit of any wish to change his present abode and situation, but as the revenues of a scholarship of Pembroke were very inadequate to the expences of an university education, he availed himself of his acquaintance with the late Mr. Wood, of Littleton, then a Fellow of All Souls, and was, by his interest, elected fellow of that college, in 1736.

It is to his intimacy with Mr. Shenstone that Mr. Graves has been heard modestly to attribute the first notice he received from the world on appearing as a candidate for literary honours; but neither did his talents require the recommendation of his friend's celebrity, nor was Mr. Shenstone the only person in whose regard his merits found their just estimation and support. At All Souls, with no less advantage to his growing fame, he formed likewise an intimate friendship with Mr. Blackstone, afterwards Sir William Blackstone; a man, whose extensive acquaintance with the various departments of science and art was only surpassed by his profound knowledge of the laws of his country. With this great man Mr. Graves lived in habits of the most unreserved and social inter-

course, and their college friendship afterwards continued, uninterrupted and undiminished, to the latest hour of Sir William's life.

Mr. Graves had early resolved to devote himself to theological studies; but the vivacity of his temper, ill suited to inactive contemplation, soon led him astray, and his thoughts turned to the more worldly allurements of the medical profession. Preparatively therefore to the study of physic, he came to London, and went through two courses of anatomy with the celebrated anatomist Dr. Nichols, when the attack of a nervous fever, occasioned probably by too arduous application, compelled him to relinquish his medical pursuits, and he resumed the study of divinity, and in 1741 entered into Holy Orders. He now received an invitation from the amiable Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of the present Lord St. Helens, who was just going to settle on his estate in Derbyshire, and, having a donative in his gift, wished to obtain the domestic society of a clergyman. Mr. Graves accordingly accompanied him to Tippington, where his house became the resort of the most promising characters of the age, Mr. Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, Sir Eardly Wilmot, Mr. N. Harding, clerk of the house of commons, &c. &c. Here Mr. Graves resided for nearly three years, until he was called away by the duties of his college, where he was coming by turn into office. This induced him to wish for a curacy nearer to Oxford, and, having obtained one by the unsolicited kindness of a distant relation, he went to reside at it soon afterwards.

But his career of learning was now interrupted by a power which often inspires, and often triumphs over the Muses. In the family, to which, on account of the incommodious state of the parsonage, he was admitted as a boarder, he became enamoured of the youngest daughter of a gentleman farmer, possessed of no other dower than beauty and artless good humour, and, his mind being filled with ideas of the most romantic happiness, he instantly solicited her father's consent, and married her, without deigning to cast a thought on the indiscretion of such a proceeding.

His college views, destroyed by the very means which he had taken to promote them, were now at an end, and, his marriage giving offence to his opulent relations, he was at once thrown on the world with no other resource than the slender fortune of a younger brother, and a curacy of fifty pounds a year.

A series, however, of unexpected events relieved him from those threatening embarrassments. By a Fellow of All Souls, in no other respect friendly to him, he was advised to apply to Sir Thomas



H—— for his interest to procure a living then vacant in the neighbourhood; but as Mr. Graves had little or no claim on Sir Thomas's kindness, his application was on the point of becoming entirely fruitless, when a casual interview with Mr. Skrine,\* a young gentleman of fortune, who was in search of a proper person to fill a living in his gift, fortunately reminded Sir Thomas of Mr. Graves's suit, and he procured for him the presentation to Claverton.

The prospects of his life were thus closed in by a confined, but serene horizon; and on this living, to which he came in 1750, Mr. Graves resided till his death, without absenting himself a single month at any one time; exhibiting an example worthy of the approbation of *all*, and the imitation of *many* clergymen.

His life, subsequently to this period, was neither inactive nor useless to mankind. Besides his various literary compositions, as he found himself under the necessity of educating his own children, he was induced to take likewise other young gentlemen under his care, and his reputation as a classic scholar, at once profound and elegant, soon added celebrity and numbers to his school.

The vicinity of Claverton to Prior Park, the residence of the humble and illustrious Allen, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with the visitors of that house, men selected for, and distinguished by, superior talents and virtue; from all of whom Mr. Graves met with the most gratifying attention, and particularly from the Bishop of Gloucester, among whose failings certainly was not that of wishing to stifle merit, or impede the progress of genius.†

When Mr. Graves had been some time settled at Claverton, amidst the respect and love of his parishioners, a methodist shoemaker from Bradford came into his parish, bringing with him a large congregation, which assembled in an old spacious dwelling for the purposes of preaching and psalmody, and was soon reinforced by so many proselytes, that the rector thought it incumbent on him to attend the meeting in person, and to acquaint the preacher with the penalty to which his proceedings rendered him liable. Crispin's be-

\* The father of the accomplished Lady Clarges.

† As Mr. Allen lived in what was then thought a princely style, many of the first characters in England, distinguished by their rank, their learning, or their skill in any art or science, were the frequent guests of Prior Park. Mr. Pope, who was almost an inmate there, had now been dead some years, and Fielding was become a Middlesex Justice; but Dr. Warburton, Dr. Hurd, Mr. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, Mr. Mason, Mr. Hoare of Bath, Dr. Balguy, Prebendary of Windsor, and many other literary and remarkable characters, were hospitably and politely received by Mr. Allen.

harbour on the occasion was not governed by the temperance which becomes a religious agent. He replied with the most ostentatious confidence in his own powers of eloquence, propounding questions of faith, and challenging Mr. G. to prove, by fair trial of half a year's preaching, which of the two was able to convert the greater number of sinners from destruction.

To this circumstance the world is indebted for the *SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE*; an ingenious and seasonable publication, which, while it treated with respect the sincerity and zealous exertions of the methodists, exposed, with great pleasantry and justness of good-humoured satire, the absurd endeavours of an individual to achieve the summary reformation of the world by his irregular proceedings, in a state of civilization, when, as Mr. G. himself expresses it, "the established regulations of society have rendered it not only unnecessary, but unlawful."\*

In the year 1763, through the interest of Mr. Allen, Mr. Graves was presented to the living of Kilmerdon, in addition to that of Claverton, and received, likewise at Mr. Allen's request, a scarf from Lady Chatham. About the same time he learnt the news of the death of Mr. Shenstone, by whom he was appointed joint executor with Mr. Robert Dodsley.

Having now discharged the duties of his school for more than thirty years, with the highest honour to himself and advantage to his pupils, of whom several have since made a respectable figure in the world, he at length dismissed the painful and laborious office, and returned to literary ease and tranquillity.

Mr. Graves, almost till his death, retained the health and activity of youth. A difficulty of hearing secluded him, in some degree; from the varied intercourse of conversation; but his natural sprightliness served to remedy this defect, and rendered him, at all times, a lively and interesting companion. His other faculties, of body and understanding, were vigorous and unimpaired. He entertained a belief that repletion was the principal cause of most of the disorders incident to mankind, and his antidote was not merely temperance, but rigid abstinence, even to frequent occasional fasting. But whatever deference we may pay to his opinions on this subject, it is certain that he possessed within himself a greater security for health and good spirits than, we fear, any medical regimen can furnish—we mean an innocent, pious, and contented mind.

\* *Spiritual Quixote*, Chap. 3. Essay on Quixotism.

On May 1st, 1777, Mr. Graves lost the beloved partner of his retirement.\*

Our author's first publication was the *ESTROON*, or a Collection of Epigrams; with an essay on that species of composition. The honours of this essay were, on its first appearance, most singularly challenged by a young journeyman apothecary, who was desirous of making literary pretensions; and a silver medal, which had been announced by the proprietors of a periodical work for the best attempt on that subject, was adjudged to the plagiarist. The real author was discovered, as we shall find, by a later publication.

This work was followed, in 1772, by the *SPIRITUAL QUIZZER*, of which we have already spoken. It is too well known to the public to need any farther comment. The profits arising from the sale of it were so considerable, that, although Mr. Graves declared himself well satisfied with what he received for the copy, Mr. Dodsley, at separate periods, long after its first publication, thought proper to make voluntary additions to the original sum.

To this succeeded a translation of *GALATEO*, or a Treatise on Politeness, from the Italian of Della Casa, archbishop of Benevento.

He then published *CALUMELLA*, or the *DISSTRESS'D ANCHORIT*, a colloquial tale; which has been said, but we know not with what justice, to contain anecdotes of his friend Mr. Shamstone's life. It affords an excellent lesson to indolent and inactive youth in the higher as well as the middle stations of society.

Flattered by the encouragement he received from his bookseller, Mr. Graves next produced two volumes of poetical pieces, to which he gave the name of *EPIGRAMATA*, and which went through several editions. In this work he asserted his title to the *Essay on the Nature of the Epigram*, which was here reprinted.

\* There is an urn in Claverton church with this inscription—

Lucia: conjugii carissimæ

R. G.

Conjux infelicitissimæ fecit

Et sibi.

† We mention this circumstance for the honour of the calling. We are firmly persuaded that there are booksellers of the present day endowed with equal liberality of sentiment.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## THE ENGLISHMAN'S CREED.

WHOSOEVER will be reckoned a true Englishman, and a worthy subject, must, before all things, stand up for the constitution of England.

Which constitution, except a man preserve whole and uncorrupted, without doubt his name will perish among his children.

And the constitution is two-fold, that is, church and state.

The church is the established hierarchical government of our ancestors, such as was established in our land in the days of old.

Howbeit we attribute not unto our pastors the divine right and apostolical succession, as our forefathers did in the days of error; nor are they to set themselves up as lords over us.

They are the ministers of the gospel of Christ, and whilst they preach it to us in holy meekness, and in the spirit of peace, we ought to respect them, and follow their instructions.

But farther their power reacheth not over us; for all their power cometh from the constitution of the nation, of which they are a part.

And they cannot compel any man, by force, to believe as they believe, or to say as they say. The guidance of our conscience is in God alone.

They may exhort to salvation, but no force or violence may they use.

This is Christian liberty, and the right of Englishmen.

Now the state of this realm consisteth of king, lords, and commons.

In the king resideth the executive power. He makes no laws; but he has a fulness of power to cause all laws to be put into force.

He is the natural judge of all differences arising between man and man, and the courts of justice are his courts.

He is also the natural defender of the kingdom's committed to his charge; therefore of himself alone he may declare war, and again make peace, with the enemies of this land; and the government of the armies, by sea and land, are also vested in him.

We are all bound to assist him in the execution of his high commands, tending to the benefit of the nation. He is our common father, our ruler, and our preserver.

And the power he has is good and natural, as, without it, we should be striving for power among ourselves

But our obedience unto him is to be a rational obedience. We must not disobey the constitutional laws of the realm to execute his commands, or the commands of his officers under him.

Our king is not a king of slaves, but a king of freemen.

All power is granted him for the preservation of his realms, and of his subjects; but the dictates of his own will are not as the laws of the land.

Among the nations there be who bow their necks to princes as unto God; but we acknowledge not a right in our king to dispose of the fortunes and lives of his subjects at his pleasure.

Kings are but men, and their power cometh from men. With this power a good king is content, but wicked rulers can never be satisfied.

The second part of the state is the body of princes and nobles of the realm.

These are the inheritors of the great and peculiar honours of their ancestors; and the constitution distinguisheth them from the common subjects.

They constitute one of the parts of the legislative power, being the guardians of their own pre-eminent privileges, the defenders of the royal prerogatives of the sovereign, and the arbiters between prince and people.

They stand up for the dignity of the throne, from whence they derive their own lustre, and, nevertheless, are a barrier for the people from any oppressive power of its representative.

The people themselves are a third part of the state, as they are represented by the members of the house of commons.

Without the consent of the commons, no monies whatsoever can be raised on the subject, whose property is sacred.

They are the natural guardians of the liberty of the people; they keep a watch on the sovereign, and check every measure taken by him, or his ministers, which tends to the oppression of the subject.

They furnish to the exigencies of the state, by ordering the levies of money on themselves, or the people they represent; and if they find their property misapplied, they have a right to call upon the king's officers to account for it; being, in that respect, a watch upon them, for their faithfully discharging their duty to their master.

Thus do these three parts form the state of the realm of England, and are the firm support of each other.

It is the interest of the king to preserve to the nobles their privileges, and to the people their freeborn inheritance.

The nobles must preserve the monarch, without whom all their dignity were as nothing, and they must join with the people in curbing any ambitious attempts of the king or his officers.

The people must preserve the king as their head, and as the centre of unity. They must cherish the nobles as fellow-guardians of their liberties.

And this state, of king, lords, and commons, is the legislative power of the land. No laws can be established without the joint consent of these three parts.

The power of the one part is limited by the power of the other two parts; but their united power is without control.

Howbeit, it beloveth every subject to be attentive to the good order of the constitution, as infallibility resideth not among men.

And for this reason, every Englishman ought to be, in an especial manner, prudent and wary in the choice of his representative, as the only sure means to avoid falling under the grievous burthen of arbitrary power.

Such is the form of our most excellent government, or constitution in church and state.

They who love and defend it, will be held in esteem and reverence whilst living; and when dead, their names will be remembered with honour.

But they who hate it, and seek its overthrow, will be accounted as vile and reprobate, and their names will be mentioned with scorn amongst the latest generations.

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## EXTRACTS FROM MILTON,

### RELATING TO MUSIC.

THERE is no subject on which many of our best writers more frequently expose themselves than when they have to speak of music. Thus Addison, when criticising the Italian opera, discovered his ignorance of the subject; Sir William Temple, in speaking of Modern music, shewed how very little he knew about it;\* Pope, whose ear for versification was so remarkably correct, had no pleasure in

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\* "It is agreed by the learned, that the science of music is now lost to the world, and what we have now is made up out of certain notes that fell into the fancy or observation of a poor friar in chanting his matins." Sir W. Temple's Essays, vol. 1. p. 43. This is the petulant observation of a conceited pedant, who affected to despise every thing that did not bear the stamp of antiquity.

the combination of sounds; and the same may be said of Southey and of Mrs. Barbauld, as well as some other of our living bards.

The very reverse is the case with Milton: he speaks and writes of music, not only with all the grace and fancy of a poet, but with the correctness and precision of a musician. He imbibed, most probably, from his father a love for, and a knowledge of, this most pleasing of sciences. His father was a composer of some note in his time, and Milton himself was not only an excellent judge of music, but a skilful performer on the organ. Henry Lawes, who was one of the best composers of his time, was Milton's intimate and particular friend; he composed the music for *Comus*, in which he performed the part of the attendant spirit. Milton never discontinued his friendship to Lawes, although he was strongly attached to the royal party.

I have selected several of the passages wherein Milton mentions the subject of music, which will bear ample testimony to his complete knowledge of this science and its effects.

“ And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.”

*L'Allegro, v. 135, et seq.*

Milton here shews his acquaintance with the distinguishing characteristic of one of the modes of ancient music. The Grecians had three modes; the Doric, which was grave, solemn, and impressive; the Phrygian, which was light and lively, and the Lydian, which was mild and soothing. The Lydian mode therefore is used here with perfect propriety. Dryden, in his *Alexander's Feast*, has mistaken the meaning of the word.

“ Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.”

Here the term “Lydian” is used as referring to the measure or metre, with which it has no sort of connexion: it is equally improper as if we were to say an *adagio* measure, or a *presto* metre.

Milton, on the contrary, connects the word with the air or melody, which is entirely correct. The idea in the eighth line of this passage Mr. Malone supposes to have been borrowed from Marston's comedy "What you will."

"Cannot your trembling wires throw a *chain*  
Of powerful rapture 'bout our *mazed* sense?"

But Malone evidently did not understand the meaning of the passage, for, as Warton very correctly observes, "Milton is not describing the effect of music on the senses, but of a skilful musician on music. Milton's meaning is, not that the senses are *enchained*, or *amazed*, by music, but that, as the voice of the singer runs through the manifold *mazes* or intricacies of sound, all the chains are *untwisted* which imprison or entangle the *hidden soul*, the essence or perfection of *harmony*."

Another instance of Milton's correctness in appropriating the different modes of ancient music, is the following, where, speaking of the march of the infernal army, in the first book of *Paradise Lost*, he says—

"Anon they move,  
In perfect phalanx, to the *Dorian* mode  
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper heroes old,  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat."

*Par. Lost*, B. 1, v. 549, *et seq.*

In this, as in the former instance, the particular mood is applied with great correctness. The infernal legions were first summoned together and animated with "the warlike sound of trumpets loud, and clarions uprear'd." The effect of this animating sound on the army is described with all Milton's fire:

"At which the universal host sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond,  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

*Ib. B. 1, v. 541, et seq.*

Their ardour thus roused, they were to move on "in perfect phalanx," and, instead of trumpets and clarions, flutes and recorders were used, in order to inspire them with cool and steady courage. Milton elsewhere uses the words *Doric* and *grave* as nearly synonymous expressions.



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"If we think to regulate printing, and thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song set or sung, but what is grave and Doric." *Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing, Milton's Prose Works, Amsterdam Edit. 1698, Vol. 1, p. 431.*

If you think these remarks interesting enough for publication, I shall continue the subject in a future letter.

Yours,

Norwich, Aug. 9, 1806.

E. D.

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## EXTRACTS FROM A COMMON PLACE BOOK.

### No. III.

#### THE POEMS OF OSSIAN.

Of the many impudent attempts to impose upon the credulity of a refined age, that of palming upon us the Poems of Ossian as a work of the fourth century, is the most audacious. Every paragraph, almost every sentence, attests the falsity of such pretensions. Fingal may have flourished, Oscar have conquered, and even Ossian sung, but his songs must have been like those of other savage tribes, merely celebrating the physical force of a savage, his inhuman conquests, or his barbarous enjoyments. Were the triumphs of a Ghenge sung, or the victories of a Timur celebrated, the strains of the Tartaric bard would not be dissimilar to those of the northern Scalds; at all events, the pathetic strains, the magnanimity, the tender apostrophes of the pseudo-Celtic poet, would never be substituted in place of the *mighty* ale, so exquisitely delightful when drunk out of the skulls of a murdered enemy.

In truth, all nations, in similar æras of civilization, exhibit the same moral and physical character. They may be contemplated in different points of view, or through different media, and may, of course, be variously reported.

Tacitus has been often appealed to, by the Celts, to prove the ancient Caledonians to have been considerably advanced beyond the savage state; and the speech of Galgacus, the Caledonian general of a vast army of his countrymen, is constantly cited in confirmation of those pretensions. But the authority of Tacitus must

not be admitted without limitation. Living at a period when the degeneracy of the Romans had overwhelmed in one ruin all moral and constitutional establishments, the generous indignation of the patriot was displayed in the animated language of the historian.—The political and moral virtues of the Germans; the bravery and heroism of the ancient Caledonians, their love of liberty, and hatred of a foreign yoke, only exist in the luminous pages of the philosophic historian. His object, in emblazoning the virtues of rude and barbarous tribes, was, merely, by contrasting them with the manners of degenerate Rome, to hold up to scorn and contempt the profligacy and immorality of his countrymen. Animated with the same views, Rousseau, in all probability, attacked the vices of modern France, by his well-known eulogium upon the savage state. That he was afterwards the dupe of his own sophisms, is immaterial to the arguments; the transition from hypocrisy to enthusiasm is abundantly common. The testimony of numberless ancient historians is altogether inimical to the doctrine of Caledonian civilization.

That the ancient Caledonians have, like other barbarous tribes, had their songs; that the feats in war, probably too in love, of their great men, continue to be celebrated in the rudest strains, may be true: it may even be admitted that fragments of these rude ballads have been transmitted by tradition to the present times; but the defenders of the authenticity of Macpherson's translation, have been in vain fifty times challenged to produce even twenty lines of the original, corresponding with what are called the English translations of Ossian's Poems. Their tacitly avowed inability to do so, is altogether decisive of the controversy, were the modern Highlanders to produce a whole "sea and land full" of arguments, and a thousand quires of Gaelic names, attesting, generally, the authenticity of the pseudo Ossian. Until such well-attested documents can be produced, it is insulting the common sense of the natives of the British empire, to palm upon them irrelevant arguments, and foolish incoherent testimonies. As obstinacy, pertinacity in error, and impenetrability to conviction still characterise certain tribes, the controversy may still continue to be agitated. Were even the most satisfactory evidence of Macpherson's having forged these poems in the face of hundreds to be adduced, there are many Highlanders who would resist that testimony. Mr. Laing must therefore be satisfied with having totally overthrown the pseudo-Ossian in the opinion of every impartial man in England, and the Lowlands of Scotland.

I say nothing of the absurdity of the idea that long connected narratives, in verse, could be transmitted through the course of fifty generations of at least barbarians, pure and unadulterated, amidst all the changes of language and political revolutions. The mind that can conceive an illiterate savage leader of equally savage hordes, of the third century, more likely to produce epic poems, resembling those of learned nations in the plenitude of their literature, not only in the conduct of their fable, but even copying their descriptions, their sentiments, their imagery, and even their very expressions, than a man of talents of the eighteenth, skilled "in all the lore" of this enlightened age, will not be startled at difficulties of any magnitude.

The object of these remarks is very humble, being merely to warn the readers of our early history to receive with caution the details of those transactions alleged to have taken place betwixt the Romans and the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, as narrated by certain modern historians, upon the authority of the pseudo-Ossian.

The wars of Oscar, Caracul, &c. upon the banks of Carron, are detailed with much complacency by certain historians. The scene of these battles has been a favourite though fruitless object of research with the antiquary. That the Roman wall, and some of the *præsidia*, erected by Agricola and others, are upon and nigh to the south bank of this river, is a fact established by their remains, still visible. The great *præsidium* of Camelon was situated upon the very brink of that river, which was then navigable as far as that station, and surrounded on three sides by its streams. The very name of the river, not "*Karan* winding stream," as Macpherson asserts, but "*Coer Avon* river upon the Camps," is decisive of the fact. Here, too, which is at the *embouchure* of the river, at least very nigh it, the wall runs parallel with the Carron for miles. Nigh to this, therefore, must have been the scene of Oscar's achievement. The *tumulus* of Dunipace is a little to the westward, on the north bank of the river Carron.

The Romans, we are told, were encamped on one side of the river; the warriors of Oscar on the opposite; and, of course, on the northern side, by the stream of *Crona*, (which, by the way, makes an important figure in the poems of Ossian), Oscar, at some distance from his army, passed the night at a *tomb* on the banks of Carron. The Romans passing the river, (i. e. from the northern to the southern side,) Oscar found himself in the midst of his foes. He made a vocal signal to his friends, who, from the streams of

*Crona*, came in good time to the succour of their leader; they engaged, and of course vanquished their enemies. The stream of *Crona*, which runs into the Carron on its north bank, must of course be very near to the tomb of Dunipace; at all events, it must be pretty near to the embouchure of this river, and nigh to the Roman station, the wall being positively mentioned as in sight, which it only is nigh to *Camelon* and *Dunipace*. *Crona's* stream is a very prominent object in other poems attributed to *Ossian*.

But this river is as difficult to be found, as those watering the garden of *Eden*. The river Carron rises in the mountains of *Stirlingshire*, about the middle of the peninsula (behind the Forth and Clyde) and runs directly east, joining the Forth a little below the Roman station, now called *Camelon*. The only streams falling into it from the north, are the *Earls-burn* and *Buckie-burn*, and one or two streamlets or meadow rills, unworthy mention.

Now this *Earls-burn*, an excellent trouting stream, but totally destitute of striking scenery, joins the Carron near its source, and nigh ten miles above the tomb at *Dunipace*. *Buckie-burn*, another small trouting stream, where it joins the Carron, has very remarkable banks, finely wooded, steep and precipitous, but is, unfortunately, at least six miles farther up the river than *Dunipace*. No stream therefore, that even bears a name, is less than half a dozen miles from this field of *Oscar*, a space rather extensive for *Oscar's* voice reaching his friends, even admitting him to possess lungs equal to those of the son of *Laertes*. *Dunipace*, too, is the highest possible spot (up the river) for the scene of action; as in going farther up, the Roman wall, *præsidia*, &c. disappear from the view. Should it be contended that it might have been farther down the river, the difficulty is still more and more increased. I have perhaps, however, already said too much upon what is now a very trifling subject.

JUSTUS.

## ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE.

FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Most people have heard of a book professedly written on the infelicities of learned men, but no work hath yet been composed on

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the peculiar advantages they enjoy, yet both are alike palpable, and equally deserving of consideration.

Previous to entering on the subject, it ought to be observed, that the person whose felicities I mean to describe, is supposed to be placed by birth or by fortune above the pressure of immediate want, but not in a state of luxuriant superfluity; for, in a young man who has to fight his way through life, a propensity to books exclusively indulged, to the utter neglect of business and duty, is, and ever has been, the road to ruin and disgrace.

To this, as to every general rule, an exception must be made in favour of extraordinary genius, which is found to burst through all impediments, but does not probably occur in the proportion of more than one in fifty thousand individuals; the path of most of us being mediocrity, and our chief merit, that we have washed our hands, and eat a hearty dinner.

Making these allowances, and supposing the literary man to have in his possession a tolerable collection of books, opportunities of sometimes mixing in polite and well-informed circles, and that he has time to read, reflect, and converse, I am of opinion, that the benefits he enjoys, are eminently superior to those of the majority of mankind.

He possesses a constant and unfailing source of amusement and occupation, *wholly independent of the will and caprice of others*; a most important distinction, in which the pleasures derived from learning, differ from almost every other enjoyment; indeed a total absence of literary taste, in a wealthy man, I cannot but consider as the greatest of all possible misfortunes.

A defect in this particular was remarked in an early and intimate school-fellow of the editor of the present page, and often lamented by his father with anxiety and tears; he called it the curse of his son's life.

The young man, who inherited prodigious wealth from a fond, maternal aunt, being without any creditable resource for employing the intervals of life, as prodigiously abused it, and after a few years alternately marked by criminal pleasure, listless inactivity, and that miserable species of unavailing repentance, which doth not prevent our sinning again; with what generally passes for a good heart, and an amiable disposition, came to an untimely end.

I met the unhappy parent on his return from depositing the remains of his son in the grave. The hearse and carriages being

stopped in the street by an accidental interruption, I caught the eye of the disconsolate old man, as I passed slowly along; he *would* stretch forth his arm from the coach, then pressing my hand to his bosom, sunk back on the seat, in all the anguish of unutterable woe.

I could not help applying to them both, what in effect was literally true:—" *their feet the stocks hurt, and the iron entered into their souls.*"

I return to the advantages of a bookish disposition; it furnishes a man with a fair and ostensible reason for not giving way to that most inexcusable of all indulgences, the constant habit of idle mornings, the bane of rising manhood; and, what is still better, a person habituated to regular literary application, *cannot excuse himself* for what I consider a most unwarrantable practice.

It may further be observed, that a man of genius is a legislator and a magistrate by birth; that when the fame of such a person is generally diffused and firmly established, his influence makes near approaches to sovereign power, and (as hath been exemplified in the present day) is found sufficiently formidable to wrench the sceptre from the hand of the monarch, and tread the mitre to dust.

Another consideration may probably excite a smile in my readers: vegetating in his closet unnoticed, perhaps unknown to his countrymen and cotemporaries, an author may cheer his silent solitary hours with the prospective, but unsubstantial luxury of *believing*, that his productions, at some future period, will be perused with pleasure, and his name mentioned with respect in distant regions of the globe; in countries now unknown, and by generations yet unborn.

A circumstance flattering to the vanity of the writer of this article, and which he considers as an ample recompence for his humble labours, very lately took place.

Having, in a former volume, reflected somewhat severely, he hopes not unfairly, on a certain eminent character, the strictures were mildly reprov'd by two correspondents; this temperate correction was, at the same time, accompanied with a certain *something* he will not name, highly gratifying to his feelings; but the *triumphant* circumstance remains to be told; (thanks to a kind Providence for multiplying the sources of our pleasures) one of the letters was dated from the forests of Canada, and the other written on the banks of the Ganges.

The advantages of a literary disposition cannot be more strongly exemplified, than in two instances which lately presented themselves, in one of my pedestrian excursions.

The first was the curate of a little parish, whose income, including his salary, surplice fees, and hereditary pittance, scarcely ever amounts to ninety pounds per annum; but happily inheriting from his father a well-chosen collection of books, as well as a taste for enjoying them; his life is satisfactorily occupied by the duties of his office, by literary pursuits, and social intercourse.

From the window of the little white-washed hovel he inhabits, may be seen the pleasure grounds of an individual, born and bred to the mystery of furnishing his customers with light, but suddenly enriched by the death of a relation whom he had never seen.

Acquainted with no books but his ledger and day book, and master of no other art but that of dipping cotton in melted fat, he was neither prepared for, nor qualified properly to spend so much money. Rushing at once from the club where he had smoked his pipe and drank his pot for the last twenty years of his life; quitting his shop and the snug little parlour behind it, he galloped into the country, purchased a noble mansion, just finished at an enormous expence by Orator Mam, and sold for a quarter of its prime cost, *because his lady's favourite gentleman preferred the dear delights of a watering place.*

Here wholly out of his element, as to society and occupation, the new purchaser finds it extremely difficult to get through the day, indeed it would not be in his power, but for his table, his hounds, his port wine, and his strong beer. By virtue of these powerful attractions, and another of a *very singular kind*, for he is minutely attentive to *all the wants*, and *all the gratifications* of his guests, he collects a number of his neighbours of a certain description, who kindly assist in the consumption of the two last articles, together with no small quantity of tobacco, to which, in every form, their host is inordinately attached. He considers it as the test of good fellowship, and swears that no man can be a *heartly cock*, who does not smoke, chew, and snuff up, half a pound per day. In clouds of smoke, and vociferous political discussion, the table covered with bottles, glasses, tobacco and snuff, the night passes away, and the squire and his friends seldom reel to bed till four in the morning.

In amusements like these he passes his time, with sometimes a journey to London, and occasionally a salutary fit of the gout, which

helps to throw off the surcharge of plethora; for he was luckily taught by his old master, that water gruel will cure all complaints; in amusements like these, *he rubs through the year.*

Compare the happiness personal and social, positive and negative, of the two characters, my *honest* friend \*\*\*, and let me hear you no more damning books, and all those who are fond of them,

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### THOMSON'S SEASONS.

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"He saw her charming; but he saw not *half*  
The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd.*"

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MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent CANTABRIGIENSIS' signature [vide Mirror for March last] is very profoundly translated, by his date, "*Cambridge.*" The English of his letter I take to be this:—

"Observing in your last number a detection of an inaccuracy in the "*Autumn*" of that "*more ancient poet*" THOMSON, to which I had never before adverted; and being myself so enthusiastic an admirer of the said "*more ancient poet*," that I am of opinion he must needs be faultless; I will endeavour, by the help of those never-failing auxiliaries, commas, semicolons, colons and dashes, to follow the example of that erudite and modest commentator Warburton, in his important investigations of the works of that *most ancient poet* Shakespeare; and shall, therefore, "*choose to read*" the criticised passage thus:—[Here would follow Cantabrigiensis' var. lect. and its elucidation, with which the pages of the Mirror shall not be again disgraced.]

My reply, Sir, to your correspondent's "*imagined*" punctuation, will be very short. The first and all editions of Thomson's poems place, in the above passage, no point whatsoever after the word "*half*," which has hitherto been universally read, as governing the word "*charms*" in the genitive case, the preposition "*of*" being understood. Notwithstanding all this, we are told that an "*error of the press*" has omitted, after the first of these words, a colon and a dash, which very modestly informs us that we have been seventy-six years in the habit of misinterpreting two lines. Thanks to Cantabrigiensian criticism; however, we are now presented with the right punctuation, together with a verbose "*elucidation*," possessing, in the highest degree, that enviable qualification for which the two



hundred arguments of Duns Scotus were publicly extolled, by the university of Aberdeen; *incomprehensibility*. I need not enlarge, Sir, upon this amended reading: it is nonsense. The judicious will impute the poet's inaccuracy to that "*solicitudo rerum*," which ought always to take precedence of the "*cura verborum*;" and its escape from detection, to that "*exuberance*" of his language, which Dr. Johnson charges with "*filling the ear more than the mind*." Such critics only as Cantabrigiensis will endeavour, colon-armed, to defend inadvertencies, to which our best poets are sometimes liable.

April 3d. 1806.

B. F.

## BEAUTY.

IN the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion; and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but, that though there may be beauty without them, there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned, and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or the disposition of features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you that it is something which he

cannot fully express, something not fixed in any feature, but diffused over all; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost beauty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mark to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity—*affectation*: it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them, must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles, and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passions may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended:

thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance, when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor. "It is, (to use an eastern metaphor) like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence:" If it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty: because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness, than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish: and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous, and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it therefore be remembered, that, none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of *Virtue*; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

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## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Qui movet quasi adjacet.*

*Speeches in the House of Commons on the War against the Mahrattas.*  
*By Philip Francis, Esq. 8vo. pp. 94. 2s. 6d. Ridgway.*  
 1805.

THE value of a general opinion depends on the authority of him who delivers it. We might from our labours claim, without vanity, some little deference in this respect; but, on the present subject, and on the character of the honourable gentleman to whom we are indebted for this publication, we prefer the opportunity of quoting the sentiments of men, who, if not more alive to genuine merit than ourselves, are more intimately informed, and better judges than we can pretend to be. We shall not repeat what we transcribed last month\* from Burke; but we may remark, that such an eulogy, from such a man, is fame itself. If it wanted any aid, the following declaration of Lord Minto,† might be cited with propriety.

"In delivering my opinion of my honourable friend (*Mr. Francis*) I am not so madly vain as to think it can add any thing to his honour. It is not for him, Sir, it is to do myself honour, that I say here what I have often said elsewhere; that, of all the great and considerable men whom this country possesses, there is not one in the empire, who has a claim so much beyond all question, who can shew a title so thoroughly authenticated as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country, and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say, the book of his life is open before you; it has been examined in every line by the diligent inquisition, the searching eye of malice and envy. Has a single blot been found? Is there one page which has not been traced by virtue and by wisdom? Virtue, Sir, not of the cold and neutral quality, which is contented to avoid reproach, by shrinking from action, and is the best ally of vice; but virtue fervent, full of ardour, of energy, of effect: wisdom, Sir, not the mere flash of genius and of talents, though these are not wanting; but wisdom informed, deliberate, and profound. I know, Sir, the warmth imputed to, nay possessed by, that character; it is a warmth which does but burnish all his other virtues. His heart is warm, his judgment is cool, and the latter of these features none will deny, except those who have not examined, or wish to disbelieve it.

The honourable testimony of Mr. Fox has been recently given to the same effect, and, if possible, in stronger terms, in the house of

\* See our review of Mr. Francis's speech, No. 129.

† In his speech on moving the first charge against Sir Elijah Impey, 12th December, 1787.

commons. It is in the recollection of us all; and the only matter on which the least surprise can hang, is, that while the greatest men in the state profess to revere the genius, and to acknowledge the services of Mr. Francis, and unite in paying him the tribute due to his invaluable experience, they not only pass him over with neglect, but at the very moment when they openly approve of his enlightened principles, they unaccountably act in diametrical opposition to them.—What is continually in their professions, is rarely or never in their practice. Whatever Mr. Dundas, when so called, said wisely, or promised judiciously, he owed to the lights afforded to him by Mr. Francis, to whom we may well apply the "*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;*" for he has had all the labour, and others\* all the honey—"tulit alter honores." His acts and documents will be found to present the purest code to direct the conduct of a chief in the proper government of India. We say *will*, when we might say that *they have*; but, astonishing as the inconsistency must appear, while it has, on all hands, been over and over again acknowledged, that his noble system was founded in wisdom, as well as in justice and humanity, an opposite line of conduct has in fact been pursued. The flood gates of blood and rapacity have been thrown wider than before; and, if we may judge from the statement in Lord Morpeth's speech, last July, on the India budget, and Mr. Francis's serious remarks on it, the "*grasp all, lose all,*" is on the eve of being verified in the India company. What we have here thought it our duty to advance, is, we believe, sufficient; and nothing further need be adduced, to stamp a high and lasting value on the opinions contained in the pages which we are now about to consider.

A principal object of these speeches, is to prove (we use the words of Mr. Francis in his elegant dedication to Lord Thanet) "that justice and good faith ought to be observed even to the *Mahrattas*, and, that in the late wars in India, they were not the aggressors."

In arguing these important points, Mr. Francis has "exerted

\* Such is precisely the situation in which he stood with respect to the court of directors.—Praised by them "to the very echo," and deservedly, for the eminent good done by him in their service in the East, he returns, and finds their doors shut against him.—*Cum bene laudavit, laudato janua clausa est.*—Hamlet would say, there's more in this than we dream of, if our philosophy could find it out! Gibbon, writing from Lausanne to Lord Sheffield, in the year 1783, says, "The vices of the company, both in their persons and their constitution, were manifold and manifest." Qto. Ed. vol. 1, p. 618.

the whole strength of his clear, unclouded faculties," and he must be prejudiced beyond the light of truth to convince, or live possessed of all the obstinacy of confirmed ignorance, not to submit to the force of his undoubted information, and able and acute reasoning.

On the 14th of May, 1804, Mr. Francis moved that the 35th clause of the 29th of the king, should be read, viz. "Whereas to pursue schemes of conquest, and extension of dominion, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and policy of this nation: be it enacted," &c. His purpose in doing so, was first to remind the house of their own unanimous resolution, on which the subsequent act of parliament was founded; and then to shew, that in the motion which he intended to submit to the house, he was governed by that resolution, and aimed at nothing but to enforce the execution of that law. P. 1.

"In this purpose," says he, "and on this ground, I hope for the support and concurrence of the house; because I do not believe it will be asserted by any man, that it is very right to pass laws for the better government of a distant dominion, and very wrong to inquire whether such laws are obeyed or not. In my opinion, it would be a wiser policy, and a safer practice, not to make any laws, than to suffer them to be slighted with impunity. Habits of disobedience are very catching; and they are the more dangerous, in proportion to the distance of the offending parties, and to the facility which that distance gives them, to conceal or disguise their transactions." P. 2.

Mr. Francis then proceeds to expatiate on the desolation of India, and on the profusion of blood that has been shed, and the wealth that has been wasted in perpetual wars, unprovoked by aggression on the part of the natives of India; and, on our side, not to be justified by any motive of justice, necessity, or sound policy. War, we conceive, is never to be made but to obtain peace. The principle is rooted in the very heart of justice and humanity. But let us listen to the eloquent speaker, and learn with sorrow, how a few degrees of longitude can change the nature of men. In their own country, the same persons would not have heard, without shame and indignation, of the same principles and practices, which in India are professed and pursued with ostentation.

"The business and duty of *this* day," he proceeds, "does not call upon me to accuse any man, or to affirm that any thing deserving the censure of parliament has been done. My object is to enquire; and then, according to the result of the enquiry, to desist or to proceed. All I contend for, in the

first instance, is, that a British governor, who commences war in India, is, *primâ facie*, doing that which the law prohibits; that his own act of itself puts him on his defence; that he is bound to justify on the case; and that, until he has so justified his conduct, the presumptions are against him. All the authorities of this country have united with one voice to condemn and forbid the carrying on war in India for any purpose but defence, or on any ground but necessity. I need not tell the house, that the practice in India has been almost uniformly, or with very short exceptions, directly opposed to the prohibition. While the directors of the India Company had any power, they certainly laid down very wise principles, and gave very proper orders on this subject. When their power over their own governors was found to be insufficient, the legislature interposed; but, as it appears by the facts, with no more success than the directors. Since the prohibitory act passed in 1784, I appeal to the house whether we have heard of any thing from India but war and conquest;—many victories, and great acquisitions, with only now and then a short interval of repose, to take breath and begin again. There is another ground of presumption against the necessity and justice of these wars, which seems to me as strong and conclusive as any presumption can be before the contrary is proved. I mean, Sir, that almost all these wars are supposed to originate in acts of provocation and aggression committed by the weak against the strong. The strength of any single Indian state, at any time, and now, I believe, of all of them put together, is not to be compared to the military power and resources of the English. I do not say that these nations have no means of defence, or that the Mahrattas, for example, can do us no mischief; but that, considering the great disparity of force, it requires very clear evidence to make it credible that, whereas the disposition of the British power in India is always, if possible, to preserve the peace, and to be satisfied with what we possess, this excellent disposition is never suffered to prevail, because the Indian princes are so restless and unruly, that we cannot, in common justice to ourselves, refrain from invading them. The fable says—The fierce rebellious lamb would never suffer the mild, gentle, moderate wolf to be quiet: *if it was not you, it was your father*. These propositions may be true, but they require some proof; and when the proof is produced, I shall desire it always to be observed and remembered, that the evidence which comes before us is *ex parte*. We hear little or nothing of what the opposite, and possibly the injured party, have to say for themselves.

“Ever since I have known any thing of Indian affairs, I have found that the prevailing disease of our governments there has been a rage for making war.”  
P. 2/3, 4.

Wars frequently carried on, it must have been observed, neither with an heroic grand design, nor for any public good, but to enrich a number of unfeeling adventurers, who travel into the heart of Asia, to find out rebels and traitors to the British government among the princes and people of a foreign land. Such was the language and the practice of the Spaniards to the rebellious natives of Mexico and Peru. The conclusion cannot be better stated, than in the simple, but expressive language of the speaker.

"That individuals may find their account in the conduct of such wars, I do not mean to dispute; but I deny that they are, or can be, for the benefit of the India company or the nation. In actual possession of half the peninsula, you, engage in a new war with the Mahrattas, the success of which can give you nothing but an addition of territory; which you cannot keep without an intolerable increase of your military establishments, and a perpetual drain of all your resources,\* of men as well as money, and which you ought not to keep if you could. Whether the Mahrattas have united in defence of their country, or to carry the war into the heart of our best provinces, as they have done in former times, or with what loss or expence our success against them may have been purchased, are questions on which we are utterly in the dark. By public report alone we are informed that a war, of great extent at least, and liable to many important consequences, is now carrying on in India, and that no information of it has been communicated to parliament. Sir, I can safely assure this house, that the Mahrattas, though not capable of meeting us in the field, or at all likely to encounter us in a pitched battle, are nevertheless very well able to do us a great deal of mischief." P. 5.

The Mahrattas, we are told, "are the Tartars of India," p. 6, and instances are alluded to of the desolation which their former incursions have produced.

"In these circumstances, I ask, is it proper or not that parliament should know why this war was undertaken? for what purposes it has been pursued? and with what success it has been attended? and finally, has it the sanction and approbation of the court of directors, and of his Majesty's ministers? I cannot believe it possible." P. 6.

Referring to the first war with Tippoo Sultan, he observes, that no objection was made in 1791, to an enquiry into its causes, on the score of Lord Cornwallis's personal character; and he hoped that Lord Castlereagh would follow that example. The few words with which Mr. Francis closes this short but interesting speech, deserve to be recited.

"He (*Lord Castlereagh*) professes to invite and encourage a free discussion of all Indian questions. If not, and if the motion with which I am now about to conclude, should be resisted, I think the house will be reduced to one of these two conclusions; either that there is something in the personal merits of Lord Wellesley, which entitles him to greater confidence than was thought due to Lord Cornwallis; or that there has been something in his conduct, to which no other defence can be applied, but a favourable opinion of his character." P. 9.

His motion for the papers relative to the hostilities against the

\* We must here quote an extract from an interesting letter of good authority from India. "How we shall be able to preserve this vast extent of country, I cannot conceive. I think that Lord Wellesley himself will be soon alarmed at the greatness of his conquests; none of which, according to my opinion, will produce revenues enough to defray the expences they occasion." See Appendix. p. 93.



Mahrattas, was withdrawn at that time, in consequence of Lord Castlereagh's saying that "Government were not in possession of the circumstances which preceded the rupture." We have dwelt longer on this speech, than we shall on those which succeeded it; and to this we have been led by its importance to the right understanding of a discussion, in which Mr. Francis displayed such a fund of knowledge, and wasted on ungrateful ears so much salutary advice.

On May 3, 1804, Lord Castlereagh moved "that the thanks of the house should be given to the Marquis of Wellesley, and to the officers and soldiers concerned in achieving our late successes in India." On which Mr. Francis spoke with his usual animation and correctness, admitting the gallantry and skill with which the military operations against the Mahrattas appeared then to have been conducted, p. 10, but contending most justly that the noble Lord's motion, without necessity, forced other questions into discussion, viz.

"Whether so many valuable lives had been unprofitably lost for a quarrel, which ought or ought not to be avowed by parliament; or whether such great exertions had been made with a sufficient consideration of the policy, the justice, and the necessity of the war." P. 11.

Notwithstanding Lord Castlereagh's profession not to confound the questions, Mr. Francis truly remarks:—

"When once this house has pronounced that the plan, the execution, and the success of a great measure deserve your highest approbation, you cannot tread back your steps: you cannot say to the same man, under another character, as if he played two parts in the same performance, that the principles on which he acted, deserve your severest condemnation." P. 12.

To thank a man first for his skill and activity in the execution of a questionable act, and then to revert to an enquiry into the principles or motives of his conduct, or to reserve the merits of that fundamental question for a future examination, is an unusual proceeding. A transgression on the high way may be committed with great personal spirit. Many passengers may be robbed, and some lives may be lost, in strict conformity to the laws of war. But it seldom happens that the judge begins the trial with complimenting the gentleman at the bar on the brilliant qualifications to which he owed his success on the Heath.

"On a former occasion," says Mr. F. (alluding to the preceding speech) "when this subject was first introduced, I flatter myself that the manner in which I urged an enquiry into the causes of the war in India, existing then, and indeed still existing, without the knowledge of parliament, had given

general satisfaction. I said not one word in disparagement of Lord Wellesley, nor shall I now. No other evidence of the merit of his measures is within our knowledge, but that his measures have succeeded. On that principle, in fair and honourable argument, if his measures had been defeated, we must have condemned him on the principle of his conduct." P. 19.

After observing, with the prudence and wisdom of a man conversant in the policy of war and government, on the boast of what was done by General Lake, with a *handful* of men, when he should, perhaps, have never taken the field with such a force, he comes to Lord Castlereagh's exulting remarks on our immense acquisitions of territory in the Guzerat, and elsewhere.

"He forgets" says Mr. Francis, "that the positive law of this country, founded on the best-considered principles of policy and justice, and confirmed by the advice of every man in this country, whose authority deserves to be regarded, forbids any farther acquisition of territory in India. *Prima facie*, a British governor, who makes war for the acquisition of territory, offends against the law, and is bound to justify himself on the case, before he can be acquitted." P. 14.

The honourable member then submitted his opinion to the house, that the motion of thanks to Lord Wellesley ought to be deferred, adding,

"I have no personal object to obtain, or even wish to gratify, in the part I have taken on this subject; unless it is to preserve the consistency of my own character, and to adhere to the principles with which I set out in the government of India, and from which I never have departed. Thanks given without knowledge or deliberation, do no honour to those who give, or to those who receive them. They have no root, and cannot live. Let the noble Lord's conduct be examined, and then, if it should appear that the war in which India is involved, was not voluntary on his part, that it was founded in justice and necessity, I shall be as ready as any man to join in the thanks proposed by this motion." P. 14.

To come more immediately to the last discussion, which is of the greatest importance, as well as the longest, (Mr. Francis being a striking exception to many speakers, who say least when they talk most) we must but briefly notice the ground of the two which precede it. The first, delivered January 21st 1805, was a motion for copies or extracts of all correspondence received from India, before or since the close of the session in 1784, relative to hostilities between the British government, and the Mahratta chief, named *Jesswant Rao Holcar*. P. 17. Here *Holcar* is introduced to our notice, and his hostility against us considered as a "petty war," and so it might, *Minerva Secunda*, have proved, after the submission of two of the principal Mahratta chiefs, Scindia and Boosla. The se-

cond speech relates to Lord Castlereagh's motion "for leave to bring in a bill to enlarge and regulate the powers given to the governor general, and commander in chief." This motion was supported by Mr. F. because he was convinced that Lord Cornwallis's object would be to compose the disorders of India, and to restore peace and tranquillity to the unfortunate inhabitants of that country. P. 19.

To those, whose just and natural impatience may not irresistibly tempt them to anticipate us, by a reference to the original publication, we promise, in our next, an abundance of very interesting and useful information, in respect to India, and its government. The speech of Mr. Francis, on the fifth of April, 1805, exhibits a noble monument of practical Indian knowledge, erected on the basis of long experience and incontrovertible truth.

*A Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions, historical, biographical, literary, and miscellaneous. To which is prefixed, an Essay on Epitaphs, by Dr. Johnson. 2 Vol. Small 8vo. Lackington and Co. 1806.*

THIS is the best collection of epitaphs that ever came before us, whether we consider the agreeable, tasteful, and judicious variety in its selections, or the excellence of the numerous originals which enrich and distinguish it. Johnson's Essay, with great propriety, ushers in this fund of irresistible pleasantry, frequently arising out of absurdity, and necessarily combined, from the nature of the subject, with a large portion of matter most awful and interesting to the contemplation of mankind. Meditations amongst the tombs are, indeed, fraught with many advantages, since they teach us to *know ourselves*; they humble pride and vanity; they comfort the afflicted, and the frivolous and wicked, who come to laugh, they have made to stay and pray. We are tempted to extract a few of the pieces; and here we shall exhibit the elegant compiler's taste for the humorous, which is not less than it is for the sublime and pathetic.

*"On an importunate Tailor.*

"Here lies W. W,

"Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

V. 1. p. 106.

*"Upon a Puritanical Locksmith.*

"A zealous lock-smith dy'd of late,

"And arriv'd at heaven's gate,

"He stood without, and would not knocke,

"Because he meant to picke the locke.

V. 1. p. 133,

*" On a Wife.*

" Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,  
" But dead as a door nail, God be thanked."

V. 1. p. 164.

*" On a Lawyer.*

" Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,  
" Who forty years follow'd the law,  
" When he died,  
" The devil cried,  
" James, give us your paw."

V. 1. p. 180.

*" St. Olave's, Southwark.—On Mr. Munday, who hanged himself.*

" Hallowed be the Sabaoth,  
" And farewell all worldly pelf;  
" The weeke begins on *Tuesday*,  
" For *Munday* hath hang'd himselfe."

V. 1. p. 221.

*" On Dr. Fuller.*

" Here lies *Fuller's* earth."

V. 1. p. 228.

*" Said to be in Twickenham Church-yard.*

" Here lie I.  
" Kill'd by a sky-  
" Rocket in my eye."

V. 2. p. 97.

We recollect an epitaph on a post-boy, who lost his life by falling under the wheel of his chaise, which would make a good companion for the above:—

Here I lays,  
Kill'd by a chaise.

*" On the Parson of a Country Parish.*

" Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,  
" For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us all."

V. 2. p. 254.

We have seen one, by *Old Nick*, on another not very popular character in a country village, which may go with this.

*Epitaph on the Tomb-stone of a Country Apothecary, erected at the  
Expence of the Parish.*

Hâc sub humo, per quem tot jacuère, jacet.

*In English.*

At length for him a quiet spot's provided,  
Where, all through him, so many of us lie dead.

O—VOL. XXII.

Such epitaphs as these are mere drolleries, but they are sufficiently serious and important for the objects of their commemoration; *Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque*, men, as it is observed in the Spectator, whose lives are finely described in Holy Writ, by *the path of an arrow*, which passes and is gone, leaving no trace behind. In composing an epitaph for one who has distinguished himself by his genius or benevolence, the greatest modesty and simplicity should be regarded, and in this the Greek inscriptions excel. Dr. Beattie's remarks on this subject; (Letter cxxii. of his Life) are very correct. A little point, however, is not, on some occasions, without grace, but, in general, it is destructive of all effect and propriety. The *Circumspice* on Wren, in St. Paul's, is pleasing, and the point at the conclusion of that on the Countess of Pembroke is, as Addison says, "very noble."

"Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,

"Fair, and learn'd, as good as she,

"Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Every taste is provided for in these volumes:—Toldervy, Hackett, and other collectors have been gleaned with judgment; and the hope expressed in the *Advertisement*, "that this *melange* may occasionally beguile the serious of a smile, and the volatile of a few moments' steady reflection," will, we can safely promise, in the wide circulation which such a work as this must have, be amply realized.

*A Practical English Grammar, for the Use of Students preparing for the Royal Military College.* By William Ticken, of the said College. 2s. 6d. Lackington. 1806.

THE title of this useful little work seems calculated to mislead, for, being said to be for the use of *certain* students, it might be thought to have something in it peculiar to the tendency of their studies, which is by no means the case. The mode proposed has this, the first merit of grammatical tracts; it is very simple, and is recommended by successful experience. Mr. Ticken says, p. vi. that "the best proof of the approbation of the public is, that the second edition is now in the press, at the time of writing this preface to the first." We neither admit, nor, in a good sense, rightly comprehend, what this *Lilly* of the day would give us to understand by his assertion.

*The Pocket Chronologist, or Authentic Register of recent Events, both foreign and domestic.* By J. Luffman. 2s. Lackington. 1806.

A VERY convenient and correct account, in brief, of the many

important and singular occurrences of the years 1801 to 1806 inclusive. It will be found serviceable in directing the attention and refreshing the memory.

*Essays, in a Series of Letters to a Friend. By John Foster. 2 Vol. Longman and Co. 1805.*

THESE Essays were written "with the intention to print them, if, when they were finished, the author could persuade himself that they deserved it." *Advert.* Mr. Foster candidly confesses that his powers of persuasion, in this quarter, were crowned with the most complete success. Consequently, we have here his four Essays. 1. *On a Man's writing Memoirs of himself.* 2. *On Decision of Character.* 3. *On the Application of the Epithet Romantic;* and, 4. *On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of cultivated Taste.* The second of these displays the greatest ingenuity, and the largest share of original thinking; but they will all be read with considerable pleasure, and, occasionally, with some more serious advantage.

Mr. Foster appears to have studied the human mind with great attention, and well observes, with a degree of satirical truth, that "men carry their minds as they carry their watches, perfectly ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and quite content with understanding the little exterior circle of things to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing. V. 1, p. 9. Our essayist is a greater dealer in paradoxes than he perhaps imagines, which a short time, to one of his reflecting habits, will very clearly discover. Some of his postulates, too, are not laid down in a full and lucid manner, and being not rarely obliged to deny our concession to his principles, of course, with us, his conclusions then fall to the ground. Facts and experience run constantly in opposition to what is advanced at p. 132, v. 1, in favour of the doctrine of mind and body, and the dependence of the former on the latter. In the strongest instance on his side of the question it is probably just the reverse. Mr. F. we conceive to be young in the art of composition: he is more figurative than becomes the modesty of a prose essayist, and his periods are sometimes confused, through being too verbose. Less fertility in leaves, and more in fruit, would be an improvement. *Curam verborum, rerum volo esse sollicitudinem*, says the Roman critic, and we repeat it to Mr. Foster, of whose judgment and good sense we entertain a high opinion.

*Ferdinand and Amelia. A Novel. 8 Vols. 10s. 6d. Crosby: 1806.*

Dr. BEATRE talks of novels as a sort of books that require no attention (*Life*, v. 2, p. 12), and, consequently, the best of all possible reading for a sick man. We recommend *Ferdinand and Amelia* as a dose prepared *sec. art.* The Doctor, we suppose, would prescribe a composing medicine.

*Sir Christopher Hatton's Ghost, or a Whisper to the Fair. By Simon Susurr, Esq. of the Middle Temple. 4to. pp. 24. Murray. 1806.*

EVE was "naked and not ashamed," and her daughters would fain imitate her; but Sir Christopher, not seeing this pure motive in the best light, denies the fact, and with, apparently, a great love for the naked truth, but none for naked women, ascribes their Paradiseical innocence to shameless impudence. This is a very ticklish subject, and we do not feel it decent to meddle much with it. The advice is good, and seasoned with some wit. The whole amounts simply to *Be cover'd.* The *whisper* is, that if ladies will raze all their fortifications, he must say they "mean not to defend the town."

*A Letter addressed to Mrs. Fitzherbert, in Answer to a Complaint that her Feelings have been hurt by the Mention of her Name in the Review of the Conduct of the Prince of Wales, with Observations on the Influence of Example, &c. By Nathaniel Jeffreys, late M. P. for the City of Coventry. 20. Pall Mall, pp. 15.*

CRISPIN again!

Ecce iterum Crispinus! ———

—————monstrum nulla virtute redemptum

A vitius. *Juven. Sat. IV.*

If we were able, before, to doubt of the base object of Mr. Jeffreys' scribbling, we could no longer be blind to it—the cloven foot manifests itself still more and more. It is not that he has suffered unjustly through his dealing with the Prince (a thing he never thought, as our statement last month must have proved) but that he is ruined by his own improvident prodigality and folly, and now wishes to mend his fortunes through the fear he vainly expects to excite by shewing his envenomed teeth. He feels that his attack on the Prince has fallen to the ground, and his last resource, to keep his own disgraceful memory alive, is to slander an unoffending female. But, says Olivia to Malvolio, "There is no slander in an al-

lowed fool, though he do nothing but rail." Then he is no slanderer—no, faith, nor fool neither; therefore let those who hang him for a fool beware that they do not find something else in the halter.

To give a pretence of necessity to these eight catch-penny pages (there are no more, though the numbering is fifteen), it is gratuitously presumed that Mrs. Fitzherbert has uttered "a complaint that her feelings have been hurt by his former mention of her name." We really believe this to be wholly unfounded in truth, and that, however that lady might feel, at least with every one else, indignant at the traitorous aspersions thrown on the heir apparent by an ungrateful sycophant, she experienced nothing but pity and contempt for the writer of all that was irrelevantly and insidiously foisted in about herself. The sun looks tranquilly down on "a puddle in a storm," and heeds not its impotent attempts to reach it with its filth. The pamphleteer quotes Shakspeare upon us—we can do the same upon him, more appositely: "Where your good word cannot advantage her, your slander never can endamage her!"

This tract, like the former, is, considered as a literary composition, far below mediocrity. How Mr. Jeffreys set jewels, or how much alloy he put in his gold, we know not, but he certainly sets his phrases very lamely together, and most basely alloys his matter. If he persevere in this sort of authorship, we anticipate another bankruptcy, with perhaps the pillory superadded to imprisonment—a bankruptcy in the court of Apollo, and a judgment of pillory and imprisonment in the court of King's Bench.

I. *Diamond cut Diamond, or Observations on a Pamphlet entitled "A Review of the Conduct of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," comprising a free and impartial View of Mr. Jeffreys, as a Tradesman, Politician, and Constable, during a Period of twenty Years.* By Philo-Veritas. 8vo. pp. 67. 2s. Chapple. 1806.

II. *A Letter to Nathaniel Jeffreys, on the Subject of his Pamphlet entitled "A Review, &c," with an Examination into the Motives of his Publication, and its probable Consequences.* 8vo. pp. 36. Maxman. 1806.

THAT the "indocti doctique," should become volunteers in this cause is not wonderful, but it would rather be a matter of surprise if, on the occasion of a libelled prince and a slandered lady, "more sinn'd against than sinning," ten thousand pens did not leap from their stands, and wear themselves out in a service so full of gallantry and truth. Both these pamphlets possess the merit of



stating facts, and, by clear inference, shewing the weakness and wickedness of Mr. Jeffreys' allegations. The former, however, is the true diamond, the latter the composition of an unlearned man, and, comparatively, a diamond from a Bristol mine. Still, in spite of "the justice of them *were*," p. 8, and other clippings of the king's English, or fractures of Priscian's skull, he defends his prince with a strong arm.

*Philo-Veritas* goes more into the subject, and fights the battle through with uncommon spirit and effect, clearing every thing before him. Neither of these writers has hit upon the point which we put so strongly last month, in our review\* of Mr. Jeffreys' pamphlet, but many others are advanced by Philo, of a very convincing nature.—To make a short extract would answer no good purpose; therefore we shall dismiss these heroes in a just cause with observing, that any judgment formed on reading Mr. J.'s pamphlet will be done away by a perusal of these, and it is a fairness honestly due to all the parties to hear both sides. Let the antidote and the bane accompany each other.

The magnanimous conduct which the prince will in all probability observe, on this occasion, is chalked out in a good place.—To this effect the *Book*—Neither did the lion tear the ass nor devour him.

*John Bull's Soliloquies on the late Impeachment.* 8vo. pp. 52.  
Hatchard, 1806.

A BREWER is not likely to fare very well in the soliloquies of John Bull, for however much he may pretend, in his parliamentary proceedings, to labour for the good of the constitution, John cannot easily forget how abundantly he works elsewhere to injure it. But the fact is, that, in the present instance, Mr. Whitbread is not thought better of for the storm which he has lately been brewing, than he is for his other composition, made up of the usual materials. It is well known that the thunder of his opponent's eloquence so turned all his brewery, that the peers could not swallow it. But, says John, "Did the party ever expect a verdict of victory? Did it ever seriously enter into the calculations of their arithmetic, that he (Lord Melville) would be found guilty? The philosopher of Laputa endeavoured to extract sun-beams from cucumbers, and he failed. How the philosopher would have stared if his attempt had succeeded."

\* See No. 119.

He compares the charges and proof to a tree mentioned by Pliny, whose leaves were as broad as a shield, but the fruit not so big as a nutmeg. "The turn of the epigram, made," says he, "in allusion to the husbandry of Thrale, may be applied to the management of Whitbread;

"The facts of the case, as impartially put,

This conviction can't fail to inspire—

That the proof of the charges was WHITBREAD'S ALL BUT,

And the calamity's WHITBREAD'S ENTIRE."

These Soliloquies have certainly many home truths in them, and some pleasantry.—"Sheridan Treasurer of the Navy!" John exclaims—"Well, the party will have worked a miracle, if they have made him a good TREASURER; but they will work a miracle still greater, if they make him a good PAYMASTER."

On his festive *divertissement* at Somerset-House, he observes, "I think the broad-bottomed administration never tripped on the fantastic toe more gracefully than at that night's carousal. Sidmouth's friends won the palm; they footed to the tune of 'Over the water to Charley' admirably well. Indeed they have been so accustomed to dance, as the old proverb says, 'to any man's pipe,' that it is not surprising they should excel; and to be sure they do 'turn half round,' and 'change sides' with great dexterity."

This will be called trash, or wit, according to the veering of the reader's political vane.

Frederick. Translated from the French of M. Fécoté. 3 Vol. 12s. Wallis.

Tare-story is interesting, and, by those who are determined to read such works, may be read with as little harm as any thing of the kind. The translator has acquitted himself *à merveille*. The original author confesses *faults* in his style, and the translator has ingeniously taken care to have at least as many.

*The Post Captain; or the Wooden Walls well manned; comprehending a View of Naval Society and Manners.* pp. 300. 7s. Tegg. 1806.

To land-lubbers in general this view of the society and manners aboard a man of war will be rarely interesting, and frequently unintelligible, while to our tars it will be *crambe repetita*, as new as hard biscuit and salt pork. We admire the gallantry of our naval heroes, and love to hear of their conduct in battle, but as to their internal economy, it is a *mess* for which we have no relish.

*The Seventh Day a Day of Rest for the labouring Cattle; preached in the Parish Churches of Staple and Bickenhall, in the County of Somerset, by the Rev. C. Toogood. 8vo. 1s. Vidler.*

WHEN we first read the title of this discourse, we thought "the labouring cattle" another unfortunate expression, like "the swinish multitude," intended to signify the lower orders of society; but we were pleased to discover our mistake. The pious and humane design of Mr. Toogood is to teach us to abstain from the use of our cattle on the Lord's day, on which it is appointed that they shall rest, and to treat them with kindness at all seasons, and upon all occasions. We do not pretend to believe in a metempsychosis, or a transmigration of souls, but when we see the brute creation ill-used, we cannot refrain from thinking that there would be a vast deal of justice in it. Let him who rides with so much ease in his chaise, till the poor post-horse drops with fatigue, take his turn, and, for his tender mercies, "die with harness on his back." Let him who, with wanton cruelty, bruises the patient ass, feel his lengthening ears, and the ill treatment of as hard a master. Let this all be, and who will say it seems unjust?

*Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialogue. By the Rev. James Nicol. In 2 Vols. Mundell and Son, Edinburgh. 1805.*

FIE, Mr. Nicol! what, Reverend! and pollute your imagination, or the purer paper, with such filthy allusions? Let it be Scottish, Irish, or Cambro-British, obscenity is obscenity still, and the poet who invokes Cloacina for his Muse must not expect to be much relished on this side of the Tweed. We entreat Mr. Nicol to abjure poetry, and to compose sermons, always observing a degree of *restraint*, without which no composition deserves to be read, or will be read unaccompanied by disgust.

*The History of Freemasonry, drawn from authentic Sources of Information; with an Account of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, from its Institution in 1736, to the present Time, compiled from the Records; and an Appendix of Original Papers. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Longman and Co.*

Those who look into this work for what are called the secrets of Freemasonry, will be grievously disappointed; but such as visit this source of knowledge to be instructed in many curious particulars relating to the history of Freemasonry, will be much gratified by the learning and research of its author. It is something too

much perhaps, to ask us to believe that a society in ancient Egypt, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were, though not formally, virtually a kind of Masonic lodges. Gibbon, in his observations on the Eleusinian mysteries, where he attacks Bishop Warburton, never dreamed of this. The subject is, on the whole, exceedingly well handled.

*An admonitory Letter to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, on the Subject of the late delicate Inquiry; containing Anecdotes never before published, which may probably lead to the Detection of the real Authors of the late scandalous Attempt to sully the Purity of an illustrious Personage. Tipper and Richards. 2s. pp. 28. 1806.*

It would have been as well if the author of this *Letter* had known how to write his motto; but it is still, by accident, very apt:

Omnia si nescis loca sunt plenissima nugis,  
Quarum tota cohors est inimica tibi.

That is, *If you don't know it, permit me to inform you that every part of this epistle is replete with scandalous ribaldry—the whole most grossly inimical to decency and truth.* “If,” says this *soi-disant* friend and no parasite, “if I had heard any book universally condemned for its stupidity, should I believe the assertions of the author or his friends that the language was good, the wit abundant,” &c. P. 11. The standard is fair; but how does *he* shew when tried by it? At p. 4 he tells us, “I am neither actuated by malevolence, interest, nor the rancour of disappointment;” and immediately proceeds with a tissue of shameless calumny, founded, as we are assured, on hearsay report, but, as we firmly believe, shereby on the invention of his own malevolent, interested, and rancorous mind. With these “damning proofs,” may we not retort upon him—Can you expect us to credit professions of probity and candour contradicted by your actions, and made by no one but yourself? This publication, so disgraceful to the writer, is said to “contain anecdotes never before published,” and it is probably true, for we have no doubt that they were invented for the occasion, and to what end it would not be very difficult to discover. But how they are to “lead to the detection of the real authors of the late scandalous attempt to sully the purity of an illustrious personage,” we are at a loss to guess, unless it be on the principle of “set a thief to catch a thief,” and the writer of this letter undertake the job himself. Then, indeed, it seems likely, if the *Princess of Wales* has been unjustly aspersed,

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that he who can so foully slander the *Prince of Wales*, may give a very good clue to lead to the haunts of his abandoned clan. The fiend has of late let slip these dogs of slander and detraction, and it is indeed a melancholy sight to see them howling in and defiling the chosen sanctuaries of truth and honour.

These calumnies have been called by this writer *Nuga*, but let him beware, perhaps "*Hæ nugæ seria ducunt—in mala*," should the Attorney General consider the base and groundless insinuations of bribery at p. 14 and 17. We are ashamed of having wasted so much time on this contemptible composition, but it is impossible not to feel indignant when the illustrious and unoffending are treated by the malicious with wanton disrespect. These attempts at defamation must, we know, prove unavailing, but there may be something to fear from professions of *respect*, &c. p. 21, for it is the slaver of the serpent, and not the bite, that kills,—“O libel me with all things but your praise!”

*An Antidote to Poison, or a full Reply to Mr. Jefferys' Attack upon the Character and Conduct of his R. H. the Prince of Wales: containing several Particulars derived from Authentic Sources of Information. By Claudio. 8vo. pp. 94. 3s. Matthews and Leigh. 1806.*

We were really tired of Mr. Jefferys, and would willingly have heard no more of him, or his detestable conduct. Under this impression, we took up Claudio's "*Antidote*" in no very good humour, but we had not proceeded far with him, before we felt greatly pleased that he had fallen in our way. Mr. Jefferys is said to have gained 600*l.* by his libel, and he probably has a mind capable of thinking his "*estate the more gracious*;" but, we would not deserve and receive such a "*kick o' the breech*," as he has deserved and received from *Claudio*; for that sum multiplied without end. Query, for "*Claudio*" should we not read *Claudo*?

Raro antecedentem Scelestum  
Deseruit pede Poena Claudio.

Hor. Od. II. l. 3,

That is, *Pœna, nomine Claudio*. For this pun, as vile as the subject that occasioned it, we beg pardon. The pamphlet is very cleverly drawn up, the strong points are well put, and the facts agreeably interspersed with pleasant similes and anecdotes. At pages 3 and 5, we find several instances of the magnanimous behaviour of

the Prince, with respect to Mr. Jefferys, who has, notwithstanding, had "the unexampled impudence to affix the advertisement of his *Review* in the windows of one of his own empty houses, immediately opposite to Carlton House." P. 8.

"Mr. Jefferys," says Claudio, "enters upon his review with perfect ease and confidence, by declaring that 'the task which necessity (arising from oppression) has imposed upon him is not difficult,' he then endeavours to interest the feeling of the British public, by asserting that his case is of such *peculiar* hardship, 'as perhaps never engaged their attention.' This is precisely the hacknied language of every young barrister, when he opens a criminal prosecution on the crown side, at the assizes; be the offence great or diminutive, felony or larceny, a maim with an intent to murder, or the pilfering of a couple of Welsh wigs, the offence which he is about to detail, is always the most flagitious that ever awakened the inquiry of justice." P. 14—15.

Continuing thus smiling and probing, he observes:

"Mr. Jefferys supposes himself the equal friend, or rather the protective patron of his Royal Highness, and charges him with an unmanly and dishonourable insensibility to the profuse favours which have been heaped upon him by the unbounded generosity of his jeweller—'O shame! where is thy blush?' In plain English, this silversmith and money-lender, says to his Royal employer, 'I lent you a sum of money; it is true that you repaid it with punctuality, (though I have not been candid enough to say, when the interest is added to the additional orders which I received from you and your friends, how much I gained by the accommodation) I want the same sum for my own speculations, I expect you to furnish it, and if you do not, I will denounce you as an ungrateful and unprincipled man, as one who can only think and feel for himself.'

"Low and audacious calumniator! thus to attempt to separate the affections of the people from their future sovereign!" P. 35-6.

On Mr. J.'s importance as a member of parliament, he remarks:

"The late Lord Camelford boasted, that if Mr. Horne Tooke was dispossessed of his seat in parliament by a vote of the house, he would bring in his black groom in his stead; and I remember that his Lordship's menace was not thought by many persons an extravagant one, on account of Mr. Jefferys having found his way into that assembly." P. 53-4.

Proving as he proceeds, and gathering strength as he goes, he comes to this conclusion:

"Mr. Jefferys may have been baffled in receiving profits of lavish and extravagant magnitude, but if the powerful and convincing testimony of three most honourable, impartial, disinterested, and competent men can have any weight, instead of Mr. Jefferys having been ruined by the Prince, he has gained, in hard cash, the sum of 15,997l. from the Prince alone." P. 64.

He then, amongst many shrewd and conclusive animadversions, makes this sensible and well-founded comment:

"The rock on which his fortunes were shipwrecked, was ambition—ambition tinctured with phrenzy!—a lordly establishment, a town-house, a princely country-house, carriages, splendid dinners, routes, an awkward association with, and a disastrous imitation of, his superiors, placed in the scale of order high above him, and finally, a contested election, a seat in parliament, and costly attentions, which hungry corporations expect from their representatives; these were the fatal and infallible causes which hurled this devoted tradesman to the abyss of ignominy and perdition. His Royal Highness is no more responsible for such consequences, having clearly proved that they did not flow from him, than he is for the man of slender income finding ruin by becoming the copyist of his dress and establishment." P. 66-7.

This is indeed "a full reply to Mr. Jefferys," and nothing further need be added, to make his confusion complete.

*The Life, Pedestrian Excursions, and singular Opinions, of J. H. Prince, Bookseller, Old North Street, Red Lion Square, Holborn, London. Member of several Literary Societies; late Public Orator at the Westminster and London Forums; late Minister at Bethesda Chapel; Author of the Annual Visitor, and of the Censor; and Secretary to the Union Society. Also, for near twenty Years, Clerk to several Attornies in London; and recently, Head Manager of the Conveyancing Department, at Skinner's Hall; containing a Circumstantial, and Faithful Narrative of the first thirty six Years of the Existence, and an Account of the Literary Career of that most eccentric Character. Written by himself, and sold by himself. pp. 240. 3s. 6d. 1806.*

LET Rousseau and Gibbon be forgotten, and here let memoir writing cease—It has in Mr. Prince reached its acme, and can go no further. We are now presented with the first thirty-six years of the life of this gentleman of multitudinous professions—how many more 36 years he means to add, we are not told, but if he does not intend to go to press again until thirty-six years have elapsed, we congratulate ourselves with the prospect of being completely out of his way.

Amongst the inducements which Mr. Prince felt to write his own life, we find this weighty reason—He not only knew more about himself than any other man, but he also knew more about another person than any other man, namely—his wife. P. 27. I have, says he, the knowledge of the truth, and thus he proceeds to relate it. On his ancestors he does not pride himself much, but elegantly

remarks, that the consideration is trifling, "every tub should stand on its own bottom." P. 29. For private reasons he sinks his paternal grandfather, but his maternal, he tells us, was one *Dixon, a cloaths-scowerer*, and then adds the valuable information, that one of his three daughters, *Ann*, was peculiarly fond of "challenging men to *intellectual combat*." P. 33. We feel delighted at the possession of this fact, for it is of the *last* importance; but we much lament to find ourselves left sadly in the dark, with respect to two venerable personages of his illustrious house—"Whether my *grandfather* and *grandmother* were sensible or ignorant, handsome or ordinary, moral or immoral, are questions which I cannot resolve." P. 38. We go further, however, and fare better. His father was an *eccentric Quaker*, and, though by trade a weaver, he engaged himself, when he came to London, to "*a black diamond merchant*, and at 12s. a week carried out coals." P. 39. He saw *Miss Dixon*, and marked her for his own. Her name was *Dolly*, and she was, says he, "*a — I don't know what*." P. 44. Amongst the fruits of their loves was Mr. Prince—but to be more minute (the spirit of biography) his mother *Dolly*, when lying-in with him, had a sore leg, p. 47, and being unable to suckle her child, put him out to a nurse, who, it seems, loved him dearly, and consequently gave him what she liked best herself—"instead of sucking the breast, I sucked the gin bottle." P. 77. He never after saw this delicious liquor, this *mother's milk*, as it were, without crying for it—but he affirms, in a melancholy tone, that it stunted his growth—and he is now very *little*. P. 77. Although he has "turned out," according to his own account, "*a most extraordinary man*," p. 76, nothing preternatural or portentous announced his birth—his mother had her usual longings when "*enseint*." P. 76. "I was born without teeth, and my mother drank *cordal*." P. 77. At a proper period he was named *John*, *more Quakerorum*, and not *George*, after his father, for this sensible reason—a former son had been named *George*, and, as he died, the same might have happened to Mr. Prince—if he had been called *George*! and behold the consequence—both he and we should have lost *his life*. How he acquired his second name of *Henry*, was through his mother, who took him clandestinely to church, and though the Quaker suddenly made his appearance during the ceremony, and exclaimed, "*What business hast thou to fling water in my child's face*;" p. 83, they baptized him in spite of his remonstrances. Being born and made a Christian, he begins



his thirteen avocations, six of which he followed "at one time."—"Alternately I have been a tallow chandler, turner, batter, book-binder, patten and shoe heel maker, button and trimming seller, shopman at a ready-made and child-bed linen warehouse, clerk to a lottery office keeper, fringe and fancy trimming maker, dyer and scowerer, an attorney's clerk, a chandler's shop keeper, and last, but not least—a bookseller." We can travel with him no further, and shall merely remark, that he has it in contemplation to "kill himself, and give an account of his own last dying words, death, and funeral." P. 26.

In the course of this inestimable memoir, we are occasionally referred to another work, *the Censor*, but only on very particular and dignified points—viz. "I have deprecated this custom of putting whole candles into the kitchen stuff, in the *Censor*, Vol. I. No. 2." P. 56. Though he is modestly silent on his studies in the groves of Academus, it is due to him to observe, that he is a man of vast erudition—he quotes Latin, *esio perpetua*, p. 185—*quis reperibit*, p. 226, and tells us, after, doubtless consulting some rare manuscript, that "*Longinus* deems the *Apostle Paul* as excellent an author as ever wrote." P. 22.

As the duels\* of box lobby loungers and apprentices have brought that custom into some discredit and contempt, we think this *memoir of myself*, may, perhaps, by its frequent indecency, and constant absurdity, tend to stop that inundation of insipidity and nonsense, in the shape of *own life writing*, which has lately threatened us.

*The Works of Plato; viz. his fifty-five Dialogues and twelve Epistles, translated from the Greek. Nine of the Dialogues by the late Floyer Sydenham; and the Remainder by Thomas Taylor. With occasional Annotations on the nine Dialogues by S. and copious Notes by the latter Translator, in which is given the Substance of nearly all the existing Greek MS. Commentaries on the Philosophy of Plato, and a Portion of such as are already published. 5 Vols. 4to. 10l. 10s. Evans. 1804.*

\* On this subject we feel a little nervous after the late rencontre of Mr Moore the poet, and Mr. Jeffray, the Edinburgh reviewer. The idea of being obliged to fight, even with *paper bullets*, every author that does not like to hear the truth, is terrible. Mr. Prince, as the son of a Quaker, is, we hope, a peaceable man. It is very hard indeed, if a reviewer's brains are to be blown out, because an author has none.

WE are obliged to a friend for the loan of this ponderous work, and have, therefore, much more command of temper on the occasion, than if we had paid ten guineas for it. That we have read it, especially the *copious notes* and commentaries, it would be dangerous to assert, since Cicero affirms that "*legere et non intelligere, nec legere est,*" *to read, and not to understand, is not to read.* In his translation of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, all those who have ventured to dip into it, must know, if they have the least smattering of Greek, that the original is far more intelligible; and, as to his metaphysical commentary, it defies all physical powers to comprehend it. Much the same treatment is met with here.—The elegant, and though sublime, yet in general easy Greek of Plato, is made the most crabbed and confused English of the present or any other day, and the *obscurum per obscurius* is religiously adhered to in the *illustrations*. It would be tedious as facile, and unsuited to our limits, to point out the innumerable passages which Mr. Taylor has misconstrued and misconceived. It is enough to say that the *μεγα βιβλιον, μεγα κακον* of Callimachus, is here most fully and lamentably verified. To the Duke of Norfolk the public is indebted for this treat, but we apprehend that we should err in thus parodying the words of Shakspeare on the occasion.

Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,

For Taylor thy author's bought and sold.

*The Looking-Glass; a true History of the early Years of an Artist.*  
By Theophilus Marcliffe. pp. 108. 1s. Hodgkins. 1805.

THIS "true history of the early years of an artist," is a very pretty little book, and well calculated to entertain and benefit our young friends, to whom we cordially recommend it.

*Fortune's Football* 12mo. 2s. Tabart. 1866.

To be the sport of Fortune, and to have almost every bone in one's skin broken for her amusement, is really a deplorable case. Such, however, has been the unhappy fate of the subject of this memoir. Yet, after all these calamities, he is able to relieve both his mind and body by the exertions of his pencil, and will, we hope, as he deserves, derive some advantage from this publication.

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 THE BRITISH STAGE.
 

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*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.* Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

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 ON DRAMATIC SIMPLICITY OF SENTIMENT AND  
 DICATION.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

*From Raymond's Life of Dermody.*

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I HAVE long thought that an absurd imitation of Shakspeare's antiquated phraseology has been, in some measure, the cause of our entire declension from simplicity in the later productions of the stage.

Our modern drama is generally an heterogeneous contexture of quaint expression, insipid pun, and unnatural fustian; communicated in that species of style which Dryden not unhappily denominated "prose run mad." Much as I admire the figurative boldness and lofty conceptions of our literary ancestors, I am not yet enthusiast enough to allow them purity of language. Every person acquainted with the most famous authors of Elizabeth's time, will acknowledge that a boastful display of pedantry was too often substituted in place even of the common tongue as then current. The historian and the philosopher were no less guilty of this false taste than the poet, as is evident from the elaborate pages of the great Raleigh and the greater Bacon; who, with a cumbrous luxuriance of learning, have rendered some of their choicest compositions either metaphorically turgid or metaphysically obscure. The wild scheme of Sydney (though the politest scholar of his age) to ingraft the Roman on the English idiom, is sufficiently ridiculous in its ill success; and few have followed an example so preposterous and extravagant. It is indeed rather wonderful, that the prose writers of this reign are the most obsolete and affected; and that Spenser, who from the nature of his subject might have taken the greatest liberty, is in reality (antiquated as he may seem to some people) the chastest, and of course the most classical, among them.

In the sprightlier days of Charles, so much had the introduction of French phrases prevailed, that it almost threatened final extermination to the old hereditary Saxon; and the language became a flimsy patchwork of Gallicisms, as it had just before been.

of Greek and Latin innovations. I have frequently, at the present more advanced period of cultivated diction, considered it no small disgrace to the invention of our countrymen, that we are forced (certainly through indolence or caprice) to copy from our neighbours almost every scientific term proper to the mechanic or military art; and even the fine wits, "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," esteem it a vast accomplishment to interlace their productions with this pilfered tinsel.

Though I confess Addison's style to be a perfect and delightful model, yet I cannot help thinking that the world has been extremely and deliberately unjust to the primary exertions of Steele. I not only admire his periodical lucubrations for their fortunate exhibition of versatile fancy; for their easy and polished humour, and for their superior excellence of ethic admonition; but I likewise applaud him as the manly restorer of scenic decency of plot, interesting, not intricate; and of dialogue sprightly though not splendid. The sentiments of Cato are confessedly elevated and noble; but, alas! too far removed beyond the sphere of common life: while even the most censorious must allow that there is that moderate emulation of virtue still remaining sufficient to impress any spectator not totally callous, with a respect and love for the beneficent, affable, and elegant character of Bevil.

Swift may be impartially placed in the highest rank for his clear sententious gravity, and the unembarrassed brilliancy of his conception; which could render the thorny path of disputation agreeable, and enliven the severity of politics, with captivating emanations of genuine wit: but being in no degree connected with my design, his beauties can be only mentioned and admired.—I now return to my principal object, the drama and its children; whose perfections I shall endeavour, in a cursory way, to discriminate, and point out for imitation.

The immortal Shakespeare, from the narrow limits of his education and original habits of life, must necessarily have adopted many vulgarisms and low conceits, very improper for a modern to copy; and as for his happier and sublimer flights, they are indeed inimitable. Jonson's comedies, with all their merit, are so laboriously stiff; and the joint compositions of Beaumont and Fletcher, with all their wit, so insufferably licentious; that I can select from the whole dramatic galaxy of these times, but one author who is not quite exceptionable as to regularity and moral precision. This is Massinger. His

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incidents are generally well conducted; the unities regarded with much attention; his characters delineated in a masterly and forcible manner; and his dialogue, considering the age in which he wrote, remarkably chaste and nervous. I am surprised that more of his plays are not revived and adapted for representation: which they might be with very little trouble, and less expence, as they are seldom loaded with pageantry and show.

Theobald, whom Pope, with more malice than justice, chose for the unfortunate butt of his satirical spleen, has written a play which I think could be still successfully introduced to the stage. It is in the style and manner of Shakspeare, to whose pen Theobald himself attributed it; alleging that he had merely altered a few passages in the manuscript, and presumed on some trivial addition. The hero, who is frantic, has a very striking likeness to our modern Octavian; but whether the ingenious author of the Mountaineers was aware of the fortuitous resemblance, I cannot pretend to determine.

There is another composition which I have formerly read with much pleasure, a tragedy, entitled the Fatal Extravagance; but I do not know its author's name, nor did I see any affixed to it. It is full of simple pathos, deeply affecting, and no inconsiderable painting of domestic sorrow. Why are so many jewels suffered to lie buried, when the town is so often deluded with empty glitter, and evanescent frivolity? One would almost suppose that the nation consisted only of a race of laughing philosophers, from the paucity of tragic productions; or were in fact so completely miserable in their own gloomy situation, that they could afford no room for the admission of fictitious misfortune.

Though I cannot reconcile myself to that strange jumble of smiles and tears, levity and anguish, which constitutes a tragi-comedy, or what we more emphatically term a *play*, (first, because the introduction of the comic, must always weaken the energy of the tragic part; and secondly, because the emotion of different passions at one moment, as in an hysteric, is not *in itself* pleasing;) yet I must give the palm to one whose two great productions are thus huddled together, as "the poet of the heart." This intellectual sovereign is Southerne; whose *Isabella* and *Oronoko* must charm as long as the human breast can feel, or the human passions can be interested.

I know that those authors who countenance tragi-comedy the most, aver that it is a true and faithful delineation of the checkered scenes of real life; no indifferent plea in its favour. Yet Dryden,

who was himself an adept in the practice, lays the blame on the distempered and vitiated taste of the audience; and even Southerne, in a prologue, has these lines:

“ You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,  
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts;  
We weep and laugh, join grief and mirth together,  
Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather.”

Capricious indeed were the good critics of their time who could prefer rhyme to reason, who extolled “ the Spartan Dame” and “ the Fate of Capua” beyond “ Isabella,” and were better pleased with “ Don Carlos” than the “ Venice Preserved” of the same author. After all, I confess, that the more vulgar scenes of *Isabella* are necessary and natural, and that those of *Oroonoko* are conducted with much ingenuity throughout; but what reader of sensibility who can pity perverted genius, will not be concerned at the expiring quibble which the poet has so unluckily put into the mouth of the honest unrepining Aboan?

“ I had a *living sense*

Of all your royal favours, but this last (*meaning the dagger*)  
*Strikes through my heart.*”

In this piece I could, on a strict perusal, remark many more deviations of this kind, from Nature and her expression; but the whole is so animated, so eloquent, so sublime, and yet so simple, that it would be a sort of censorial stoicism to quarrel with trifles.

What can I say of Otway; the plaintive, the tender, the soul-distracting, profligate Otway: who, by some secret magic, can bid us at one moment pity and detest, scorn and admire, and shed the sympathising tear over the fall of vice itself? To omit *Venice Preserved*, of which the hero is a factious cut-throat, and the second character an uxorious, treacherous, whimpering coward,—let us turn to the *Orphan*. Not to say that Monimia is an exact semblance of a longing, irresolute, boarding-school girl; Chamont an ungrateful, hot-headed bully, deserving to be cashiered from any regiment; and Acasto a mere walking old gentleman; how horrid, how absurd, is the fraternal compact! and how blameable the professed hypocrisy and deceit of Castalio; who will not own that he is justly punished, yet does not deplore that punishment in the end! This is the skill, the fancy, the irresistible witchery, of the poet: that elicits light from darkness; and averts the dazzled eye from deformity, by a soft

insinuitive enchantment of verbal delusion. Take away sentiment and diction, pathetic expostulation, and the voice of Nature personified, how will the splendid fabric vanish, and what shall we discover but licentiousness and disgust beneath this veil of roses ! Such are the charms of appropriate and energetic language.

The author of Douglas, in our own days, has received great and deserved encomium. He was certainly initiated in the school of Southerne, and is particularly happy in the choice of his materials ; yet, strange as it may appear, some of his incidents bear no slight resemblance to those in a very whimsical comedy. It is wonderful that this similarity, though quite unimportant, has not been observed by those who have either seen or read the *Rehearsal*. Old Norval in the one and the Fisherman in the other, are the same ; there are a casket saved, and a prince discovered. It may be no unentertaining employ to compare both performances, to remark the association of ideas in different minds, and to be convinced how nearly our loftiest efforts may be allied to the burlesque ; and I leave this task to the curiosity of the reader. Douglas is certainly the last boast of the buskined Muse that I have seen, or expect to see, during the present democracy of pantomime.

There are a few plays now entirely laid by, or perused only by the friends of true dramatic taste, which I shall beg leave to enumerate and recommend ; more for their purity of style and correctness of execution, than for those poetical beauties which they so eminently possess. Such are Fenton's "*Mariamne*," Hughes's "*Siege of Damascus*," and Frowde's "*Philotas*" and "*Fall of Saguntum*." The last two are admirable examples of strong, patriotic sentiment, and evince very extensive powers of declamation. Whitehead's "*Roman Father*," though not entirely discarded from the modern stage, is, in many places, tedious and tame : the catastrophe is too shocking even for the galleries ; the death of a sister by a brother's hand is not calculated to inspire admiration (the object of the poet,) and on the whole it is much inferior to Brooke's "*Gustavus Vasa*."

As it would appear even somewhat ridiculous to class a poetical maniac among those sons of the legitimate drama whom I have proposed as worthy of imitation, I have reserved Lee for the last. He was certainly a man of an amazing fancy, whose very extravagances would set up a dozen of our peddling playwrights ; but it is my business to elucidate his perfections, not his faults. His "*The*

odosius," to "talk big" in his own manner, is prodigal of beauties: the character of Varanes, the lover, is finely conceived, and delicately finished; nor is the rough, warlike bluntness of old Marcian without its peculiar charm. It is to be observed, that the scene between Theodosius and this honest veteran has given rise to two more of the same complexion: one, between Antony and Ventidius, in Dryden's "All for Love;" the other between Juba and Syphax, in Addison's "Cato." They are all equally excellent. His "Rival Queens," on account of a mad hero, well suited the abilities of a mad poet, and there are various beautiful touches through the course of the piece; yet (what is very wonderful, considering its showy decoration, triumphal entry, and magnificent banquet) it is but rarely performed. In my opinion also, amidst all its wild horrors and bloody preparation, there is much good writing in a play of his entitled, "Lucius Junius Brutus:" and I do not fear to support this judgment even at the present period; when the playhouse is a complete sepulchre, filled with hobgoblins, monsters, devils, and monkeys.

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### ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

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NAMIR, a tragedy, by the Marquis of—1769.

This piece was damned before the last act; the performers unable to make themselves heard, determined to proceed no further. *M. Le Kain*, who was playing in a scene with *Mademoiselle Clairon*, came forward, at the beginning of the fourth act, and told the audience, that the Entertainment should immediately commence; an assurance which was received with acclamations of the most tumultuous joy.

This tragedy, which was never afterwards performed, and which has not been printed, is remarkable for a dramatic singularity not to be met with in any other piece. A princess is announced at the commencement, and through the three first acts, who does not make her appearance till the fourth, and then it is only for the purpose of explaining the fable.

NANINE, or Prejudice overcome, a comedy in three acts, in verse, by *Voltaire*. 1749.

The subject of this piece is taken from the novel of *Pamela*, in the management of which *M. de la Chaussée* had failed, at the theatre



*Francois*, and *M. de Boiffy* at the Italian; both these authors printed their *Pamela*, and the publication of it confirmed the judgment of the critics. *Nanine*, by *Voltaire*, was honoured with great applause. The author, however, did not appear to be quite satisfied with its reception, and, after the performance, asked Piron his opinion of the piece; the latter, who saw through the artifice, replied: "I fancy you wish it had been written by *Piron*."—"Why," answered *Voltaire*, "there was no hissing." "True," replied *Piron*, "you know it is not possible to hiss and yawn at the same time."

A person of high rank was so extremely affected by the performance of *Nanine*, that he returned home in great haste, and ordered his porter not to shut his gates against any person whatsoever. The porter, very much surprised at his master's language, who had not, until then, been of an accommodating temper, said to one of his fellow-servants, who stood near him, "if I had not seen *Mademoiselle D*— in my Lord's carriage, I should have thought he had come from confession."

The performers of the Italian theatre exhibited, in the month of June, 1771, under the title of *Buona Figliola*, a comic opera, in three acts, the music by the celebrated *Piccini*, the subject of which is also taken from the novel of *Pamela*. Previous to its representation, *Cartine*, who had just finished his part of *Harlequin*, in an Italian piece, came forward to announce the new comic opera; but stopping suddenly, he looked about the theatre with an uneasy and mysterious air, and made a variety of gesticulations, which excited both the laughter and the curiosity of the audience. Afterwards, advancing close to the pit, he communicated with great confidence the secret he had to tell. "Gentlemen, *La Buona Figliola*, or the Good Girl, is going to be performed. My brother performers wish to persuade you that it is a new piece. Don't believe a syllable of it. I am too honest a fellow to suffer you to be deceived: it is ten years since the piece was written, and it has run through Italy, Germany, and England. You will perceive, without doubt, that the features resemble those of *Nanine*. I can tell you the reason—they are sisters; not by the same father, but the same mother; and they descend in a right line from that *Madame Pamela*, who has made so great a noise in the world."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TO A LADY.

'Tis only they who feel not love  
Can prate with sprightly ease ;  
Whose wishes soar not much above  
The present time to please.

The tongue and lips, so sages tell,  
Too oft, alas ! deceive :  
And many a maiden knows, too well,  
How such deceit can grieve !

But mark the difference—heart and eye,  
In *telegraphic* trance :—  
Where each sweet, blushing, thrilling sigh,  
Is answer'd by a glance !

The eye, the lover's surest guide,  
Has never caus'd a smart ;  
Nor ever has it, once, belied  
The feelings of the heart.

Fond swains, when absent from their fair,  
Make resolutions strong,  
And vow, *next time*, they'll bold declare  
How true they've lov'd, and long.

When *next time* comes, ah ! strange their lot,  
Who're on love's billows tost—  
Their speeches, dear resolves, forgot,  
And senses sweetly lost !

The reason is, dear girl, that they  
Who love cannot disguise ;  
And feeling more than they can say,  
*Look slily through their eyes !*

Sept. 1805.

EDWARD.

## STANZAS ON THE CLOSE OF THE LATE YEAR.

WON from th' abode of ancient night  
 Our system, fram'd by heav'nly hand,  
 Obedient to divine command  
 Time wing'd his silent, equal flight,  
 Where'er day's orb, all-cheering, bright,  
 To planets gave the seasons bland;  
 He fills the crescent's silv'ry light,  
 When frequent, from the darkling grove  
 Pours the lone warbler's song of love.

Oblivious clouds o'erspread the soul!  
 And all we've said, and all we've done,  
 Seem as the glass whose sand is run,  
 Till mem'ry feebly wakes the whole;  
 Tears, from Affection's eye that stole  
 For many a dear friend, past and gone,  
 As the fresh hours successive roll,  
 No more to faded griefs reply,  
 And leave their pearly channels dry.

Crumbling beneath the hand of power,  
 Behold time-honour'd fabrics whelm!  
 The skilful pilot at the helm  
 Observes the adverse tempest lour,  
 And fears for Britain's social hour;  
 But may th' Unseen, which ev'ry realm  
 Or sinks in ruin, or bids stately tow'r,  
 With Concord on the cherish'd Muses smile,  
 And Commerce safely dwell within our wave-worn isle!

MARCUS.

## ADDRESS

(WRITTEN BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.)

*Spoken by MR. LEWIS, on his taking a final leave of the Dublin Stage.*

FROM ten years old till now near fifty-six,  
 Of all I've gain'd, the *origin* I fix  
 Here on this fav'rite spot; where first I came  
 A trembling candidate for scenic fame,

In numbers *laping*, *here* that course began,  
 Which, through your early aid, has smoothly ran ;  
 Here too, returning from your sister land,  
 Oft have I met your smile, your liberal hand :  
 Oft as I came Hibernia still has shown  
 That hospitality so much her own.  
 But now, the prompter-time, with warning bell,  
 Reminds me that I come to bid farewell !  
 With usual joy *this* visit I should pay,  
 But *here adieu* is very hard to say.  
 Yet take my thanks, for thousand favours past—  
 My wishes that your welfare long may last—  
 My promise that though time upon this face  
 May make his annual marks, no time can chase  
 Your memory hence, while memory *here* has place.  
 My meaning is sincere, though plainly spoke—  
 My heart, like yours, I hope, is heart of oak ;  
 And that, although the *bark* through years may fail ye,  
 The trunk was, is, and will be TRUE SHILLALY.

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## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

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### HAYMARKET.

Nothing new has offered itself since our last ; but the houses have been productive, and the audiences pleased. The *Finger Post* has directed hundreds to every door of the theatre, who have retired highly gratified with their entertainment. A farce from the pen of Arthur Griffinboote, Esq. has been mentioned as in rehearsal ; but the season drawing near its close, it will most likely appear at Covent Garden. Fawcett is announced for Lord Ogleby, a character which we expect he will play admirably.

### KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera terminated a most successful and satisfactory season, on Saturday, 2nd August, with the favourite performance, *Il Fanatico per la Musica*. A professor has recently been announced to the world, who would teach us that music is the language of Heaven, and that it will at last be the universal tongue, as it was originally, when, unhappily, it became, by degrees, corrupted into *speaking*. He mentions some great musical genius, who, says he, I have no doubt will rise by *octaves*, until he reaches the celestial chair, where he will remain a welcome guest for ever. If he had not given us the name of the person alluded to, we should certainly have filled up the vacancy with the word *Bilington*. However, as we are not one of the followers

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of this professor, not understanding his doctrine (which is, by the bye, no reason amongst moderns for not following any thing) we cannot promise Mrs. Billington this kind of translation ; but if we cannot say that she will herself, in consequence of her notes, ascend to heaven, we can safely affirm, that by them, she, as it were, transports all her hearers thither. Her last cadences were excellent as her first, and to use the words of Shakspeare, she made " a swan-like end, fading in music." Signor Naldi was also very great, and the whole corps shone to the *finale* with undiminished brightness. For the order preserved in the house, and the able conduct of the opera this season, the subscribers and the public owe much to Messrs. Kelly and Jewell, who have been unremitting in the exertion of their skill and ability. Next season, in the room of Grassini, Signora Catalani is expected, and from the liberality of the managers, and the genius of Mons. Rossi, the ballet master, every thing may be expected.

#### NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

SINCE our last notice, Mr. Cartwright has here exhibited his skill on the musical glasses, and is gone ; Mr. Richer on the tight rope succeeds him, and richly fills the niche which he had left unoccupied. To the surprising performances of Mr. Richer are now added, as we are pleased to observe, some horsemanship by Mr. Makeen. He is certainly unrivalled in this department ; and we cannot, without regret, see him do so little in that in which he is first, while he does so much on the stage, where he is at best but secondary. The *Cloud King* continues to receive unbounded applause, notwithstanding which, however, the liberality of the manager has induced him to give the public a new pantomime, called the *Flying Island of Laputa ; or Harlequin Gulliver*. The story on which it is founded is well known, and the manner in which it is *barlequinized*, (if we may use the term) admirably calculated to produce effect. Under the correcting taste and experience of Mr. Cross, it is invented by Mr. Roberts, and does him credit. The tricks are good, go off easily, and tell well. Some are new, the music is pleasing, and the scenery both. Mrs. Wybrow, who displays her usual excellence in the *Blind King*, relieves herself in the pantomime, by resigning the part of Columbine to Miss Johnstone. It would be difficult to find a substitute for Mrs. Wybrow in this sort of character, in which there should be nothing to regret, but it is invidious to make comparisons. Miss Johnstone has a great deal of pretty action, dances with much ease, and to go through such an arduous part, must have more strength than she appears to have. She is, indeed, a mere shadow, and of all women we ever beheld, the best fitted to be an inhabitant of a "*flying island*," or one in which, being devoted to abstract speculations, they must wish to be free from the temptations of the *flesh*. The rest of the performers successfully persevere in their endeavours to deserve the praise which we have so often and justly bestowed on them.

#### ASTLEY'S AMPITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

A NEW spectacle, interspersed with recitation and song, has, superintended by Mr. Astley, Junr. been produced at this popular theatre. It is composed by Mr. Bradwell, and called the *Polish Tyrant, or the Woman of Ten*

*Thousand*. In the best qualities of spectacle it has rarely been equalled. The *Woman of Ten Thousand*, as she is in every sense of the words, is of course Mrs. Astley, who displays all the elegant fascination of a graceful attitudinarian with rapturous effect. The variety of this piece is unbounded, and the acting of Messrs. Laurent and La Toise truly excellent. The dancing of the Giroux's possesses uncommon merit; and Miss Caroline Giroux in *Carlöski*, in the Polish tyrant, received great applause. She is a very clever little girl.

For Mr. Bradwell's benefit he produced a new harlequinade, entitled *Fried Bacon, or the Brazen Head*, and the public owe him much amusement. It is full of whim and ingenious contrivance. The little "Antipodean equestrian" continues to exhibit his extraordinary feats; and Master Saunders, who is engaged to dance on the tight rope, is so much improved, as to lose nothing by a comparison with Mr. Richer; which is a thing we never expected to have witnessed. Richer's figure is the only point in which he excels him; he is otherwise only nominally richer. They are both surprising.

#### VAUXHALL.

THIS beautiful and brilliant resort of fashion, was as usual crowded on the night of the Prince's birth-day. An extraordinary profusion of lamps was exhibited on the occasion, and notwithstanding the weather, which was rather unfavourable for such a display, the fire works went off with excellent effect, and produced the greatest admiration: the company were so delighted with the joys of the place, that until Aurora had unbarred the gates of light, and was eclipsed by the effulgence of her successor, they stayed "with tipsy dance and revelry," celebrating the happy hour. The attractions of this spot are so manifold and strong, that even wet weather seems to throw no damp on them, and the concern has turned out so abundantly profitable, that we hear, and with pleasure, that the gardens are still to continue what they are, an *Eden*; according to the simple interpretation of the word, *hortus deliciarum seu Voluptatis*.

#### THE AMERICAN STAGE.

##### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR JOHN BERNARD.

*From an American Periodical Work called the Polyanthos.*

For sprightly parts of higher life design'd,  
Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,  
Where homely Reason yields to polish'd Pride,  
And Nature's vulgar feelings are denied,  
Bernard, with lively taste and easy mien,  
Gives gay precision to the comic scene.

*Anon.*

The book of man he reads with nicest art,  
And ransacks all the secrets of the heart;  
The coxcomb feels a lash in every word;

His comic humour keeps the world in awe,  
And Laughter frightens Folly more than law.

Churchill.

Of the various classes of men that present themselves to the pen of the biographer, there are none whose memoirs are read with greater avidity than those who have arisen to eminence in the histrionic art. Such as have attained this distinction by professional talents, and virtuous private character, are justly entitled to public respect; and by frequently giving such characters a place in periodical publications, a service is rendered to society. "For the real end of both tragedy and comedy," says a late writer, "is to extend the knowledge of human life, and improve those affections of our nature by which we are distinguished. Tragedy, strictly speaking, excites compassion by the exhibition of human sorrows, and comedy ridicules the frailties and infirmities of mortals, after a manner which may prove conducive to the rectification of them. To cherish pity and correct weakness must claim our regard." It is to be lamented, however, that this object has not always been kept in view; and the American theatre, in many respects, has been highly censurable. But we hope the time is not very distant, when some of its excrescences will be lopped off, and the stage be respected, as "the imitation of life—the mirror of manners—the representation of truth.

John Bernard, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Portsmouth, in England. His father was a lieutenant in the British navy, and the son was designed for the same course of life. It seems, however, that young Bernard chose rather to follow the banners of Thalia than Bellona; and an early and unquerable prepossession in favour of the stage defeated the intentions of his parents.

We have not been informed at what particular time or place Mr. B. began his theatrical career. When a boy, he left his parents, and joined an itinerant company of comedians. In this situation, before he was eighteen years of age, he was noticed by some gentlemen of Norwich, who spread such a favourable report of his talents, that the manager at that place sent him an invitation to join his company, with the offer of twenty-five shillings per week. As his salary had never before exceeded nine or ten shillings, this invitation was accepted.

After performing a short time at Norwich, he, with his wife, whom he had just married, was invited to Bath, where he soon acquired the "gale of favour," and for a considerable time was the principal favourite of the town. His fame at length reached the metropolis, and Mr. Harris engaged him at Covent Garden.

His first appearance on that stage was in 1787, in the character of *Archer*. He was received with universal applause, and for some time had no competitor in the line of foppish characters of the drama. When Mr. Munden was engaged at this theatre, Mr. Bernard retired from London, and performed at Plymouth, Dover, and Guernsey. In a short time, however, he returned to Covent Garden, where he continued till 1797, when he came to America.

[To be continued.]

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 PROVINCIAL DRAMA.
 

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*Theatre SUNDERLAND.*—Vindex once more solicits admission in the Monthly Mirror. Mr. Kemble has paid us his last visit as a manager, and our dramatic entertainments are, for the future, to be provided and directed by Messrs. Anderson and Faulkner. The former of these gentlemen, I hear, has worthily filled the situation of treasurer since the time of Mr. Cawdell, and has at length taken to himself the management of the original circuit, which excludes Newcastle for a term of years. The latter, I understand, is admitted to a sort of nominal partnership, for the advantage of overlooking the theatrical department, with which Mr. Anderson is totally unacquainted, and is to receive an equivalent for his trouble, in some additional chances of public remuneration. Of Mr. Faulkner's capacity as a manager, I am not able to speak. It requires, I fancy, no very rare qualifications to conduct the internal economy of a country theatre; and, I dare say, he is fully adequate to the task. I therefore sincerely wish him what he may easily deserve, the full reward of attentive industry in his new station.

Of his worth as an actor, I have already given as fair an estimate as my judgment enabled me. In the level characters of common nature, where plain and sensible speaking merely is required, he is natural and satisfactory—but let him henceforth never attempt those parts that are exalted above the experience of life, by the daring speculation of poetic genius, into the wild and visionary realms of romance. Virtuous sublimity, and eccentric manners, the nervous energy, and native nobleness of manly feeling, or the fantastic, delicate, and subtle shades of refined sensibility, are all beyond his power of representation. Now that the opportunities of management may repay assiduity with competence, let him know himself, and yield the loftier labours of the stage to others, either more endowed by nature, or prepared by education, to undertake them. In the choice and extensive range of performances, to which he has had the liberty of calling our attention, I could never discern that his mind evinced the least acuteness or originality of observation, any felicitous irregularities of peculiar talent, or any confident improvements of superior information. I think his feelings to be vulgar, dull, and artificial; his knowledge to be common-place, superficial, and limited; since time, with all the variety and repetition of practice, has produced no alteration; his conceptions are still weak, and his execution still deficient. His heroism still remains contemptible or burlesque; his eccentricity mindless and uninteresting, and his pathos cold, repulsive, and mawkish. Let him remember, too, how indifferently he is gifted for the polished sprightliness and alluring graces of fashionable elegance; his person is ill-proportioned and shrivelled; stiff, mean, and affected in its movements; his countenance small, sombre, and inexpressive; its muscle contracted and inflexible, and its eye motionless and vacant. The severity of personal censure I should always carefully avoid, unless it be strongly demanded, by an arrogant obtrusion of personal vanity, such vanity as folly



only can feel, and ignorance only indulge; severity particularly needed here, as neither the necessity of business, nor managerial authority, impelled the disgusting exhibition, which, now the little grandeur of self-importance, and inflated pomposity of consequential stupidity, is seated on the chair of power, threatens to invade us with the utmost aggravation, when no restraint can be laid upon the temerity of senselessness, or the frequency of impertinence.

Those of the former company who continue under the new arrangement, are Messrs. Pritchard, Bellamy, and Lindoe, Mrs. Pitt, and Mrs. Pritchard.

Mr. Bellamy supports the old men and country boys; his old men, the more feeble ones in particular, are not altogether displeasing; his country boys of every description, whether arch or simple, are reduced by him to the standard of zany. There seems, indeed, a kind of constitutional fatuity about him; a clumsy, slobbering, splayfoot effeminacy, which, unless lost in a consonant imbecility of the character represented, is productive of nauseous irritation. I would wish him to give a rigid attention to its correction; he may succeed, and has abilities worth the toil of cultivation, but the self-satisfied perfection of superficial success, is a most fatal rock to theatrical adventurers in general. He was at one time an incorrigible mimic of Munden, but I am happy to state that he appears at length to have forsaken this paltry propensity, and endeavours to rely more upon himself. To set up a man of professional eminence for a model, is not only allowable, but laudable in a young student; but his imitation should be directed solely to intellectual principles, and carefully confined from external peculiarities. The peculiar and personal manners of any one are pleasing but in proportion to the mental operations and habits they are supposed to originate from, and manners in themselves displeasing, perhaps, at first, become not merely familiar, but grateful to him who has established his right to our admiration, for the real and intrinsic superiority of his genius, but in him only are they enduring; in another, (should he even be a man of ability) they are absurd and ridiculous—nay, even when we consent to be amused by professed imitation, we internally consider and despise them, as mean and pitiful in their nature and requisitions;—so true indeed is it, that imitators of all kinds are a "*seruum pecus*."

The rest who remain I shall not disgrace, and destroy my own time, and your room, by further noticing. That censure will predominate in criticism, cannot be wondered at. Talent is rare; and pretenders to it are numerous; but the harshness of my strictures is totally independent of personal motives; the objects of such notice will never boast of acquaintance with me, and I have an higher end in view, than individual correction. The stage has now established a necessary connection with human existence in its civilised state, and contains the seeds of considerable political influence if these have been progressively ripening, but many are latent, and many immature. The advantages and deficiencies in its nature or means, abstractedly and relatively, I have attentively considered, and will endeavour to state them in the course of my future communications, should you encourage me to proceed; but my beginning must be remote, and my advance-

spent, *gratuit*. Let no man condemn me too hastily for wasting my labour, as he may imagine, upon the petty and unimportant subject of provincial theatres: if I strive to purify, in their sources, the various and nameless streams which supply the great metropolitan ocean, I am not idly or uselessly employed.

Since my last, a Miss Logan has joined the company, but whether she goes after the expiration of Mr. Kemble's management, I have not learnt. She is a young lady of extraordinary perfection of form, and considerable versatility and merit in her profession. Her mind, indeed, is evidently incapable of the exalted walks of the art, but she has a large portion of sprightly vigour, and attractive animation in playful and natural characters, to which, indeed, the beauty of her person is no small assistance. Yet let me tenderly recommend her not to make the admiring gaze of fashion the object of her professional exertions. Avarice of gaiety betrays a weakness that may be inticed to folly, which terminates in misery. Female celebrity, in her pursuits, is completely compatible with the modest dignity, the tranquil pleasures, and the elegant enjoyments of private life; that it is so, and the causes why they have so seldom been allied, may hereafter be the subject of enquiry.

Mr. Barry is engaged at Bath. The polished refinement of his domestic manners, and the moral elegance in which his mind has been bred, will there find a more congenial and propitious soil for professional improvement. Mr. Boon has returned to Liverpool. Such men as these are worthy to become instruments to forward the exaltation of the stage, and, I doubt not, will be successful ones.

To keep within such bounds as shall justify my expectations of admission into your work, I will now take my leave. I shall not be unmindful of my promise, nor careless of the duties attached to it. The moral and political importance of the stage, the rank and situation it can claim among the other liberal arts, from the nature and extent of the gifts and accomplishments required to perfect that importance, I shall estimate with candour and correctness, to the fullest extent of my capacities.

*Sunderland, August 1806.*

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*Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.*—The attention of the theatrical amateurs in this city, has been attracted, within these few days, by an anonymous pamphlet, entitled, “The Queen-Street Ghost, or the Theatrical Spectre.”

The author of this work has been so obliging as to favour us with his opinion, respecting the proper means for bringing about a reformation, in every department of our playhouse; or, at least, to point out the deficiencies in each department, and, in some instances, to suggest the means of supplying them. As I am utterly destitute of the qualifications which constitute a critic, I will, with your permission, by extracting a few sentences from his pamphlet, make this gentleman *critique himself*, while I simply premise, that the actor's bread depends upon his fame; and that, though every public performance be open to public remark, the observations made should, in my apprehension, be the result of candour, and be accompanied with good manners. For myself, I never, in my whole life, exchanged a word with one individual belonging to the Glasgow playhouse, nor, till this moment, did I ever offer a single syllable for insertion in the Mirror.

Now then for a few specimens of our author's style, temper, and consistency. Take the following specimens of his style :—"Two articles," says he, "both indispensably necessary to a theatre, are not blundered, they are omitted." P. 5. "It (the theatre) is equally blundered in point of utility as in appearance." Ibid. "Of [not *on* or *upon*] his (Mr. Cooke's) comedy, I, for the same reasons, must be very brief." P. 15. So much for his style. Now for his temper :—"The same part extended, to gratify the brutal passion of a beastly London audience." "This," says he, alluding to the character of Sir Pertinax, "I never have seen, nor will I ever witness, because I am in heart, in soul, a Scotsman." P. 15. You a Scotsman? Not you, indeed, Mr. Pamphletter. No man is either a true Scotsman, or a true Englishman, who is not a true Briton, as the *swarthy* natives of both countries well know. National prejudices (as it may be necessary to inform you, my good friend,) have long been out of fashion in England; and I am persuaded there are not ten, nor, I believe, two persons, in Glasgow, who would not heartily despise and pity you, for the phrases above quoted, nor one who would attempt to vindicate them. But to proceed :—"With a most thorough contempt for nine-tenths of the corps, as individuals, or performers, he only deigns to notice them in this manner, for his own gratification." P. 15. "Impertinence may guess at names." [i. e. *his own* name, for he saves us the trouble of guessing at other people's, by setting them down at full length, *sans censure*, while his own, it seems, cannot even be guessed at without impertinence.] Ibid. So much for his style and temper; now for his consistency :—"If they (the managers) do not reform, their nights shall be rendered more hideous, at least, if it be in my power to make them so. Indeed, this is chiefly meant as a first warning. *Verbum sapienti*." P. 3. Again : "Should the same perverse ignorance, or blind prejudice prevail, they may depend upon being made the subject of a particular letter." P. 12. Yet, page 15, he tells us, that after the publication of his pamphlet, "it is not likely, he shall be cursed with the view" of such actors.

With respect to his criticisms upon the performers, I will only say, that I have heard them mentioned by persons here, (totally unconnected with the theatre) as in many instances unreasonably severe, not to say wantonly cruel.

Yours, &c.

Glasgow, July 8, 1806.

AN ENEMY OF CALUMNIATORS.

*Theatre Royal MANCHESTER*.—Macready has purchased a lease of this theatre. Messrs. Ward and Young, the late Managers, in conjunction with Messrs. Lewis and Knight, offered 1300*l.* per annum; Raymond, of Drury Lane, 1200 per annum; but Macready proposing 1600*l.* per annum, with a free benefit annually for any public charity, he obtained the preference.

## DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Madame Blanchard ascended in a balloon on the 18th ult. from Bourdeaux, She passed and repassed three times over Dordagne, and descended an hour and a quarter after her departure from Bourdeaux, in the commune of Pujota.

Major Bowles, who died lately in the cells of the Moro Castle, Havanah,

was brother to the famous Carrington Bowles, of print-shop memory, of Ludgate Hill, London. The major had lived so long among the Canadian tribes of Indians, as to become more than half savage himself. Long employed by the American ministers, and the American governors, he had perpetrated a number of mischiefs and cruelties on the peaceful and defenceless frontier inhabitants of the United States; went to England for a few years; after the revolutionary war, was again noticed and employed; but a few years back was landed out of a British sloop of war on the shore of the Bay of Mobile; made his way towards our southern frontier; and after alternately committing many excesses on the subjects of the United States, urging the savages to the war, and committing open hostilities against the Spaniards, he was betrayed, taken up by a party of his brother savages, and delivered to the Spanish commandant, who soon had him confined in the Moro Castle. He was there shut out from light and air, fed upon bread and water only, until, being deprived of all hope of delivery, he refused all kind of sustenance whatever, and died April 1806.

**PROGRESS OF SMOAKING.**---It appears from accounts on the table of the house of commons, that the quantity of tobacco retained in this country, for home consumption, has been doubled within twenty years. In 1786 the quantity retained was 6,846,606 lb.---In 1805, it was 12,656,471 lb.

The following is the first report from the committee on the amount of joint charge on the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, ordered to be printed the 11th of July: "Your committee are not enabled to report the joint charge on Great Britain and Ireland, or to ascertain the relative situation of the two countries, as to their expenditure, in consequence of an error in the formation of the accounts transmitted to them on the part of Ireland, in which the sums expended for services prior to the Union are not distinguished with sufficient exactness. Your committee, therefore, thought themselves bound to call before them such officers as they supposed were most capable of giving them information, as to the mode of keeping and auditing the public accounts in Ireland; with a view to ascertain in what manner the intention of parliament could best be carried into effect; and having discovered, by the evidence taken before them, to what offices application must be made for these accounts, they have directed their chairman to move, that the said accounts be laid before the house of commons early in the next session of parliament. They have, therefore, the satisfaction of believing that their investigation has led to put the business referred to them in such a train as to leave no doubt that, should the committee be revived in the ensuing session, they will then be able to present a definitive report on the subject."

A correct statement of the quantity of ale brewed in the London district, by the six principal houses, between July 5, 1805, and July 5, 1806.

Siretton	- - - -	19,207	Sharp	- - - -	9108
Charrington	- - - -	17,926	Goding	- - - -	9060
Webb	- - - -	10,019	Hale	- - - -	7505

It appears, from an account laid before the house of commons of the quantity of corn, grain, meal, and flour, imported into England and Wales from Ireland, for five years, ending the 5th of January, 1806, that the gross amount, for the whole interval, was—

Barley	- - - - -	27,894 quarters.
Beans	- - - - -	6680 ditto.
Oats	- - - - -	722,921 ditto.
Oatmeal	- - - - -	72,345 bolls.
Pease	- - - - -	6399 ditto.
Rye	- - - - -	1474 quarters.
Wheat	- - - - -	287,262 ditto.
Wheat flour	- - - - -	175,151 ditto.

Of bounties and draw-backs paid on the exportation of corn, grain, meal, and flour, exported from England and Wales, to Ireland, the total gross amount for twelve years, ending the 15th of February last, was 12,398l. 10s.

Of the quantity of corn, grain, meal, and flour, exported from England and Wales, to Ireland, for five years, ending the 5th Jan. 1806, the total amount for the whole of the said interval was—

	Cwt.	Qrs.	Bush.
Barley	- - - - - 0	87,737	5
Beans	- - - - - 0	2	0
Oats	- - - - - 0	228	0
Pease	- - - - - 0	106	0
Wheat	- - - - - 0	493	0
Wheat flour	- - - - - 2	169	2

This last item was the amount exported in 1803, from the district of Liverpool. There was no exportation of that article in the other four years.

**SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.**—On one of the warmest afternoons which has been experienced this season, two persons, in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, agreed to run their ponies for a guinea. One of them lost of course; and being (as it sometimes happens in such cases) dissatisfied with what had passed, he proposed to wrestle with the winner for the same sum. This was consented to, and he lost again. More dissatisfied than ever, he challenged his competitor to fight him! This proposition was likewise accepted, and, after a tolerable good beating, he declared himself *perfectly satisfied*.

A few days since, a field-preacher, who had been a printer, observed in his nasal harangue, “that youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon; old age to a colon: to which death puts a period.”

**INCOME TAX.**—We have, for some weeks back, heard of a considerable degree of dissatisfaction being expressed by persons who have received their dividends, now in the course of payment. The Bank, it seems, deducts the ten per cent. income tax on all sums paid, however small, and the poor man who receives ten, five, three, or even one pound dividend, is forced to leave the tenth part behind him. Of course the Bank do no more than they are compelled to do. But there is a great and manifest hardship in the measure. The tax takes place from the 5th of April, but ten per cent. is stopped from the dividend due in June; that is, the person who receives dividends in the three per cents. is made to pay half a year's income tax when only a quarter of the year is elapsed. He is made to pay half a year for a quarter. Could not this have been prevented? It might have been in the most simple way, by deducting only what was really due upon the tax, viz. a quarter. But the three per cent. stockholder has not the

unsatisfaction of knowing that he only suffers in general with all other stockholders. The man who receives dividends in the reduced, which are not payable till October, will not pay half a year's tax till half a year is due. The tax, therefore, will operate justly with respect to him; whereas the three per cent. stockholder, when the Christmas dividends are paid, will have paid a whole year's tax, when only three quarters of a year will actually be due. The case of the holder of imperial annuities is still harder; they have not many years to run; are about eight and a half or nine year's purchase; yet he is to pay ten per cent. as well as the holder of stock, and the receiver of an annuity or dividend upon it, which is to be perpetual. The imperial annuity holder is subject also to another hardship; his half year is really due in April, but, from the observance of the ceremony of writing to Vienna, and also of writing to ascertain whether the money for paying the annuities be ready there, he does not receive his annuity till July. Had he been paid in April, his annuity would have been paid without stoppage or deduction; but receiving it in July, he has the ten per cent. deducted from it.

From the dividends also which are payable to the trustees of benefit funds, the ten per cent. income tax is deducted at the Bank, in the same manner as from the dividends payable to all other persons. Upon making representations upon the subject, the trustees are informed that they must go first to the commissioners at Somerset House, get a blank certificate, fill it up, and then bring it back to the commissioners, who will grant a certificate to the office at the Stock Exchange, when they will be repaid. But this is taking the parties, who are generally working men, so much from their business, and occupying so much of their time, that few will submit to it. Benefit clubs seldom entrust more than 100*l.* stock of their funds to one set of trustees; if they have 1000*l.* stock, there are generally three trustees for each 100*l.* or thirty for the thousand. This the clubs do, because there is less temptation to do any thing wrong when a man has the care of a small than a large sum. These sets of trustees, consisting of three each, must go first to Somerset House, then fill up the certificate, and then go to the Stock Exchange to get back three shillings: thus thirty men in all are taken from their work, and occupied a large part of the day, in getting back thirty shillings.

**MASTERS AND APPRENTICES.**—The following clause, in the new Mutiny Act, should be known :—“ And be it further enacted, that if any person, duly bound as an apprentice, shall enlist as a soldier in his Majesty's land service, and shall state to the justice of the peace, or magistrate before whom he shall be carried, that he is not an apprentice, every such person, so offending, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour; and being thereof duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby declared to be, subject and liable to be imprisoned in any jail or house of correction, and kept to hard labour for two years: and shall, after the expiration of his apprenticeship, be liable to serve his majesty as a soldier in any regiment of his majesty's regular forces; and if, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he shall not deliver himself to some officer authorised to receive recruits, may be taken as a deserter from his majesty's regular forces. The master must bring his complaint before a justice of the peace within one month after the absconding of the apprentice.”

The following is a statement of the increased allowances for the out pensioners of Greenwich hospital, viz.

Under ten years service at sea, to	7l. per ann.
Ten years, and under fifteen,	10l.
Fifteen years, and under twenty,	14l.
Twenty and upwards,	18l.

NATIONAL DEBT.—An account shewing what has been redeemed of the National Debt, the Land Tax, and Imperial Loan, to the 1st August, 1806 :

Redeemed by Annual Million, &c.	- -	£.60,597,325
Ditto by 1l. per cent. per ann. on loans,	- -	50,142,162
Ditto by Land Tax,	- -	22,628,569
Ditto by 1l. per cent. per ann. on Imperial Loan,	- -	688,389
Total		134,056,445

The sum to be expended in the ensuing quarter is 1,956,490

**HORRID MURDER.**—(From a Calcutta paper of December 15.) The two militia men, who were found guilty on Thursday last, of the murder of Captain James Johnson, were executed in the Loll Bazar, on Saturday, pursuant to their sentences, and their bodies now hang in chains at a place called Melancholy Point, below Gordon Reach.

Of the particulars of the horrid murder of which these wretched men were most clearly convicted, the following appeared in evidence on their trial :—

The ship *Perseverance* sailed from Penang for Pegu, in the month of April last. Nothing worthy of remark happened until the third night after they left Penang ; when, between twelve and one o'clock of that night, the witnesses (who were an Armenian passenger, the butler, captain's cook, and a Klashy) were alarmed with an unusual noise upon deck, where they instantly proceeded, and found that the chief mate had been killed, or severely wounded, and was then lying near the fore-castle. They directly saw the captain coming out of the cuddy door, with a drawn sword, when he addressed the gunner, and said, "For God's sake don't take my life, and I'll deliver up the ship to you." He was then between the wheel and the cuddy door, when the Seacunny, who suffered on Saturday, instantly plunged a crease into his heart ; he was then heard to exclaim "O Lord !" and, it seems, instantly died. He had wounded one of the Seacunnies, but, being pent under the poop, he had not sufficient room to wield his sword in his defence. Having accomplished their infernal design so far, they ordered the captain's cook, who had hid himself in the long-boat, to take the wheel, under the pain of death, if he refused. The Armenian passenger was then called ; the gunner told him they had killed the captain, and said, "we will now kill you." He begged hard to spare his life, and they did so. They then ordered the Serang to lower down the pinnace, and put into her a cask of water, some biscuit, &c. and then ordered the butler to give them some gin, and a chest of wine. They then took all the dollars and articles

of plate they could find, and put them into a dirty clothes-bag, and sent them into a boat, with three Seacunnies, a woman, a boy, the Serang, and four Lascars, the Armenian, butler, and cook. The gunner and three Seacunnies remained on board for some time; during which they were employed in driving the Lascars into the hold, and battering down the hatches; which being accomplished, they set fire to the ship, by putting oakum, tar, and gunpowder upon the tarpaulins upon the hatches. They continued on board until the rigging was all on fire, and beginning to tumble down; they then went into the boat and pushed off, leaving no less than forty-two or forty-three Lascars to perish in the flames. They now proceeded towards the land, and kept strict watch over the Serang and Lascars, who were obliged to pull the boat three days and nights, until they reached an uninhabited island, supposed to have been one of the Arrows, where they landed. The butler, cook, Serang, and two Lascars, being permitted to go to a spring of water, to wash themselves, found means of making their escape into the jungles, where they continued wandering for some days, until they saw a Malay prow, which took them on board, and carried them to another island, the Chief of which sent them to Penang. We have not heard how the Armenian made his escape. It is supposed that they murdered the woman, and also the other four associates; and we are led to believe, that the witnesses, who so fortunately and providentially made their escape, would have shared the same fate. A passenger, of the name of Palmer, is said to have been also killed on board the ship.

A small sow, of the Berkshire breed, belonging to Mr. Haswell, of the Hop-pole inn, Chester, has produced the extraordinary number of 110 pigs at six farrows, viz. first, 15; second, 15; third, 21; fourth, 20; fifth, 20; and 6th, a short time since, 19.

**DELICATE ENQUIRY.**—We understand the long expected report has been at length delivered to the illustrious lady, whose situation has excited the interest, and engaged the sympathy, of every generous bosom in the British Empire. The report, we are informed, bears date the 14th of July, though it was delivered to the illustrious lady only on the 11th of August. It contains a general and absolute acquittal from every thing criminal; but it is said, at the same time, to notice some trifling levities. The whole of the proceedings have been grounded upon the depositions of a certain gentleman (Sir J. D.) and his lady, and of some menial servants, who formerly belonged to Carlton House. The evidence, or at least the material part of it, is subjoined to the report, and the whole is expected to be given to the public. The first charge was nothing less than that the illustrious Lady had given birth to a spurious male child. The second alledged a general impropriety of conduct. The first has been proved absolutely and totally false; and the second, upon the strictest investigation, dwindles into some trifling and harmless levities, from which no woman in the land is free. Without a husband to support, without a child to comfort, without a mother to advise, surrounded by the worst of sycophants, those who are prepared to seduce for the purpose of betraying, what but the most unexampled purity could have preserved a conduct, the whole series of which, for above ten years, on the strictest investigation, affords our most rigid moralists no ground



whatsoever of censure, and nothing to notice in the way of admonition, but a few trifling levities?

His Majesty's sight has been somewhat better within the last month than before. The amendment is, perhaps, not considerable in itself, but it is valuable, as having ascertained that there is no probability of the disorder becoming worse. In other respects, the King, at no period of his life, was in better health than at present. His majesty rises every morning at six, breakfasts at seven, and at eight attends divine service, in what is called the private chapel, in Windsor castle, to which, however, every person has access. On returning he reads dispatches, and dictates answers, or sees persons upon business. He then rides out, usually with some part of his family, and, if there be time afterwards, plays a little at chess, especially if General Fitzroy is in attendance. At one, the king's dinner is always served. In the summer, this sometimes consists merely, for several days together, of fish, a cold sirloin of beef, or neck of mutton, with a salad and a pudding. In winter, a boiled leg of mutton, with turnips, is often the chief dish. The king eats very heartily, drinks one or two glasses of wine, but no malt liquor. At three his majesty goes to the queen's dessert, and it is here alone that he takes greater luxuries than his subjects, the fruit being always in great variety and perfection. After coffee with the queen, the king sometimes plays again at chess with General Fitzroy, but he usually passes the whole of the evening with his family, and between nine and ten retires to rest.

At Morgantown, in America, a man of the name of Abel Clements, was in May last sentenced to suffer death, for the murder of his wife and eight children.

The celebrated doctor and professor Arneman, formerly of Gottingen, whose name is well known to every scientific man in Europe, lately shot himself in Wandsbeck-wood, about three English miles from Hamburg. Pecuniary embarrassments are stated to have instigated him to the fatal act. His loss is universally regretted. He has left two female orphans totally unprovided for.

In order to avoid the expences attending the employment of carts, the East India company have built several carriages, of a peculiar construction, for conveying their teas and other goods from the docks to their respective warehouses.

Among the projected improvements of the city of Westminster, it is proposed to widen very considerably Tothill and other streets, so as to make a broad and handsome street from Pimlico to the western entrance of Westminster Abbey. This, with the opening to be made in consequence of the pulling down of the lower of King-street, &c. will make an excellent avenue from Westminster-bridge to the Chelsea road, Grosvenor-place, &c.

The northern entrance of Westminster Hall will be speedily shut up, for a considerable time, while the great repairs are carried on. A new entrance is now making underneath the passage to the parliament Houses, from Lower Palace Yard, which will enter the hall in the south-west corner, where there is already a door-way leading to the King's Bench, Record Office, &c.

Napoleon lately ordered an assembly of the principal French Jews in the empire, who were summoned accordingly by M. Mole, one of their elders. He stated that his majesty had appointed commissioners to treat with them respecting the bad conduct of many of their members, with respect to their religion.—“The laws,” says he, “which have been imposed upon persons of your religion, have been different all over the world; they have been too often dictated by the exigency of the moment. But, as there is no example in the Christian annals, of any assembly like this, so you, for the first time, are to be impartially judged, and your fate decided by a *Christian Prince*. It is his majesty’s wish that you should become French: it is your duty to accept this title, and to consider that you, in fact, renounce it, whenever you shew yourselves unworthy of it.”—The following questions, proposed by his majesty, were then read by the secretary of the meeting, and a time appointed for receiving the answers:—“1. Is the Jew permitted to marry more than one wife?—2. Is divorce permitted by the Jewish religion?—3. Can a Jewess intermarry with a Christian, or a Christian female with a Jew; or does the law prescribe that Jews alone should intermarry?—4. Are the French in the eyes of the Jews brothers or aliens?—5. What in all cases are the connexions which their law permits them to maintain with the French, who are not of their religion?—6. Do the Jews who were born in France, and have been treated as French citizens by the laws, consider France as their native country? Are they bound to defend it? Are they under any obligation to obey the laws, and to follow all the regulations of the civil code?—7. Who are they who are called Rabbins?—8. What civil jurisdiction do the Rabbins exercise among the Jews? What power of punishment do they possess?—9. Are the mode of choosing the Rabbins, and the system of punishment, regulated by the Jewish laws, or are they only rendered sacred by custom?—10. Were the Jews forbidden by the laws to take usury of their brethren? Are they permitted or forbidden to do this of strangers?—11. Are those things proclaimed, which are forbidden to the Jews by their law?”

At Altona, on the 30th July, a new opera and military spectacle being brought out at the theatre, some of the scenes caught fire, in consequence of the frequent discharge of musketry. This excited much alarm among the audience, and so great was the pressure to get out, that seven persons lost their lives, and fifteen others sustained much injury. The fire was soon extinguished.

A short time since, a brewer’s dray, laden with three butts of porter, while passing up Mount-street, the common sewer gave way; and the dray, with its contents, was in an instant buried. The shock was so great, that the dray dragged the three horses into the pit. After the greatest exertions of a number of persons, they were extricated. It was three hours before the dray and beer were got up.

A singular accident occurred lately at Stretton’s ale-brewery: a painter, engaged in painting the upper part of the inside of the building, over-stretched himself, and fell down a distance of about forty feet, into a vat,

which was nearly full of cold water. He rose unhurt, but immediately ran home in the greatest alarm at the recollection of the danger.

The crop of hops promises to be so abundant this year, that the duty is estimated at 155,000l.

The foundation stone of the monument to be erected in the Green of Glasgow, to the memory of Lord Nelson, has been laid by Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, Provincial Grand Master of the under ward of Lanarkshire. In the procession, which we cannot detail, were two naval officers, heading a detachment of sailors who had served under Lord Nelson; they carried a model of a ship, the union flag, and an ensign, with the following inscription: "*We fought and conquered under Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson.*" Upwards of 80,000 spectators witnessed the ceremony, but all was order and regularity, and not a single accident occurred. At the close of the ceremony, the spectators were strongly interested by a characteristic trait of the sailors, who rushed in, and kneeling, kissed the foundation stone, with every mark of affectionate regard for their lamented illustrious commander.

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#### BIRTHS,

The Countess of Albemarle, of a daughter. Lady Elizabeth Palk, of a son. At Bungle Hall, Suffolk, the lady of Lieut. Col. Cumming, of a daughter. At Maldon, the lady of Lieut. Col. Phillips, of a daughter. Of a son and heir, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, sister of Lord Duncan. Of a son, the lady of Brig. Gen. G. Cuming, at Gordon Lodge. The lady of Alderman Hunter, of a son. The lady of Captain Mason, of the royal navy, at St. John's, Newfoundland, of a son. The lady of Sir W. Beechey, in Harley-street. The Countess of Belmore, in Dublin, of a daughter. The lady of Sir J. Kennaway, at Escot, Devonshire, of a daughter. The lady of Sir J. B. Riddell, at Edinburgh, of a daughter. The lady of C. Hamilton, Esq. at the Leasowes, of a daughter. Lady M. Lockhart, at Largie house, of a daughter.

#### MARRIED,

The Hon. C. A. Pelham, son of Lord Yarborough, to the daughter of the Hon. J. B. Simpson. D. Oliphant, Esq. 2nd in council at Prince of Wales's Island, to the daughter of Sir D. Wedderburne. R. B. Dean, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss S. O. daughter of the late M. Owen, Esq. of Woodhouse, Salop. At Wootton Waven, Warwickshire, the Rev. Mr. T. Becher, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Royal Grammar school, Bury St. Edmonds, to Miss Scott. The Hon. W. H. Hare, to Miss Baugh, of Upper Wimpole Street.

#### DIED,

The Right Honourable Lady Mary Duncan. In Grosvenor-street, the Hon. Mrs. F. Irby. J. Addams, Esq. in consequence of his chaise overturning on Lewes race ground, and fracturing his leg. At Carlisle, Sir R. Hodgson. The relict of Sir F. Gosling. Baroness Pfeilitzer, niece of W. Mauduit, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields. Mrs. Asperne, wife of Mr. A. Asperseller, of Cornhill. Captain Caesar Hawkins, of the Light Dragoons.

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
SEPTEMBER, 1806.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX,  
ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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*A portrait of Mr. MELVIN, the successful new actor from York, is intended for our next number.*

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*JUSTUS on the Scottish Marriages, arrived too late for this Number. It shall assuredly appear next month.*

*At the same time the Sketch of a Trip from Glasgow to the Falls of the Clyde.*

*We beg to acknowledge the receipt of  
Observations on Duelling, by I. S.*

*The Dying Child, by I. M. F.*

*Friendship renewed, by the same.*

*Some poetical articles of much merit from MARTIN.*

*Three sonnets by W. BALL.*

*An additional instance of the Longevity of Musicians, by O. C. T.*

*The communications of the author of an *Impromptu*, from Edinburgh, we find very serviceable on certain occasions. We beg they may be continued at the writer's leisure.*

*The Epigram from Guarini, by O. C. T. in our next.*

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1806.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX.

(*With a Portrait.*)

CHARLES JAMES FOX was the younger son of Henry, who was himself the younger son of Sir Stephen Fox, celebrated less for his own birth, than the circumstance of being a father at the age of eighty, an event not incredible however, and rendered, in the present instance, unsuspecting, by the decorous conduct, and acknowledged virtue of the partner of his bed. Henry entered early into public life; and such was his address in parliament, during the reign of George II. that he soon attained not only some of the most arduous and honourable, but also the most lucrative situations in the gift of the crown, for in the year 1754, he was appointed secretary at war; then secretary of state for the southern department, and after being *ousted* by the great Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, we find him filling the immensely beneficial office of pay-master general of the forces, accumulating great wealth, and incurring the animadversions of the first city of the empire. Such indeed was his consequence, that at a time when patents of peerage were not very common he was ennobled by his present majesty, in 1763, by the title of Baron Holland of Foxley.

His son, Charles James, was born January 13th, 1749, and if, by his father's side, he classed among the *novi homines*, by his mother's his descent must be allowed to be splendid, for Lady Georgiana Carolina Lenox was the daughter of the late Duke of Richmond; and, as such, in addition to that of the King of Sardinia, she was allied to the two rival, but related families, which had so long contested for the throne of Great Britain—those of Brunswick and Stuart.

The second son proved Lord Holland's favourite child, and, at

length, became the darling of his old age. Perceiving in him the seeds of all the qualities that constitute greatness, he was at infinite pains to give scope to his intellectual vigour, to expand the shoots, and disclose the blossoms of so promising a plant. From his earliest infancy he intended him for parliamentary business, and by conversing always with him as if he had been a man, he actually made him one before the usual time. He is even said to have submitted his dispatches to his perusal, while in office, and to have complied with his corrections.

This country, much about the same time, beheld, in the persons of two rival orators, two wonderful instances of statesmen retiring from the field of contention, and devoting the remainder of their lives to the education of their two younger sons, with whom they were accustomed to talk about public affairs, and sometimes to place them on a table in order to hear them declaim. Occupied the better part of their days in hostilities against each other, the enmity of the families seems to have become hereditary, for it was kept up by their children, who maintained a rivalry, even after they had abjured the principles of their respective sires.

In compliance with the future destination of his son, Lord Holland preferred a public to a private education, and accordingly sent Charles to Westminster school. After distinguishing himself here, he removed to Eton, where Dr. Bernard, the late provost, found him not only uncommonly eager after amusements, but eminently successful in classical attainments. His private tutor, while a member of this celebrated institution, was Dr. Newcombe, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, who, while he was frequently vexed at the dissipation of his pupil, had occasion at the same time to be highly gratified with his progress. Here he formed his early friendships with the Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lord Carlisle, his own relation the Duke of Leinster, and some of the first men of the age. It was here also, that one of them (Lord Carlisle,) anticipated his future reputation in the following lines:

“How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,  
“Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts  
“Of fearful statesmen! while, around you stand  
“Both peers and commons list’ning your command;  
“While Tully’s sense its weight to you affords,  
“His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words.  
“What praise to Pitt to Townshend e’er was due,  
“In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.”

His father being, in the uncourtly language of those days, "a rank Tory," Charles was sent to finish his education at Oxford, where he is reported, in imitation of Penelope, to have regained by his daily toils, the labours lost by his nocturnal aberrations.

At length he began to pant after a more unrestrained intercourse with society, and consequently to be disgusted with the restraints, and tired with the uniformity of a collegiate life. The most easy as well as most likely way to rid himself of this, was to evince an ardent desire to see the world; and as his studies were now completed, his father, as usual, indulged the wishes of his darling son. Those who have been accustomed to see Mr. Fox of late years, without being acquainted with the minute particulars of his early life, will scarcely believe, that at this period he was one of the greatest *beaus* in England; that he indulged in all the fashionable elegance of attire, and vied, in point of *red heels*, and *Paris-cut-velvet*, with the most shewy men of the times. These and similar qualifications were displayed in most of the courts of Europe, in the course of the grand tour; and if he did not return like his maternal ancestor, (Charles II.) with all the vices of the continent, he at least brought a wardrobe replete with all its fashions. Nor will a strict regard to historical truth permit the omission of more culpable transgressions, for he is said, amidst the ardour and impetuosity of youth, to have expended, or rather lavished, vast sums of money in play,\* and to have contracted immense debts. Let it be recollected, however, that he was at this very time between two and three years short of that period, when the law declared him to be no longer a minor.

His enemies have carefully reminded us, that the first political act of his life was a violation of the constitution of his native country; for at the general election in 1768, he took his seat for Midhurst, in Sussex, a borough under the influence of his family, when he was only nineteen years of age, and consequently ineligible. It is with pain too, here reluctantly recorded, that the first effort of his eloquence was hostile to liberty;† but, besides his extreme

\* Dr. Bisset, in his *Life of Burke*, asserts, that his father, Lord Holland, who accompanied him to Spa, first excited an itch for play in his youthful mind, by allowing him five guineas a night to be spent in games of hazard. But as this rests on the mere assertion of that gentleman, it will be difficult to give credit to the report.

† His first speech was in opposition to Mr. Wilkes, then confined in the King's Bench; and whatever the *mottoes* of that gentleman might be, dispassionate men will now be ready to avow, that on this occasion his cause was not only popular, but just.



youth, the bent of his education, the prejudices of his family, and the wishes of a fond father, ought all to be taken into consideration; and if a complete vindication does not ensue, an ingenuous mind will not be at a loss for an apology.

During the proceedings of the house relative to the Middlesex election, Mr. F. stood forward as the champion of the ministry, and exhibited no common address and activity on the occasion. From the first moment of his entering the senate, he, indeed, displayed all the qualities of the orator; and Lord North, then chancellor of the exchequer, deemed his merits so considerable, that in the beginning of 1772, he nominated him to a seat at the admiralty board, and in the latter part of the same year made him, in some measure, a partner with himself in the management of the empire, by appointing him a lord of the treasury.

Amidst this seeming devotion to the court, there were not wanting opportunities when he shook off the trammels of dependence. Not the least memorable of these was during the debate on the bill brought into the house of commons by Sir W. Meredith, to give relief from subscription to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England.

But the time had now arrived when a new direction was to be given to his pursuits. The real cause of this event, which involved so many important consequences, can only be guessed at. The sons of Lords Guildford and Holland, were both possessed of talents; the one, perhaps, aspired to, the other enjoyed, the supreme command; and like two great men of antiquity, the first, perhaps, could not brook a superior, nor the second a rival. The enmity was first developed in the refusal of a petty appointment; it increased on the memorable examination of the Rev. Mr. Horne, now John H. Tooke, at the bar of the house of commons; and finally became public, in consequence of the following billet, couched with all the energy of Spartan brevity.

"His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the treasury to be made out, in which I don't perceive your name.

"*The Hon. Mr. Fox.*

"NORTH."

Considering this not merely as an injury, but an insult; the hostility of Mr. Fox from that moment became public, and he at length raised such a constitutional opposition to the administration of the noble lord, who had thus treated him in a manner bordering on com-

tempt, that he, in the end, subverted his power, and dragged his antagonist to the very edge of the scaffold.

In the mean time Lord Holland died, leaving a large sum of money, and considerable estates in the neighbourhood of King's-gate, with the house there, built in imitation of Tally's Fermanagh villa, on the coast of Balix, to his son Charles. He was thus in possession of a plentiful fortune, and had he retained it, would have stood upon a high ground in point of consequence: for these bequests, in addition to the clerkship of the pells in Ireland, soon after sold to Mr. Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool, must have produced a nett annual income of 4000l.

After the dissipation of this large property, a common mind would have, perhaps, bent under the calamity; his, on the contrary, seems to have rebounded from the fall; and instead of sinking into despair, to have actually soared into celebrity, and even independence.

An event now filled up the bitter draught of popular odium; and the previous oppression, and threatened subjugation of America, aroused a general spirit of resistance within the mother country, and pointed the finger of public vengeance at the devoted head of the premier. Fortunately for Mr. Fox's consistency, his conduct respecting the transatlantic contest, was ever strictly uniform; and on this, as on a subsequent occasion, he saw afar off, anticipated the impending calamities, and predicted the accumulation of misfortunes, which afterwards overwhelmed the nation.

[To be continued.]

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### A SCÈNE NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE AT NAPLES.

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AT a time when the public attention is so much engrossed by the events which have lately taken place in the south of Europe, and particularly in the ill-fated kingdom of Naples, the following account of a most affecting, and, at the same time, deplorable scene, which occurred daily near the royal palace at Naples, as related by a gentleman who resided in that city in 1804, will not, I trust, prove wholly unacceptable to the readers of your miscellany.

"Whenever any part of the royal family quitted the palace, it was always accompanied by an event, which, though not of the most solemn description, could not fail to give rise to very melancholy reflections in the mind of every feeling spectator. A crowd of people, whose countenances betrayed the melancholy effects of hun-

ger, disease, and nakedness, assembled before the gate of the inner-court, through which the royal inhabitants passed to their carriage. Each of these miserable beings carried in his hand a paper, or rather a petition, which, as the royal personages passed through the gate, he thrust forth towards them, with every effort to obtain a hearing. The queen received them, smiling at the impatient earnestness of those by whom they were presented: the king, with a look of benevolence and sympathy, which is peculiar to him on such occasions, and the prince with manifest anxiety.—Alas! how few of these melancholy objects could be attended to! I have frequently been moved to tears by their piercing exclamations of, “Pané, Maesta, pané.” It may be easily conceived, after so great a revolution as that which took place in Naples, upon the irruption of the sanguinary hordes of France, how many thousands, both of the nobility and lower classes, have been reduced to the most deplorable misery, without the smallest prospect of even a temporary alleviation of their sufferings.”

Permit me to add the following account of a most affecting scene, which I have received from the same respectable authority.:

“The widow of an officer, who fell during the disturbances of 1799, was left with six helpless children, totally unprovided for; she determined to acquaint the king with her distressing situation, and, finding an opportunity of accosting him in the gardens of Caserta, implored his charity, but in vain. She however continued her supplications, and said, among other things, that her husband had lost his life in his defence, during the last campaign.—“In *what* campaign? exclaimed the king; there has been *no* campaign; my troops abandoned me on the very first outset.” The wretched mother replied, that her husband remained faithful to his sovereign.—“It is false, quickly retorted the king; nissunc me stato fidele (no one remained faithful to me)—he alone, continued his majesty, pointing to a hound that was standing by his side, “he *alone* remained faithful to me.” Instead of being dismayed, she humbly entreated him to grant her merely as much as the dog’s daily pittance, in order to save herself and her fatherless children from starvation.

This supplication, which her sobs rendered scarcely intelligible, deeply affected the unfortunate and much-injured monarch, and he ordered his attendants to give her two unza. Alas! this was but a momentary relief!” I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

August 25, 1806.

S. D.

## THE HISTORY OF ARTS.

ART is natural to man; and the skill he acquires after many ages of practice, is only the improvement of a talent he possessed at the first. Vitruvius findst he rudiments of architecture in the form of a Scythian cottage. The armourer may find the first productions of his calling in the sling and the bow; and the ship-wright of his in the canoe of the savage. Even the historian and the poet may find the original essays of their arts in the tale and the song which celebrate the wars, the loves and the adventures of men in their rudest condition.

Destined to cultivate his own nature, or to mend his situation, man finds a continual subject of attention, ingenuity, and labour. Even where he does not propose any personal improvement, his faculties are strengthened by those very exercises in which he seems to forget himself: his reason and his affections are thus profitably engaged in the affairs of society; his invention and his skill are exercised in procuring his accommodations and his food; his particular pursuits are prescribed to him by circumstances of the age and of the country in which he lives. In one situation he is occupied with wars and political deliberations; in another, with the care of his interest, of his personal ease, or conveniency. He suits his means to the ends he has in view; and, by multiplying contrivances, proceeds by degrees to the perfection of his arts. In every step of his progress, if his skill be increased, his desire must likewise have time to extend: and it would be as vain to suggest a contrivance of which he slighted the use, as it would be to tell him of blessings which he could not command.

Ages are generally supposed to have borrowed from those who went before them, and nations to have received their portion of learning or of art from abroad. The Romans are thought to have learned from the Greeks, and the moderns of Europe from both. From a few examples of this sort we learn to consider every science or art as derived, and admit of nothing original in the practice or manners of any people. The Greek was a copy of the Egyptian, and even the Egyptian was an imitator, though we have lost sight of the model on which he was formed.

It is known, that men improve by example and intercourse; but in the case of nations, whose members excite and direct each other, why seek from abroad the origin of arts, of which every society having the principles in itself, only requires a favourable occasion to

bring them to light? When such occasion presents itself to any people, they generally seize it; and while it continues, they improve the inventions to which it gave rise among themselves, or they willingly copy from others; but they never employ their own invention, not look abroad for instruction on subjects that do not lie in the way of their common pursuits; they never adopt a refinement of which they have not discovered the use.

Inventions, we frequently observe, are accidental; but it is probable, that an accident which escapes the artist in one age, may be seized by one who succeeds him, and who is better apprised of its use. Where circumstances are favourable, and where a people is intent on the objects of any art, every invention is preserved, by being brought into general practice; every model is studied, and every accident is turned to account. If nations actually borrow from their neighbours, they probably borrow only what they are nearly in a condition to have invented themselves.

Any singular practice of one country, therefore, is seldom transferred to another, till the way be prepared by the introduction of similar circumstances. Hence our frequent complaints of the dullness or obstinacy of mankind, and of the dilatory communication of arts, from one place to another. While the Romans adopted the arts of Greece, the Thracians and Illyrians continued to behold them with indifference. Those arts were, during one period, confined to the Greek colonies, and during another, to the Roman. Even where they were spread by a visible intercourse, they were still received by independent nations, with the slowness of invention. They made a progress not more rapid at Rome than they had done at Athens; and they passed to the extremities of the Roman empire, only in company with new colonies, and joined to Italian policy.

The modern race who came abroad to the possession of cultivated provinces, retained the arts they had practised at home: the new master hunted the boar, or pastured his herds, where he might have raised a plentiful harvest: he built a cottage in the view of a palace: he buried, in one common ruin, the edifices, sculptures, paintings, and libraries of the former inhabitant: he made a settlement upon a plan of his own, and opened a new source of inventions, without perceiving from a distance to what length their progress might lead his posterity. The cottage of the present race, like that of the former, by degrees enlarged its dimensions; public buildings acquired a magnificence in a new taste. Even this taste came, in a course of ages, to be exploded, and the people of Eu-

reps recurred to the models which their fathers destroyed, and wept over the ruins which they could not restore.

The literary remains of antiquity were studied and imitated, only after the original genius of modern nations had broke forth : the rude efforts of poetry in Italy and Provence, resembled those of the Greeks and the ancient Romans. How far the merits of our works might, without the aid of their models, have risen by successive improvements, or whether we have gained more of imitation, than we have lost by quitting our native system of thinking and our vein of fable, must be left to conjecture. We are certainly indebted to them for the materials, as well as the form of many of our compositions ; and without their example, the strain of our literature, together with that of our manners and policy, would have been different from what they at present are.

This much however may be said with assurance, that although the Roman and the modern literature savour alike of the Greek original, yet mankind in either instance would not have drank of this fountain, unless they had been hastening to open springs of their own.

Sentiment and fancy, the use of the hand or the head, are not inventions of particular men ; and the flourishing of arts that depend on them, are, in the case of any people, a proof rather of political felicity at home, than of any instruction received from abroad, or of any natural superiority in point of industry or talents.

When the attentions of men are turned towards particular subjects, when the acquisitions of one age are left entire to the next, when every individual is protected in his place, and left to pursue the suggestion of his wants, inventions accumulate ; and it is difficult to find the original of any art. The steps which lead to perfection are many ; and we are at a loss on whom to bestow the greatest share of our praise ; on the first or on the last who may have borne a part in the progress,

### ANECDOTE OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

A clergyman returning from London, to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and, as the road had been notorious for robbery and murder, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half-suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy stamped on his countenance, interested the old gentleman in his favour: they conversed on various subjects, and that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered as the characteristic mark of an Englishman, was gradually dissipated; politics, weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, were among the extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance.

"I am surprised," said the ecclesiastic, "that any reasonable being should expose himself to the infamy and destruction, which, soon or late, always follow the desperate adventures of a highwayman. My astonishment increases, when I recollect several instances, in which the offenders were men of sound intellect, and, previous to this fatal obliquity, of sober life and conversation.

"They must have known that, in this our christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives to seek for, and assist, real distress, in every shape, and every rank."

"I agree to the truth of your description of English benevolence and British hospitality," said the traveller, "*generally speaking*; but, there is a species of suffering, which, shrinking from public notice, often escapes the benignant but superficial glance of modern charity.

"There are spirits, sir," continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment with a ferocious pride and tortured sensibility, "there are individuals who would rather perish than attempt to awaken the generosity, or expose themselves to the pity and contempt of mankind.

"They would not hesitate a moment in flying for refuge to death, to conclude *their own* miseries; but of what materials, sir, must his heart be formed, who could see a wife, a child, or a parent, deficient in the necessities of life, without resolving, at any risk, to procure them.

"There is a species of distress, which does not always strike the wealthy, and which prudent men, when they *do* see it, only laugh at and *seville*; they tell the sufferer, that he is poor and miserable, only because he deserves to be so; that while he has legs to support him, and arms able to work, he has no right to relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy to bestow, on refined indolence, on morbid and culpable affectation, that help which ought only to be afforded to indigent infirmity, and irretrievable calamity.

"Your appearance, sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favour, and I am resolved, without fear or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never thought would have passed my lips; it will account for that dark cloud of anxiety and dejection which is always hanging over me, and cannot have escaped your observation.

"I am a wretched being, of that class, which, as I just now said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced, by an union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of subsistence.

"I cannot dig, I am ashamed to beg; but this is not the trying part of my position, as I would not only willingly, but eagerly *have procured a dismissal* from the evils I endure; but, alas, I have associates in affliction, a wife, a parent, and children.

"So situated, and thus stimulated, after a long struggle between pride and principle, instead of appealing to the humanity, I resolved to work on the fears of mankind, and have, for several months, supported myself and family by force of arms; I confess, without scruple, that to procure a purse, is the object of my present journey.

"Be not alarmed, sir, at this avowal," cried the stranger, observing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, "be not alarmed, I would cut off my right hand rather than abuse the confidence you have placed in me.

"It is on individuals of a very different description that I mean to raise contributions; on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who, parting with a little loose cash, are deprived of only a minute portion of that superfluity, which they dissipate in folly and vice."

The divine, recovering a little from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak: "I wholly disagree with you in the arguments you use, and the unwarrantable deductions you draw: as a minister of God's word, I warn you against the labyrinth of destruction into which you have entered.

"You hinted at suicide, as a step you would have taken, had you not been a father and a husband.

"On what principle of religion, reason, or policy, are you authorized, rash and mistaken man, to desert the post in which Providence has placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, insolently to rush into the presence of your Creator; in defiance of that first principle, self-preservation, which he has so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast, and with murder most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheek.



"Your want of confidence in the benevolence of your fellow-creatures is as inexcusable, as your non-reliance on a superintending Providence is impious and irrational: your theory is unsupported by fact, and contradicted by experience; there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp-sighted optics of English humanity.

"Without waiting to be asked, it is one of the prominent features of the present day to form societies for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery; to entice, and sometimes to drag forth, youthful delinquency from the contaminating haunts of vice and impurity; to provide for the salvation of their souls, and the comfort of their bodies; to meliorate the condition and reform the manners of the poor. No real grievance, properly explained, and well-authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed; remove all possibility of imposition, and to know calamity, in England, is to remove it."

The good man would have proceeded, but he was interrupted by his companion, who, hearing the noise of wheels, turned on his horse, and saw, as the moon shone through the parting clouds, a post-chaise just beginning to ascend the hill behind them.

"To know of misfortune is to relieve it, if I rightly understand, sir, is one of the positions you maintain." "It is." "An opportunity for putting to the test the truth of your assertion now presents itself; the carriage, slowly coming up the hill, is in fact what I had for several hours been expecting, before you overtook me.

"The owner of it is a rich man, and, if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him: I will, without exaggeration or reserve, explain my situation, and according to your honourable, but in my opinion unfounded doctrine, he will afford assistance; my appeal shall be made to his reason and his feelings, before I proceed to *other means*; if you will have the goodness to continue that confidence, which you have hitherto placed in me, proceed leisurely on, and you shall quickly be informed of the result."

The trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment immediately turned his horse, and descending the hill, soon met the gentleman's carriage: requesting the driver to stop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and, in a gentle tone, with head uncovered, thus addressed the person in it.

"Sir, the urgency of want must be my apology for this abrupt application: myself, a wife, and an infant family, are in want of:

support; our customary resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me?"

The gentleman, considering what he said as the common-place cant of mendicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, but not able wholly to resist so impressive an address, twisted all his loose silver in a paper, and giving it to the petitioner, ordered the post-boy to drive on.

"This trifle, I am sorry to say," observed the highwayman, as he looked over the contents of the paper, "this trifle is not at all adequate to the pressure I feel; it will scarcely provide food for my family ten days.

"A fifty pound bank note, which will not be missed, in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, in a neighbouring kingdom.

"If you can prevail on yourself to afford me this assistance, you shall have my name and address; this will enable you to have positive ocular proof that you have not been imposed upon, and I shall endeavour, by diligence and friends, to recover my place in society."

"You are troublesome, ungrateful and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated: "can you suppose that I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice? Can you expect me to give so serious a sum, to a man whose face I never saw before, and probably shall never see again? I will do no such thing; you are mistaken in your man; post-boy, I insist on it that you drive on directly."

"Let him do it at his peril," cried the robber, in a menacing voice, and drawing forth, from the long side pocket of his surtout, a double-barrelled horse pistol, "stir not an inch, driver, if you value your safety. Before we part, sir," he added, turning to the gentleman in the chaise, "I must have your money or your life; neither delay nor trifling will be endured.

"There is in your portmanteau that which will relieve all my wants; deliver me instantly the key; your pocket book, which I see you have dropped under your feet, must, with its contents, be also surrendered.

"Post-boy alight this moment, throw aside your whip, stand steadily at the head of your horses, with your back to the carriage, and, unless you wish for a brace of slugs through your head, take not the least notice of what is passing."

The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cord and straps

divided by a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvas bags, were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman.

Having thus amply supplied himself, he did not neglect the necessary means for ensuring his own safety; cutting pieces from the cord with which the baggage had been secured, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and driver, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, re-mounted his own gelding, and in less than twenty minutes was again in company with the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction; declared himself confirmed in his marauding system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, galloped in a different direction, and by a less frequented path, across the heath.

The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart on what had passed. A young, and, in other respects, an amiable man, pleasing in his person, apparently well educated, and of vigorous intellect, thus obstinately persisting in a practice as well as a theory opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending plunder by argument, disordered his feelings, and kept him awake the greater part of the night.

Rising early in the morning, disturbed and unrefreshed, he repaired to the house of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, whom he informed of this singular adventure; having consulted together, they resolved, with the assistance of a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the clergyman immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain.

What they dreaded and expected, soon came to pass; in a few posts, a letter was received from London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank notes in the gentleman's pocket book, the robber had been traced and taken into custody.

So vigorous indeed were the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the judges of assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension; that an indictment was prepared, a bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time that the ecclesiastic was able to reach the place where he was tried.

He hurried into court, anxious to know, whether the prisoner at the bar was the same person who had been the companion of his nocturnal journey, and in whose fate he felt himself strongly interested.

Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd, he instantly

recognized him ; to add to the deep regret and sorrow he felt, a verdict of **GUILTY**, on evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against the culprit, at the moment he viewed him.

The worthy priest was not able to conceal the emotion he felt, on contemplating one who might have been an ornament to his country ; the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life ; resting his head on his bosom, tears, such as angels shed, gushed from his eyes ; the criminal, after warm intercessions, suffered an ignominious death.

But the feelings of the clergyman did not overpower his sense of duty ; considering virtue as something more than a well turned period of harmonious words ; and recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, a widow, and children, he hastened to them, and became a parent and a friend, promoting and largely contributing to a subscription for their support and education.

In exercising the benevolent office he had undertaken, further information was procured concerning the unhappy man.

He was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune, by frugality and perseverance ; but instigated by the foolish vanity of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment to a common but ruinous infatuation ; *he educated his eldest son genteelly and expensively, that pernicious weakness in large families of small property.*

He thus taught his child to despise that humble but honest art which had raised him from indigence, the separate fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch ; in the formation of which human industry is divided into so many distinct branches, while the putting the whole together, and superintending its movements, constitutes another reputable employment.

Instead of treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him to health, peace, and competence, he became that most wretched of all human beings, *an accomplished gentleman, without fortune, and without possessing any one species of knowledge, professional, intellectual, or manual, which would enable him to procure one.*

He had been taught to spend, and actually had spent, thousands, but had not been initiated in the more necessary art of earning a dinner.

But this was not the whole of the evil ; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, such was the fatal, the false, the infatuating fondness of

his father, in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property, which, at his parent's death, ought to have been divided among the surviving family.

The miserable old man felt, when it was too late, the effects of his injudicious partiality; in the decline of life, he was deprived of those little indulgencies, those sweet reliefs of age and pain, to which honest industry is fairly entitled, and sunk into the grave under a complicated pressure of vexation, disease, and age.

This error, by some, *but not by me*, considered as venial; in its effects distressing and highly culpable, destroyed the happiness of a family, and entailed on the victim of it a disgraceful death in this world, and everlasting perdition in that which is to come.

## COWPERIANA.

### No. XIII.

#### HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

Detested sport,

That owes its pleasures to another's pain;  
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks  
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued  
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire,  
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs!  
 Vain tears, alas, and sighs, that never find  
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!  
 Well—one at least is safe. One sheltered hare  
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell  
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.  
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,  
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care  
 Has made at last familiar; she has lost  
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,  
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.  
 Yes—thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand  
 That feeds thee; thou mayest frolic on the floor  
 At evening, and at night retire secure  
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed;  
 For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged  
 All that is human in me to protect  
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love

If I survive thee I will dig thy grave;  
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,  
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it.—The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that, in a short time, I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and, by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then

the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and, in his play, he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those, who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites: to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one; at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind.—Sow-thistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well sup-



plied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must, at this time, be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot upset it into their beds. I must not omit that, occasionally, they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance; a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are, in all respects, sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

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*Memorandum found among Mr. Cowper's papers.*

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months.—  
She died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

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## THE FRENCH OPINION OF BRITISH COURAGE,

AND

*The Courage of other Nations.*

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THE French, in their allowances of merit to the English nation, raise it by a studied gradation above the level of all others, and just to a single degree below their own: an instance of this, among many, is that of military courage, which, in their opinion, they possess in the most eminent degree.

They have defined and appreciated it with that peculiar nicety, which characterises the various judgments they form of their neighbours. In the Germans it is rather an absence of fear, or a heavy insensibility of danger. In the Spaniards, a perseverance and steadiness of resolution in pursuing what they have begun. In the Italians, a fertility of genius in discovering the weak side of an enemy, and concealing their own; and in improving every opportunity by artifice and stratagem. In the English, an intrepidity of soul that sees and encounters all difficulties. But in themselves, a spirit of determined valour, acting by rule, and equally distant from rashness and timidity.

Their notions of our courage, as appears by some of their writers, are not, however, quite uniform. Sometimes it is a ferocity of nature, like that of carnivorous animals who delight in scenes of blood. Thus Flechier represents it, in his celebrated funeral oration on Marshal Turenne. Speaking of the victory he obtained over the Spanish army near Dunkirk, through the assistance of the English, he says of these *qu'une ferocité naturelle acharnoit sur les vaincus*; we have no word in our language of adequate energy with *acharnoit*, which the orator has selected to describe the savage eagerness with which our native ferocity prompted us to deal destruction among the vanquished.

Voltaire, in his poem on the battle of Fontenoi, confers the same epithet on English courage, in that well known line *la ferocité le cede à la vertu*, "ferocity yields to virtue." But, as if he was conscious of a misrepresentation, and yet averse totally to retract his words, he politely adds a note in the margin, excepting from the imputation of ferocity the whole corps of English officers, who, says he, *sont aussi genereux que les notres*, "are as generous (humane is the meaning) as ours." The poor soldiers it seems were not so much worth his attention.

Monsieur Duclos, an ingenious and able writer, is not less guilty of prejudice in his elegant history of Lewis the Eleventh of France. He begins it by saying the victory at Poitiers was won by English desperation over French valour, *ou la valeur Française ceda aux desespoir des Anglois*: words that fully prove he had not sufficiently considered the behaviour of the English, and the conduct of their illustrious commander on that memorable day; wherein the cool generalship of the one, and the amazing resolution of the other, are obvious to all impartial readers.

The only French author who seems to have truly understood and described that species of bravery belonging to our countrymen is Father Orleans, the Jesuit. Treating of our civil wars in the reign of Charles the First, he has these remarkable words, *La guerre se fit vivement selon le genie de la nation, brusque, impetueuse, donnant peu à l'art et decidant tout par des batailles, ou l'on fait plus de cas du nombre et de la vigueur des combattans que de la science des capitaines*: "the war was waged with the vigorous spirit peculiar to that nation; whose bold, impetuous disposition pays but little regard to military artifice, and decides all by set battles, where the number and courage of the men are more valued than the skill of their commanders."

As war is a department wherein the French esteem themselves the instructors of all nations, it was thought necessary to expatiate on that quality which is the foundation of all military glory, personal valour. In the science of exerting it with propriety, they imagine no people are comparable to them: with how much justice they challenge this supremacy let others determine. Suffice it here, that their pretensions have been stated, together with the respective ideas they entertain of the several European nations in this matter.

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## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Qui monet quasi adjuvat.**Speeches in the House of Commons on the War against the Mahrattas.**By Philip Francis, Esq. 8vo. pp. 94. 2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1805.**Concluded from Page 104.*

"THE labour, that we delight in, physics pain;" and if we did not delight in that labour, which recommends to the public what is calculated to improve their knowledge, and beneficially to extend their views, we should be unworthy of our office. We therefore return with great satisfaction to a further consideration of the invaluable materials that compose the speeches before us.

We are at length on the speech made April 5, 1805, of the author of which any one, conversant in the information possessed by Europeans of Indian affairs, would at once pronounce, *aut Francis, aut Diabolus!* No man living is master of the intelligence, or capable of the profound reflections they contain, except Mr. Francis. What he proposes in this oration, is briefly expressed, and with a warning voice, in an admirable quotation from Cicero—"Magnopere vos et hortor et moneo, ut his provinciis, seriùs vos quidem quàm decuit, aliquandò tamen consulatis."

"The object is," as he elsewhere\* observes, "a dominion, with all its dependencies, more considerable than the whole Mogul empire, as it was held by Aurengzebe."

He opens this budget of mature wisdom and serious exhortation with soliciting the indulgence of the house on a subject of infinite moment, but treated by parliament with unaccountable indifference.

"It looks," says he, "as if India and its government had swelled to a size too big for the capacity, or too intricate and perplexed for the comprehension of the house of commons. If that be so, it is a powerful argument, among many, against the policy, as it is called by some, but, as I say, against the folly of grasping at acquisitions too extensive to be governed wisely for the benefit of the people, who are subject to your power, or even of being managed, profitably, to your own advantage." P. 21.

He then complains of the "abuses of all sorts" which are too likely to prevail in a dominion so remote from English justice, and of the evils inseparable from such a ruinous system of government. Prevention is never thought of till it is too late—

"You wait for events till the last moment. You pretend to forbid war, while, in fact, your judgment of the policy and justice of the measures pursued

\* Pref. to Observations on Lord Castlereagh's Speech. Budd, 1805.

abroad is always decided by a battle. [This mode of ruling India may suit the rulers there, and the interest of individuals ; but it is not the way to make India what it ought to be, a resource and a benefit to England, or to prevent its becoming more and more, what I know it is already, a perpetual drain of men and money, which the wealth and population of England are not equal to ; and, even if they were equal to such a burden for a few years, what public purpose would it answer to hold such a dominion on such terms ?" P. 32.

Mr. Francis here takes occasion to account to many of the then members, for the "gratuitous share" which he took in the affairs in India, and which to them might appear, on his part, intrusive. He states the origin of his connexion with India from the year 1773, when he was appointed to a place in the government of Bengal, the principles on which he had acted, and the constant approbation of the Court of Directors. His acts "underwent a trial more severe than even a direct parliamentary enquiry." Through this ordeal he passed, not only unwounded and unblemished, but finally honoured with a letter of thanks from a select committee of the house of commons, with Mr. Fox's name at the head of it. The case was new, and they made the precedent. There is no example of such an act of personal justice on the journals of the house of commons.

"My other titles," says he, with some satire and much truth, "my other titles to the barren office, in which I am still engaged, consist in long possession, without interruption or competition. Should it ever promise to be more productive, I should not despair of seeing myself surrounded by many competitors. In the mean time, and as long as there is no prize to be obtained, I may have the race to myself." P. 24.

We lament that it is not in our power to do that full justice to this speech which it deserves, and which nothing but very copious extracts could effect. As well, however, as our limits, and the nature of our work, will allow, we shall proceed to unfold this volume of Indian knowledge.

Mr. Francis begins with "a summary review of the British possessions in India, from their origin to the state in which they stood at the close of the last century, and for a year or two after." P. 25.

"The origin of our connexion with India and the foundation of our establishment there was commercial. Appearing in the character of merchants, and for many years assuming no other, we were received by the native princes, not only with hospitality and protection, but with extraordinary favour and encouragement ; and certainly, as far as the commercial interests of their subjects or their own were concerned, they acted wisely. In the natural course of things, it is not possible to open a trade between India and Europe without making it a channel of profit and an influx of wealth to India. Comparatively speaking, India, and especially Bengal, sells every thing to foreign nations,

and buys very little. In this intercourse with Europe, the native princes saw and understood their immediate advantage. Their commercial eye was open; but their political eye was shut. They saw that the balance of foreign trade was immensely in their favour; but they did not foresee the fatal consequences of granting to foreign merchants a stationary establishment in their country. The conduct of another eastern nation, in similar circumstances, exhibits an example of sounder policy. The Chinese will never suffer us to have a footing in China. On this subject their own institutions are wise, and they know how we have acted in India. From factories to fortifications, from fortifications to garrisons, from garrisons to armies, and from armies to conquest; the gradations were natural, and the result inevitable." P. 26.

"The grant of the Dewanny of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, obtained by Lord Clive, gave us a powerful establishment, and, in effect, a sovereignty in India, under the name or shadow of a country government, and it was his earnest advice to confine ourselves within that limit. Mr. Hastings professed the same principles, and gave the same advice, NEVER to depart from the absolute line of self-defence." P. 29.

The court of directors, in concert with his majesty's ministers, acknowledged the justice of this system, and ordered it to be observed. In 1782, the house of commons had reason to doubt that these principles were duly acted upon, and, after a solemn deliberation, unanimously resolved, "That to pursue schemes of conquest and extent of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this nation."

"Where will you look for a fundamental principle of government if it is not to be found in these authorities? or what obedience do you expect to any laws which you may make now or hereafter, if these are disobeyed or eluded with impunity? Was the declaration of your opinion obtained by surprise? was it disputed in debate, or carried by an inconsiderable majority? or has long experience made us wiser than we were in 1793? Has the resolution of this house been rescinded? Have the laws been repealed? Are the statutes obsolete? or has the lapse of time been sufficient to make us forget our principles, and to bury our institutions in oblivion? I say that all these authorities united in one fundamental proposition that the security of your dominion, and of all the national benefits to be derived from it, depended on its limitation." P. 31.

"The necessity of providing for the security of the British empire in India, by the conquest of the peninsula, was never thought of until the French were extirpated and their power annihilated. We never pretended to be thoroughly afraid of our safety, until, in effect, we had no enemy left, and literally nothing to fear. The house, I hope, will bear this observation in mind, until they see, as they will do hereafter, how I mean to apply it." P. 32.

The legislature, however, in the teeth of its own acts and declarations, is supposed to have provided an escape or a subterfuge for those who may act against the obvious principles, and the most plain as well as severe injunctions of the law, "We forbid you to

make war for the acquisition of territory; but, if fortunately you should find yourselves engaged in a just and necessary war, there's an end of all limitation, *take every thing you can get.*" P. 32. Now what is a *just* and *necessary* war? Why just what the governors of India choose to call so.

"You have precisely the evidence and the materials, with which one of the contending parties thinks fit to supply you. Now, besides the natural presumption that the weaker party, in any contest, is not likely to be the aggressor, the want of evidence on his side ought, of itself, to deter you from pronouncing against him. In this last war, for example, with the Mahrattas, do you know what Scindia and Boosla had to say for themselves?" P. 33.

Pacific phrases make part of the weapons of ambition, and have been constantly used by the company's servants in India for the real purpose of interfering perpetually in the affairs of their neighbours. P. 36. But look to the history of India, and believe them if you can. Then follows a catalogue of the melancholy effects of our *kind and friendly* interference in the government of the states of the native powers of India. The facts are powerfully stated, but cannot be abridged.

Through the medium of many just and necessary wars, we became possessed of two-thirds of the peninsula in 1802, when it was discovered that our independence and safety were not quite secure; we must have more. To this end it was necessary to conjure up an enemy. In 1801 "an imaginary French army of 14,000 men, and a French state, in the heart of Indostan," were discovered. This French host turned out to be nothing more formidable than a *dozen* French officers in the service of Scindia, who were to furnish them with an army from France.

"Now that these Mahrattas," says Mr. F. "if they possess common sense, should wish to invite a foreign army, even of friends, into their country, or to make it the seat of war between two foreign powers, is a proposition, in no case, likely to be true. In this case, I shall prove it to be false. All that the Mahrattas desire either of the French or English, is to suffer them to be quiet, or to settle their internal quarrels among themselves." P. 43.

The pretended importance attached to these officers is most ably detected, and it is truly observed and exemplified, that "when a purpose is to be served, it is not very difficult to find a principle to answer it." P. 46.

Much stress has been laid on the tactics and discipline taught by the French to the Mahrattas.

"I believe it will appear," says Mr. F. "that a more ruinous and unfortunate lesson could not have been given to the people, who endeavoured to learn it. I believe that their misfortunes in this war may, in a great degree, be at-

tributed to their imperfect proficiency in those instructions, and to their confidence in the skill, which they thought they had acquired in that sort of discipline. This false confidence has led them to abandon their old established mode of warfare, in which long use, and the nature of their military force, consisting chiefly of light cavalry, gave them many advantages against armies much better disciplined, and which they never thought of encountering in a pitched battle; I mean, in former times. You know how the Roman armies were harassed, distressed, and defeated by the Parthian horse, who seldom or ever could be brought directly to action. They carried on the war, as the Mahrattas might and ought to have done against us, by the use of their cavalry only, by skirmishing, by perpetual alarms, by interrupting the line of march, by cutting off the supplies of provisions, by plundering the baggage, and even by overwhelming the Roman camp with clouds of dust. These are great advantages against an invading enemy, who have not only a hostile country, but a burning climate to contend with, and who must carry their provisions with them, with an endless train of draught and carriage cattle, or be supplied from a great distance. See what *Holcar*, a mere adventurer and freebooter, as he is called, but certainly, excepting his own personal qualifications, an inconsiderable chief compared to the others—see what he has been able to do single-handed, by confining himself to the true Mahratta mode of war. Considering the circumstances, in which he came alone and at last into action, the resistance he has been able to make, and the mischief he has done, against a superiority of British force, as well as skill, is wonderful. Then judge of what the consequences might have been, if the whole power of the Mahrattas had been united in defence of their country, and if they had conducted the war on the true Mahratta principle, on which *Holcar* appears to have acted, as far as we are informed. They relied on the discipline of their infantry, and on the use of their heavy artillery; that is, they confided, as we are told, in the instructions of the French, and they have been every where defeated. If that be so, we have no reason to regret the influence of the French over the military councils of the Mahrattas." P. 48.

These pleas were strengthened by "another set of dangers," to be "logically derived, in the form of a dilemma, from the state of the Mahratta empire within itself." P. 50. Discussing this point, and exposing its weakness, he makes this shrewd remark:

"The very pretences set up are sufficient to shew that we have no solid ground of hostility to these people, and that, though we could not find a danger, we were determined to find a quarrel." P. 51.

From the documents on the table, Mr. F. proceeds to shew "the course that was taken to furnish a colour for our subsequent interference in the affairs of the Mahrattas." We were in alliance with Scindia, and the Peshwa was our particular friend. P. 52. In 1802 a treaty of alliance is proposed to Scindia, on the equitable and amicable terms, 1st, to subsidize a British force to be stationary



in his dominions; 2ndly, To cede in perpetual sovereignty a large extent of territory; 3dly, To admit our arbitration in all their disputes; and, 4thly, To dismiss from his service all subjects of France. We are obliged to be brief, and therefore to mangle what Mr. F. has so well said on this subject; but every page is so full of matter, that we cannot do otherwise.

"The house will now judge" says he, "whether it required an extraordinary degree of jealousy, supposed to belong to the Mahratta character, to induce Scindia to hesitate about accepting the voluntary assistance of a foreign force, on terms, which it was not difficult to foresee would give us an ascendancy over him, and a power of controlling his designs." P. 55.

A similar subsidiary treaty was proposed to the Peshwa, who, though he was in need of assistance against Holkar, naturally hesitated at stationing a body of British troops in his dominions. But all this was to be done by the British with *amicable and liberal views*; it was a concession on our part to the Mahratta princes, for *their* security, power, and prosperity. The Peshwa being defeated by Holkar on the 25th Oct. 1802, he submitted to accept of our assistance, and "signed the fatal treaty of Bassein," Dec. 25, 1802.

"Our army escorted him to Poona, and replaced him there in a state of perfect personal safety, under the guard and protection of a British garrison; that is, with the free agency of a state prisoner, and the security of a prison. P. 59.

"Nothing can be more simple than the principle, nor more effectual than the operation, of a subsidiary treaty. If once you can persuade the Nizam, the Peshwa, or any other native prince, for whom you happen to have a particular friendship, that his government is in danger, and that his person is not safe without your assistance, the business is done. A British army is on the frontier ready to march the moment the treaty is signed, enters his country, takes possession of his capital, and secures him in his palace. If he should happen to be a short-sighted, narrow-minded person, or not sufficiently quick in accepting these proofs of our friendship, there are various ways of convincing him. Sword in hand is the shortest." P. 61

Scindia and the Raja of Berar might have shared the good fortune of the Nizam and Peshwa, but they declined it, and it seems "formed a confederacy to resist the execution and defeat the effect of the innocent treaty of Bassein!" P. 61. This, with other misrepresentations, aggravations, and pretences, most forcibly commented on, was the origin of the just and necessary war against the Mahratta states. Says Mr. F. with eloquent animation—

"The map on your table is an answer to all these falsehoods. Examine it, and see on what ground these questions were contested, and so many battles have been fought. Was it in *our* territories, or on *our* frontier? No,

Sir; if you follow the agents of Lord Wellesley, and the armies of Britain, you will find them in the centre, or in the remotest quarters of the Peninsula, carrying slavery or desolation into countries, and exacting tribute from people, whose names are hardly known in England. And then we revile the princes of India, as if *they* were the aggressors, as if *they* were the invaders, and as if there could be no repose or security for the British establishment, as long as any native power in that immense continent was left in a state of independence. We go into their country to charge them with lawless ambition, and we rob them of their property, in order to convict them of insatiable avarice. The day of retribution, I believe, will come when you are least prepared for it. It is not in the moral order, or in the natural course of human affairs, that a handful of strangers, from this side of the globe, can hold such a dominion very long, on such terms, over so great a portion of the world, and over so many millions of people, exasperated by their sufferings, and instructed by their experience." P. 69.

He then, with we fear a true spirit of prophecy, anticipates a time when the battle we shall have to fight will be not for the territory or the property of others, but for our own existence. Many victories, dearly bought, can give us nothing more than external security, which we might have had without them. But beware of a defeat. P. 71. Pursuing his argument, he calls on the directors to say what they have gained by the wars with the Mahrattas, and proves that they have "exchanged the solid security of a very great and profitable, though a limited possession, for the precarious tenure of an unbounded dominion, which does not pay them while they hold it." P. 72.

"A trading company" he observes, and his words cannot be too deeply considered, "that trades in war, is a contradiction, and, if it traded with success, would be a prodigy. But these, I suppose, will be called narrow commercial ideas, not commensurate to the dignity or suited to the policy of a great territorial power. My humble understanding, I confess, does not rise to the level of those exalted notions of government, by which, as I conceive, far higher faculties than mine are apt to be misled. In the works of genius or imagination, indulgence may be allowed to fancy and refinement. But the serious affairs of the world are to be governed by prudence; the essential interests of mankind can only be provided for by sound and sober judgment animated by benevolence. This enlightened benevolence, I am sure, will be found, upon experiment, the only sure and solid self-wisdom, when the visions and chimeras of cruel vanity have disappeared, and left nothing behind them but sorrow, disappointment, and ruin." P. 74.

One more extract, which exhibits, in the most amiable light the humanity and enlarged views of the speaker, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing.

"In fact, there is nothing so easy, or even that requires so little personal resolution, as to disturb the peace of the world, and to unsettle the order of human affairs. Power alone, without a particle of skill or a ray of genius, can do more mischief in a day, than wisdom and industry can repair in a century. Whereas, if we are to judge by the little good that is attempted and the still less that is done, we are bound to conclude that nothing is so difficult as to do good to mankind. They, who look for any pursuit or object, of *that* quality, in the late transactions in India, I think will be disappointed. But perhaps it may be expected that some magnanimity in the conception, or something frank and noble in the execution of these enterprises, will furnish a consolation to those, who do not suffer by them, for the misery and ruin of India, and for the sacrifice of thousands of the best and bravest of our own people." P. 75.

Some pages are now employed in giving his opinion of the necessary discipline and proper distribution of the British military force in India. His purpose is evidently prospective, in order to do a public service; not to criminate, but correct. P. 87. He disapproves of Lord Wellesley's system, but is not unjust to his personal qualifications; in particular he commends his lordship for the relief afforded by him to the Mogul Shā Allum, the last branch of the illustrious house of Tamerlane, who "still survives the destruction of his empire, and the utter ruin of his family." This luminous speech, this *omne scibile*, with regard to India, concludes with paying a just tribute to the moderate principles and humane policy of Lord Cornwallis, and then moving the declaration—"That this house adheres to the principles established by its unanimous resolution of the 28th May, 1782, adopted by the legislature, and made law by two successive acts of his present majesty in 1784 and 1793; namely, that to pursue schemes of conquest and extent of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this nation." p. 88.

If, by our imperfect draught, we have been fortunate enough to engage the attention of our readers to this momentous concern, and to this storehouse of eastern knowledge, it is all that we can hope, since we are fully convinced of the little justice we have done to its very extraordinary merits. The pure and honourable principles, that pervade this speech, should possess the soul of every one, who presumes to aspire to the government of India, or of his fellow-creatures wherever placed.

Of Mr. Francis's writing, we may with truth assert, that it has, in it what Quintilian calls the prime virtue of style, *perspicuitas*, *propria verba*, *rectus ordo*, nothing wanting, nothing superfluous,

The language is void of affectation: pure, elegant, and nervous, it has in itself a genius equal to the inestimable conceptions of the writer. Impression and expression, like action and reaction, are relative ideas: he, who feels deeply, will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is always feeble and superficial.

*Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.*  
By Henry Richard Lord Holland. 8vo. pp. 294. Longman.  
1806.

LORD STRANGFORD's paraphrase of the *Rhythmus* of Camoens\* probably conspired with Lord Holland's taste and genius to induce him to follow his predecessor's good example, and present to the world this interesting and amusing life of Lope de Vega. While other noblemen and men of fortune visit foreign countries, and travel with little more advantage than the trunks affixed to their chaise, going over all the ground, and getting all the dust of the road, and nothing else, it is highly to the honour of Lord Holland to have employed some of his valuable time in the cultivation of the Castilian language, which must have contributed so much to facilitate the ends of, without doubt, the numerous observations of his lordship's acute mind during his residence in Spain. This work is, with peculiar propriety and elegance, dedicated to Don Manuel Josef Quintana, who assisted his studies and researches on this occasion.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio was born in 1562, and died in the year 1635. His noble biographer commences his life with the trite remark, that the days of a man of letters are without incident, which observation he makes "for the sole purpose of refuting it," in his account of the Spanish poet. His life is, indeed, not barren of events, but "the wonders" of it fall, it must be confessed, far short of the miracles of his pen—we allude to its prodigious fertility.—Rabelais tells us of an author, who wrote more than the common course of two men's lives would suffice to read, and Lope De Vega appears to have been a writer of this class, and very high in it.—"He seldom passed a year," says his lordship, "without giving some poem to the press, and scarcely a month, or even a week, without producing some play upon the stage. Rhymes, hymns, and poems without number." P. 62. Again, "Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been

\* See our review of this work.

acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts, in one of his last poems, that

Non es minima parte, aunque es exceso,  
De lo que está por imprimir, lo impreso.

The printed part, though far too large, is less  
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press." P. 75-6.

Montalvan asserts, that "if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of *all* ancient and modern poets in the other, *the weight* of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit, of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together."\* If we concede the quantity, we must deny the quality, and in this opinion his lordship agrees with us: for, throughout his able criticism, he exhibits a virtue not common to translators or memorialists, displaying constantly that good sense which directs him to esteem his author where he is estimable, and to despise him where he is despicable: to weigh his faults without asperity, and to value his merits without dotage. We shall give an instance of Lope's presumption, and his lordship's candour and pleasantry. "The word Vega, in Spanish, signifies garden. In the title-page of his book was engraved a beetle expiring over some flowers, which he is upon the point of attacking. That the emblem might not be misunderstood, this distich was also subjoined:

Audax dum Vegæ irrumpit scarabæus in hortos,  
Fragrantis periit victus odore rosæ.

At Vega's garden as the beetle flies,  
O'erpower'd with sweets the daring insect dies.

The vanity of the above conceit is at least equal to the wit." P. 61.

To the investigation of the genius of Lope de Vega, the noble lord has carried the most impartial and enlightened judgment. The force, truth, and refinement of his strictures are admirable. We shall quote a short passage, which will be found a whole volume, when compared with the loose commentaries of common critics. "Whatever may have been the original number of Lope's productions, enough yet remain to render an examination of them all nearly impossible. The merit, independent of those intended for representation, consists chiefly in smoothness of versification, and purity of language, and in facility rather than strength of imagination. He has much to say on every subject, and he expresses what he has to say in an easy style and flowing numbers; but he seldom interests the feelings, and never warms the imagination of the

† See a curious extract from Montalvan's Eulogium, in this life, p. 78.

reader, though he often pleases by the facility and beauty of his language, and occasionally surprises by the exuberance and ingenuity of his illustrations." P. 86.

Our ingenious author's criticism on the *Arcadia*, p. 12, will afford the most agreeable satisfaction. To mutilate it would be unjust, and we lament that our space denies us the pleasure of transcribing it.

In the course of this fine piece of biography, which is interspersed with exquisite translations of chosen passages from the Spanish, we are informed that Lope de Vega was on board the famous *Armada*, and there, in some measure like Luis de Camoens in the east, or Cervantes at the battle of Lepanto, according to what is called an epigram on the former:

"Dextera Camonii gladium tenet, ipsa Lyramque :  
Et Phœbo, et Marti militat una manus."

Vida de Luis de Cam. V. 1. P. 144.

We say "in some measure," because though Lope wrote more than the Lusitanian bard, he certainly fought less. His writings and his profits were both more abundant, and after Camoens had, at Lisbon, with the assistance of his slave Antonio, who nightly begged from door to door to support him, *de noite de porta em porta para o sustentar*, dragged through a miserable existence till 1579, and while *Cervantes*, who died on the same day as our Shakespeare, was actually starving, the Spanish poet was living in splendor and prosperity. After the dedication of his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII. pilgrimages, says Lord Holland, were performed to see this *monster of literature*; his pensions and presents were innumerable, and the idea of excellence was so connected with his name, that "a *Lope* diamond, a *Lope* day, or a *Lope* woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities." P. 66.

Even during his sufferings on board the *Armada*, his Muse could get no rest.\* "Good Queen Bess" became the object of her most virulent abuse—she was, as we learn at p. 88, "a bloody Jezebel, a second Athaliah, an obdurate sphynx, and the incestuous progeny of a harpy." This is something like the compliment of Ritson, who calls her "the illegitimate spawn of a bloody and lustful tyrant." When in 1602 he published his attack upon the Queen, he did not

\* We are not so much obliged to him for composing this poem at sea, as we are to Camoens for saving the *Lusiad*, when, being wrecked, returning to Goa, he swam to land with his works, like Cæsar with his Commentaries.

forget her admiral, but added to it the *Dragonæa*, an epic poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake, "and the reader is informed, by a note in the first page, that wherever the word *Dragon* occurs, it is to be taken for the name of that commander. Tyrant, slave, butcher, and even coward, are supposed to be so applicable to his character, that they are frequently bestowed upon him in the course of the work, without the assistance of an explanatory note." P. 42. Montalban praises him as being, amongst other excellent things, a person "of extreme good breeding," p. 72, but that was, of course, at home exclusively.

"His temper," he adds, "was never ruffled but with those who took snuff before company; with the grey who dyed their locks; with men, who, born of women, spoke ill of the sex; with priests who believed in gipsies; and with persons who, without intentions of marriage, asked others their age. These antipathies, which are rather quaint sallies of wit, than traits of character, are the only peculiarities which his intimate friend has thought proper to communicate. P. 72.

We shall speedily resume our consideration of this delightful work,

*The Triflers. To which are added, The Rout, or a Sketch of Modern Manners; and the Farmer's Son, a Moral Tale. By the Rev. R. Graves. 3s. pp. 177. Lackington. 1806.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY, on a work called "*Nugæ*," or Trifles, wrote an epigram, which seems in a degree applicable to this publication. "In toto libro nil melius titulo." The deceased author, however, fairly puts the question—"How can you *amuse* yourself with such trifles; what *end* does it answer?" And replies, "Why, sir, if it does *amuse* me, when fatigued with more serious study, or with the business of my profession, it answers *an important end*." We think it may do this, with those who are so disposed, and triflers, for whom it is written, will probably laugh and like their namesake better than better books.

*Torrio-Whiggo-Muchia; or the Battle of the Whigs and Tories. A Political Satire. In 4 Cantos. 4to. Ebers. 1806.*

ALTHO' a satire, this is a very innocent work—what is unintelligible cannot do much harm. The author boasts of being in the shade, nine times bound round with Styx, and it is his wish to remain so—In this magic circle his labours are included. "Dark shall be my light, and night my day," might be his motto; but it must be

owned that where, in his mole-like action, he does blunder into light, he is not to be despised.

*A Sermon on the General Fast.* 8vo. Hatchard, 1806.

BETTER were it indeed that the religious ears of a congregation should experience a *general fast*, then that they should be fed with such poor stuff.

*The Last Man, or Omegarus' and Syderia, a Romance in Futurity.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. Dutton. 1806.

THIS is something worse than grossly absurd and ridiculous—it is prophane, and tends to no one sane or good end whatever. It is easy to conceive wild, fantastical schemes, but it is wicked to lose all reverence and respect to put them into execution.

*A Winter in London; or Sketches of Fashion, a Novel in 3 Vols.*  
By T. S. Surr. Phillips. 1806.

MR. SURR has certainly, in this publication, by a plenteous sprinkle of scandal, hit the bull's eye of novel reading taste; but that he has shewn the same degree of good sense as he has knowledge of what such readers like, is not so clear. The characters are very much overloaded; the seasoning however was necessary, as the story is trite, and crawls. We are not surprised to hear that the work has passed through several editions, but it has mortality in its constitution, and must infallibly soon run to a stand still.

*Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, including a Retrospect of the Stage during the Years she performed.* By M. J. Young. 2 Vols. 12mo. Asperne. 1806.

THE long and successful theatrical career of Mrs. Crouch naturally renders her *memoirs* and every event that appertains to them, considerably interesting. If we discover any *fault* in her life, which her biographer has with singular felicity attempted to prevent, it is in the brevity of the part more immediately relating to herself. With regard to other memorialists, let the eighth Harry be quoted: "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water—" The present merits no such imputation. We have here many entertaining anecdotes in the "Retrospect of the Stage," and a constellation of virtues in the memoirs of Mrs. Crouch. We rejoice to hear of the uninterrupted excellence of her life, and recommend the amiable *draught* to the imitation of her very tempting and much tempted sisterhood.



*Life of Lady Jane Grey, and of Lord Guildford Dudley, her Husband. By Theophilus Marcliffe. pp. 112. Hodgkins. 1806.*

THIS attractive incident in our history is modelled in this little work in a manner very creditable to the author's abilities. It is peculiarly adapted to afford instruction and pleasure to young minds, but it will be read by none without satisfaction.

*Epistles, Odes and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 4to. pp. 350. Carpenter, 1806.*

It is with some degree of trepidation and alarm that we approach this poet and warrior, in both cases, in a bad cause. Though he may be considered, after his sufferings from the northern blasts, as virtually defunct, yet are we "afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead," and if we do venture to encounter him it must be in a review, and certainly not in a pitched battle. Seriously; we are not blind to Mr. Moore's merit as a poet, of which, when contemplating his youth, we formerly spoke too well, and we are sorry to say afforded him too much encouragement to proceed. As he advances in years, the charm fades, and what we praised and pardoned at the same time in the boy, we must condemn and reprobate in the man. Mr. Moore is a *Syren*, and like the fabled monster, sings to deceive, and fascinates to destroy. His Muse, where she most shines, is a *pander to loose thoughts and foul actions*, and the mischief which the heated descriptions of a lewd imagination are calculated to produce to the beauty of our day, is lamentable and inconceivable. If such a work had been called *Seduction made easy*, it had been well named; and this should have been its motto, "Let virtue be as wax, and melt." The character of this labour corresponds with that published under the name of Thomas Little: its great feature is obscenity, mingled with some blasphemy, and more insipidity. The *cacoethes* of writing, with a strong mixture of *cantharides*, seems to stimulate his Muse in her happiest moments; but surely all good men must rise in judgment against such doings. Where this does not prevail, the flatness is often excessive. From this work we shall make no extract, as we are disinclined to revive flowers which, after the passing over of the late hyperborean winds, we look upon as fading into oblivion.

Mr. Moore however is able to distinguish himself without the aid of a meretricious Muse, and we do earnestly entreat him seriously to consider what he is about! He may perhaps say, *Lasciva*

*est nobis pagina, vita proba est.* We hope the latter is the case, and that the former will become more pure.

*A Compendious Report of the Trial of Henry Viscount Melville, upon the Impeachment of the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled, for High Crimes and Misdemeanors. 8vo. pp. 251. 3s. 6d. Asperne. 1806.*

THE memory of this trial is so fresh that we have merely to speak of the ability with which the present report is drawn up. Mr. Asperne has furnished the world with one which, though compendious, is so full and satisfactory, as well as cheap, that we cannot doubt, when the Lord Chancellor's injunction permits, of its enjoying in general a decided preference over all others. What it professes it performs, and certainly contains every argument and fact necessary to afford a thorough knowledge of the whole case. Life is short, and we have no time to go into chancery, or we might impeach the propriety and decency of a short-hand writer, assisted by a barrister, endeavouring to monopolize the publication of a public trial.

*Poems on various Subjects: Dedicated by Permission to the Right Honourable Countess of Essex. By Henrietta Harris. 12mo. Walker. 1806.*

As this dedication is "by permission," most likely the countess saw it before publication. If so, she has the best stomach for flattery of any lady in the land—if not, we tremble for poor Henrietta, who has so overloaded her ladyship as to give her praises a strong smack of irony. She begins with "*Energies agitating her bosom,*" and ends with "*feelings struggling for utterance in her breast.*" If the countess has any sense, she'll forgive her, for we believe her to be honest—If she has none, she will be pleased, and our intercession unnecessary.

Of the verses we have little to say—they are full of defects, but the writer is not deficient in a mind that deserves cultivation.

*The Morlands. Tales illustrative of the Simple and Surprising. By R. C. Dallas, Esq. 12mo. 4 Vols. 1l. 1s. Longman, and Co.*

WE recommend this as a very ingenious production. The tales are all well told; but we are decided partizans of the *simple*—the *surprising* does not surprise us half so much.

*The singular and interesting Trial of Henry Stanton, Esq. of the 8th or King's Regiment : on Charges for unofficer-like Behaviour, as preferred against him by Lieut. Col. Young. Tried by Court Martial at Doncaster, August 14, 1805. The Conduct of those Officers of the 2d Battalion of the above Regiment who were combined against Mr. Stanton is exposed; and their Examinations, as taken on Oath, together with the Defence set up to contradict their Testimony by his Friends, are correctly exhibited. The whole tending clearly to evince the injurious Treatment which Mr. Stanton sustained. pp. 165. 3s. 6d. Egerton. 1806.*

GENTLE reader, you are particularly requested not to laugh; if you do, you will probably get us into a very awkward scrape; for though this trial is certainly not very serious to you or us, it may be so to the parties. The mottos in the title page are of a new sort, and very *striking*:

"Oh! damn you, are you there? I'll kick you yet!—This sentence was followed by blows. Assistant Surgeon Brown."

"I then called him a fool and a blackguard. Ensign Loyd."

Here Mr. Stanton feelingly exclaims, (all in the title page) "Such conduct! Such expressions!! do they become the officer or the gentleman?"

After deliberately weighing the four charges against Mr. Stanton, accusing him of misdemeanours highly to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, the sentence of the court martial "adjudged the prisoner to be cashiered." The corporation of Doncaster deeming him an injured man, subscribed a memorial to his majesty, and Mr. Stanton, being perfectly of the same opinion, addresses this account of the case to the public, who must, after the sentence, be left to form their *private* opinion on the subject.

*Account of the State of France and its Government during the last three Years, particularly as it has Relation to the Belgic Provinces, and the Treatment of the English. By J. Worsley, detained as a Hostage. 5s. Johnson. 1806.*

WE are here introduced to a new description of soldiers in the French army, called *Leapers*, who leap up behind the cavalry with great agility, and being carried to the place required, descend and form into a line of battle behind the horse. This seems to possess some ingenuity, which we may admire without fearing, since they must be able to leap over Neptune, the mythological creator of horses, before their leaping can intimately affect us. The facts in

this work may, we should suppose, be depended upon, and that it will afford amusement we can promise.

*Commercial Phraseology, in French and English, selected from "Le Negociant Universel."* Designed not only to simplify and render familiar the Technical Terms used in Commerce, but also to facilitate the Understanding that Work, so peculiarly calculated to enable the more advanced Students intended for Counting-Houses, Clerks and private Learners, to write French Commercial Letters with Precision and Accuracy. By William Keegan, Author of *Le Negociant Universel*. 12mo. pp. 216. 3s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

WE might safely and justly repeat the pretensions of the title page of this work—it is due to its merits. In a commercial country like England, and when the French is as well the universal language of counting-houses, as it is of courts, the value and utility of such a labour as the present are incalculable. The selection is excellent, and perhaps it would not be too much to say, *vaut bien l'original*.

*A Word or two, or Architectural Hints; in Lines, in two Parts; addressed to those Royal Academicians who are Painters; written prior, as well as subsequent to the Day of Annual Election for their President, 10th December, 1805. To which a few Notes are added: a Dedication, a Preface, and P.S. to Reviewers.* By Fabricia Nunez, Spinster. 4to. pp. 50. Stockdale. 1806.

This spinster seems to object to the hanging gentlemen of the Royal Academy for having chosen an architect to be their president. The lady has some cleverness in her remarks, but, we confess, that to us she appears most unnecessarily fastidious on this point. Why not an architect President of the Royal Academy as well as any thing else? Surely it cannot be required that, "*he who drives fat asses,\* should himself be fat!*" And as an architect is probably not unacquainted with plastering, who more proper?

*Measures and not Men; or the Present and Future Interests of Great Britain; with a Plan for rendering us a martial as well as a commercial People, and providing a military Force adequate to the Exigencies of the Empire, and the Security of the United Kingdom.* 8vo. pp. 217. 3s. 6d. Johnson. 1806.

THIS *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, or martial and commercial

\* A mistake: Ozen.

pamphlet, proceeds on a very liberal principle of the new school. *If you hear of any thieves in the neighbourhood, don't send the officers after them, or endeavour at their suppression, but join them yourselves, and share the plunder!* This is what is meant, or nothing, by the writer, who wishes that we should not oppose the arms of France, but assist them in their designs. If this man and his friend Dr. Edwards are not cracked, we are sorry for it, since, take away the excuse of madness, or folly, and they are left in a base condition indeed.

*The Forest of St. Bernardo.* By Miss M. Hamilton. 4 vols. 18s. sewed. Hughes. 1806.

Indeed Miss Hamilton this wont do. You must go to school and learn a little *geography*, and as much good English as you can pick up—Return then, and with the fancy you possess, we will allow you to venture on a novel in *two* volumes. We take shame to ourselves for thus offending a female's ear, but really Miss it is too much for our gallantry *patiently* to pay *eighteen shillings* for *sheets* of this sort, however *sewed*.

*An Historical Account of Corsham House, in Wiltshire, the Seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. with a Catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures.* By John Britton. pp. 108. Longman and Co. 1806.

THIS ingenious little work is the production of Mr. Britton, the tasteful author of the *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*. It is neatly dedicated to the British Institution: After which we have, A Concise Historical Essay on the Fine Arts; the catalogue of Mr. Methuen's fine collection of pictures, with notes; biographical sketches of their painters, and a descriptive account of Corsham House. Mr. Britton talks of writers, who, "instead of endeavouring to *inform* the reader, are only solicitous to *amuse* him—" Mr. B. does both, and the public, as well as Mr. Methuen, are indebted to him. A view and plan of the house are prefixed.

*The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. With a few supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy. In 12 Dialogues.* 12mo. pp. 361. 8s. A New and improved Edition. Miller. 1806.

THIS is a tolerable adaptation of "*Les misères du genre humain*," to the customs, habits, and feelings of Englishmen. Wit there is none, but to borrow Swift's joke, "*the pun-ic war*"

rages. The miseries not being worked up in a story, nor flowing naturally from incident and character, are rendered often tedious, and never very interesting. We laugh at one, groan at a second, gape at a third, and are just about to put down the book, when we perhaps obtain another laugh, and are tempted to proceed.

Many of the *miseries* are such as never happened to any body; and we find others about which there cannot be any *great* difference of opinion, whether a man be corporeally or mentally hip'd, or neither—for instance, the drawing of a double tooth by instalments; a needle run up his nail to the quick; the deep gash of a razor; the breaking of a leg; the kick of a horse! If the most reasonable man, and the greatest hypochondriac, think not and feel not very nearly alike on these occasions, we are exceedingly mistaken. The introductory matter is generally dull, and the reading of it may in a future edition be made a very sensible *groan*. This omitted, and the garden of miseries well weeded, would be an improvement.

The work is, as we hear, the production of a lady, and the quantity of "one solitary page," for which she confesses herself indebted to some one, is to be formed in all probability of the quotations. The good doctor who has lent his aid, is a "*græculus*," and when he quotes Greek; p. 45.

"The trees *sigh* to the wind, and loudly *groans* the oak," to lend a twig for his posteriors.

*Cromer, a Descriptive Poem.* 12mo. pp. 57. Ridgway. 1806.

THIS poem is not unworthy of the epithet which has been given to it. It describes, with considerable poetical force and beauty, the several romantic objects which distinguish the village of Cromer, that

——gratum littus amœni

Secessus——

which has lately become so attractive a scene of resort, to those who prefer ease and retirement on the sea coast, to the glare and bustle of Brighton, or the vulgarity and noise of Margate.

How competent the author of *Cromer* is to the task he has undertaken, a few short quotations shall enable the reader to judge.

No foot is heard upon the Jetty's base;  
I am alone—and leaning o'er its side  
I gaze in silence—thinking on the deep,  
Its dangers, and its wonders, and its paths,  
Dark, trackless, and unsearchable by all

▲ ▲ 2

Save by His eye who made earth, sea, and heav'n.  
 Fild with these thoughts, I ponder till my mind  
 Shrinks back in mute astonishment and awe.

'Tis good to be alone—it turns the view  
 Into the inward man, and makes him strive  
 To root the weeds of passion from his breast  
 That choke the growth of virtue. Who can gaze  
 Upon the green expanse of waters, though they seem  
 Smooth as the mirror which to beauty's eye  
 Reflects her graceful form, and not be rais'd  
 Above the low contentions of the world—  
 Not feel the glow that meditation gives,  
 Whose sacred musings lift him to his God?

The encroachment of the waves on some parts of the coast gives rise to the following lines. The moral reflection at the close is very solemn and impressive.

Yet does my curious eye in vain explore  
 The spot where still the mould'ring ruins lie,  
 Which (old tradition faint and doubtful tells)  
 Are the last fragments of the sacred pile  
 Which erst in Shipdon rear'd its lofty fane  
 In Gothic grandeur, when the Conqueror rul'd  
 With iron sceptre o'er his vassal realm,  
 Shipdon could boast its lordship's vast domains;  
 But the insatiate waters of the sea  
 With slow yet sure encroachment roll'd their waves,  
 Destructive as the silent march of time,  
 And buried Shipdon's honours in the deep.

And still the wave encroaches—still when storms  
 Swell high the wintry flood, and the rough tide  
 With angry billows shakes the mould'ring cliff,  
 Does he whose cottage beetles o'er its edge,  
 (An ærle on the mountain's craggy point,)  
 List the hoarse surge, and tremble at its voice.

Pass but a few short years, and, Cromer, thou,  
 Thy lovely vales, thy purple-blooming heaths,  
 Thy Gothic temple built in times remote,  
 And from decay more venerable, all may sink,  
 Lost in the ocean's fathomless abyss!  
 For all things human perish; and the eye  
 Weeps, as it dwells on History's faithful page,  
 O'er cities once that proudly stood, now fall'n!  
 O'er Babylon and Memphis, and o'er thee,  
 Still in thy ruins graceful, fair Palmyra,  
 O'er Athens, long for arts and arms renown'd,  
 O'er Thebes immortaliz'd by Pindar's verse,  
 And Carthage; once the mistress of the seas,  
 As thou art now, Britannia; but may fate

More kind thy destin'd course attend, and still  
As blest with freedom, bright in fame thou shin'st,  
May thy hand grasp the sceptre of the main!

Its moral tendency is indeed one great recommendation of this little poem. We shall quote another short passage, and then take our leave of it.

Why bleats yon lamb, as, hurrying to and fro,  
Anxious it seeks an outlet from the lane?  
Poor innocent! the cause of thy distress  
Well I conjecture; for as late I pass'd  
I saw thy fellows in the upland mead  
Grazing the plenteous herbage, and I mark'd  
The gap thro' which with careless step thou stray'dst.  
Be not afraid—I doom thee not to bleed,  
I am no butcher arm'd with murderous steel  
Against thy life; nor come I like a thief  
In night's deep gloom to snatch thee from thy home.  
Be confident; and I with friendly care  
Will drive thee back, and guide thee to thy flock.  
Oh! that with equal ease I could reclaim  
The wanderer from virtue; to his eye  
Shew the blest paradise his folly stray'd from;  
And o'er his mind, by true repentance soften'd,  
Could pour the strong conviction that "her ways  
Are ways of pleasantness—her paths are peace!"

The story of *Mary the Maniac* is an affecting episode, for which, on account of its length, we are sorry we must refer the reader to the poem. If our good word can afford any encouragement to the author, we trust the appearance of the *second part*, which depends on the reception of the *first*, will not long be withheld.

*The Poetical Works of W. J. Mickle; including several original Pieces, with a new Life of the Author. By the Reverend J. Sim, A. B.* 18mo. pp. 190. 5s. Symonds. 1806.

THE merits of Mickle as a poet are too well known to need recommendation, and when we add that the life here given is well drawn up, and calculated to further the interests of piety and virtue, we may reasonably hope that the work has its passport *par tout*.

*The Young Ladies' Assistant in writing French Letters, or Manuel Epistolaire à l'usage des Demoiselles.* 8vo. Deconchy. 1806.

This *manuel* is fitted to produce the end required—to accustom young ladies to acquire a fluency in conversation, through the useful practice of letter writing.



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## THE BRITISH STAGE.

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*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.* Cicero.  
 The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

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### DERMODY'S REMARKS ON THE DRAMA.

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MR. EDITOR,

MR. DERMODY, in his remarks on the dramatic writers, inserted in your last, notices the resemblance between *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*, and the hero of Mr. THEOBALD'S tragedy of the *Double Falshood*, but cannot pretend to determine whether Mr. Colman was aware of the similarity. Mr. Dermody does not seem himself to have been aware that *Cardento*, in *Don Quixote*, is the original from which both *Julio*, in the *Double Falshood*, and COLMAN'S *Octavian* are derived. Mr. Theobald's play, which Dermody thought might still be successfully introduced to the stage, was revived at Covent Garden about fifteen years ago, for the benefit of the late Mr. Wild, the prompter, and received very great applause.

The *Fatal Extravagance*, of which Dermody also speaks in high terms, was published in the name of Mr. Mitchell, an author in needy circumstances, but it is generally supposed to have been written by AARON HILL, for the purpose of relieving Mitchell's necessities. This piece has likewise been acted with much success within these few years, under the title of the *Prodigal*. Mr. Waldron gave it that title, and, with some alterations, produced it at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

Yours, &c.

MARCUS.

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### ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

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THE CAPRICIOUS LOVER, a comedy in five acts, in prose, by *Autreau*, 1718.

*Autreau* thought highly of his play, and, to say the truth, it possesses considerable merit, although it was so unfavourably received, on the first representation, that it required considerable interest to procure its repetition. The author reduced it to three acts, and added a prologue, in which *Lelio* sat at a table, writing. *Harlequin* came in, and asked him what he was about. *Lelio* answered;

that he was revising the *Capricious Lover*, and if the audience would permit it to be acted again, he had no doubt but that it would be successful; upon which he rose, and passed some compliments upon the candour and justice of the pit, conjuring them to give it a fair and an impartial hearing.

"Too proud to beg, too modest to demand,  
 "By merit only would he fall or stand:  
 "Nor enmity nor friendship interfering,  
 "He only asks a fair and candid hearing.  
 "If, after that, you should with scorn reject him,  
 "Or make one honest scruple to elect him,  
 "He'll lay his unadvised scheme aside,  
 "And frankly own himself not qualified."

The prologue was applauded, and the piece was heard with attention, but it did not please: it had, notwithstanding, another trial, upon the *Theatre du Palais Royal*, which was its last.

CARTOUCHE, a comedy in prose, by *Le Grand*, 1721.

This piece is founded on a fact, which caused a great consternation in France. It was written before *Cartouche* was apprehended, under the title of "The Robbers." It was not performed at that time, but afterwards altered and adapted to the circumstances of the case. On the first representation, the audience were so impatient that they would not permit the actors to finish the first scene of a little comedy called "*Æsop at Court*," but insisted upon *Cartouche* being acted immediately.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA, a tragedy, by *La Chapelle*.

An actor of the name of *D'Auvilliers*, jealous of the great reputation of *Baron*, played the part of *Eros* in this play, and had the baseness to give a sword, instead of a foil, to a performer who had to fight with *Baron*. The consequence was, that excellent performer was near falling a sacrifice; but the sword luckily struck against a button of his vest, and *Baron* only received a slight wound.

Madame la Dauphine (of Bavaria) could never see *D'Auvilliers* act, after this affair, without expressing her disapprobation. The man went mad, and was sent to a receptacle for lunatics at Charenton, where he died.

CATO OF UTICA, a tragedy by *Deschamps*, 1715.

The first representations of this play were attended by very full houses, and promised a long run; but all at once curiosity ceased, and it died a lingering death.

"Sometime before *Cato of Utica* appeared upon our stage," says a French journalist, "a play of the same name was performed upon the London theatre. It was written by the celebrated Addison, and was praised by all parties. The whole nation was at that time inflamed with faction: the Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap, to shew that the satire was unfelt."

"This piece," said Voltaire, "is above all praise, in its diction and versification. The part of *Cato* has my full approbation, and is much superior to *Cornelie*, in the *Pompey* of Corneille, for *Cato* is great without bombast. The *Cato* of Addison appears to me to be the most perfect character upon any stage; but the other parts do not correspond, and this work, so well written, is weakened by some insipid scenes of love."

*Deschamps'* play was translated into English, with a criticism upon the English play; but the translation and the critic are now forgotten.

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### ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

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DURING the year 1778, their majesties, in reviewing the summer encampments, visited Winchester, and honoured the college with their presence. Dr. Warton's house, at this period, was filled with men of high and acknowledged talents, amongst whom were Lord Palmerston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, T. Warton, and Garrick. To the last a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse that carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose and ran away. In this dilemma, assuming the attitude of *Richard*, he exclaimed amidst the astonished soldiers, "*A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*" which reaching the king's ears, he immediately asserted, "these must be the tones of Garrick; see if he is on the ground." Mr. G. was consequently found, and presented to his majesty, who, in addition to many other compliments, assured him, that his delivery of Shakespeare could never pass undiscovered.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## VERSES,

*Written upon reading "The Wanderer of Switzerland."*

HIGH o'er Underwalden's \* vale,  
Where her shadowy rocks aspire,  
Hark ! what sounds affright the gale,  
—Sounds of vengeance, death and fire.

Bright on yonder mountain-cloud,  
See the ghost of TELL afar ;  
Hark ! the thunders burst aloud,  
As he hastens to the war.

Heroes, who for Freedom bled,  
In your country's cause, arise !  
Vengeance calls you from the dead,  
Ere your bleeding country dies.

See again fair Freedom stand,  
Where your mountains pierce the sky ;  
Thunders lingering in her hand,  
Lightnings burning in her eye.

Swiftly on th' affrighted foe,  
Be those awful thunders hurl'd ;  
--Lightnings, lay the tyrant low !  
—Freedom shall avenge the world !

But in Freedom's cause, in vain  
Rose the spirits of the brave ;  
For they rose to die again  
On their dying country's grave.

Long upon the field of death,  
These their legion'd foes defied,  
Till grim Horror gasp'd for breath,  
Till the soul of Vengeance died !

\* The scene of the battle and massacre from which the "Wanderer" escaped.

Wanderer!—from that battle-plain,  
Where their bones in death repose,  
Then the spirits of the slain,  
To a Heaven of freedom rose.

Then the glorious ghost of TELL,  
Thro' the skies, in bright array,  
Led their awful shades, who fell  
In their country's dying day.

Wanderer! wipe that anxious tear;  
—Cease thy many griefs to flow!—  
Tho' ordain'd to linger here,  
Wilder'd on a waste of woe:

From the gulph of ruin dire,  
Tho' thy country rise no more,  
Is not thine the seraph lyre  
Which her guardian angel bore?

Strike again that magic lyre!  
—Hark, the startled mountains ring!  
Wake again that strain of fire;  
Freedom breathes in every string!

—Now let Pity softly weep,  
As the sounds of sorrow swell;  
As she bathes their dust, who sleep  
Where they conquer'd—where they fell.

—Calm, as evening's mildest ray,  
Sweetly fading in the west,  
Wanderer! be thy setting day;  
Weary wanderer, be thy rest!

On Columbia's \* sheltering shore,  
When thy toil-worn limbs repose;  
When thy voice shall sound no more,  
And thy fainting eye-lids close:

\* Alluding to the Wanderer's purpose, after the example of many of his countrymen, to seek a last refuge in some remote province of America.

O'er thy venerable tomb,  
 Freshen'd by renewing years,  
 Shall a sacred laurel bloom,  
 Water'd oft by Freedom's tears.

ALBERT's offspring, on those plains,  
 In their new-born country's tongue,  
 Oft shall consecrate the strains,  
 Which thine ardent genius sung.

Pausing oft to view thy grave,  
 Shall the youthful hero sigh;—  
 Learn to triumph with the brave,  
 With the valiant learn to die !  
 M—S.

*Belfast, June 12th, 1806.*

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BON SOIR LA COMPAGNIE.

*L'Attaignant.*

My fiftieth winter drawing near  
 Bids for approaching death prepare ;  
 How distant who can tell :  
 But I shall calmly meet my fate,  
 And close my term without regret—  
 Farewel, my friends, farewel !

Pleasure, my former ways, no more  
 Delights me as it did before,  
 Nor can it death repel ;  
 Then why, since bliss will not be bought,  
 And "man is but a thing of nought,"—  
 Forbear to bid farewel.

Where I shall wander—what await  
 Me, when I quit my present state,  
 But God alone can tell ;  
 Yet that great power, wise as just,  
 Forbids his mercy to mistrust ;  
 Farewel, my friends, farewel !

O. G.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY N—,

AT THE AGE OF 24.

I KNEW thee in thy day of love;  
 Ruddy with health, of beauty rare;  
 Long lost—I see thee slowly move  
 By mourners borne upon thy bier.

Thy little day of life was sown  
 With little joy, then why repine?  
 And I, that o'er thy sorrows mourn,  
 The earth next broken may be mine.

But bend me to his gracious will  
 Who can above our joys restore—  
 Can bid the beating heart “be still,”  
 The grief-swoll’n bosom “weep no more.”  
 O. G.

## LINES,

*Written on the Pier at Dover, after a Visit to Denton-Court, the  
 Seat of S. E. Brydges, Esq.*

DENTON! thy tranquil bowers have tun’d my heart  
 To such pure love of sylvan quietude,  
 That the gay tumult of this crowded mart  
 Seems irksome, and for solace much too rude.  
 Yon armed mounds, where rush the sons of war  
 To the trump’s clangor, bode no calm delight;  
 And round this peopled pier, a strife-like jar  
 Of voices, puts all soothing thought to flight.  
 Thy wood-crown’d walks, dear Denton! brought the coo  
 Of the mild dove on my unstartled ear;  
 Thy airy uplands did my slow step woo,  
 Thy verdant vallies could my dim sight cheer:  
 And all thy charms were heighten’d still to me  
 By life’s prime charm—refin’d society!

T. PARK.

## A PARODY.

"O Nancy! wilt thou go with me?"

O BETSEY! wilt thou go with me?

I'm sick to breathe the smoke of town;

We'll walk to Bagnigge and take tea;

Th' expence will be but half a crown:

If thou'lt in cleanly gown be drest

I'll put on my best coat so rare,

My *only* coat, of course, my *best*,

To please the fairest of the fair.

When first I squir'd thee to the play,

Did'st thou not think me smart behind?

Tails were the fashion of that day,

And I for fashion was design'd.

How often has my tortur'd pate

Extremes of lugging learnt to bear!

To soften my obdurate fate,

And please the fairest of the fair.

O Betsey! I'm a shaver true;

With razors keen to work I go;

But if thy swain mishap should rue,

And through the barber spoil a beau,

Say, if a basting should befall,

Could'st thou assume a fiercer air?

And tooth and nail to fighting fall

For me, thou fairest of the fair?

And if, at last, thy swain should be

By rude and filthy sailors prest,

Would'st thou be constant still to me,

And of my hammock make thy nest?

And would'st thou in the rigging lay,

Hang shirts, and take them down with care,

Nor yet regret the kitchen gay

Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

W. A.



## SONNET.

ON LEAVING A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

AINSWORTH, farewell ! I quit thy pastur'd meads,  
 Thy sylvan wood-walks, and thy grassy dells ;—  
 O Ainsworth ! severed from thy peaceful shades,—  
 Grief's tributary sigh my bosom swells.

No more, my rustic home ! the smiling morn  
 Shall meet me issuing from the margin'd field ;  
 Or 'midst green labyrinths of springing corn,  
 Shall mellow eve the wonted ramble yield !

Yet from thy blooming haunts though forced to rove,  
 Portioned with young regret, and doomed to part  
 From those who love me, and from those I love,—  
 Still, Ainsworth ! thou art pictured in my heart. —  
 That heart, that owns its best affections thine,  
 And where fond memory still shall call thee mine !

Plymouth.

W. BALL.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## HAYMARKET.

This theatre closed a successful season on Monday the 15th of September, with the following address.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen—This night concludes a season, the success of which has strongly proved the continuance of that ample encouragement so long bestowed by a liberal public on this theatre ; and calls for the warmest acknowledgments from the proprietors. The honour devolves on me to express to you their gratitude for your past favour, and to assure you that it will be their pride and study to merit it in future. The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg you to accept their humble thanks for the generous support you have given to their efforts ; and we most respectfully take our leave.”

## DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

An ample report of the novelties exhibited at these theatres shall be made next month.

## ROYAL CIRCUS.

SINCE our last notice of the amusements of this theatre, a new *petite piece* called the *Stage Letter*, and a ballet of action entitled the *False Friend, or Assassin of the Rocks*, have been produced. The *Stage Letter* is founded on an anecdote related in the memoirs of *Lee Lewes*. In our review of that article, the incident was recommended as worth the attention of our farce writers, but *Mr. Cross* has forestalled them, and with much ingenuity worked up the ludicrous story. *Mr. Slader*, who sings with humour and recites

with a propriety unknown to the rest of the company, played the part of *Buskin* with considerable effect. The *False Friend* will prove a true friend to the treasury, if an interesting story, well conducted, splendidly got up, and ably performed, is duly rewarded. The revived pantomime called the *Worceress of Strozzi* meets with great approbation, and *Mr. Read*, who mocks the players, receives tribute.

#### ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

*Mr. Astley, Junr.* according to public notice, terminated a very successful season on the 26th of September. His merits have entitled him to this liberal patronage, and the grateful labours of *Mrs. Astley*, and the rest of the performers, have been handsomely rewarded by benefits both crowded and deserved.

#### NEW OLYMPIC PAVILLION.

In Newcastle-street, Strand, by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, *Mr. Astley, Senr.* on the 18th of September opened the *New Olympic Pavillion*, for the exhibition of horsemanship, vaulting and pantomime. The theatre represents a spacious tent, and the arena in which the games and feats are performed is larger than that of the amphitheatre at Westminster Bridge. The boxes are elegant, but not calculated to hold many persons; the pit is larger, and in its common place, but the gallery is under the boxes, behind the pit. The whole space devoted to the spectators does not appear to be able to contain more than would produce 80l. The music is situated in an elevated orchestra on the left of the curtain, and the house is principally and all-sufficiently illuminated by twelve Grecian lamps of great brilliancy, suspended gracefully from the ceiling.

The performances consist chiefly of horsemanship, in which *Master Davis* distinguishes himself in a surprising manner. The excellence of *Mrs. Smith* is well known. The cavalcade with which the entertainments commence is truly grand and full of affect. Twelve horses enter with all their *apphippia*, richly caparisoned, first unmounted and then mounted, and by their evolutions form a very animating spectacle. After many varieties, which we have no room at present to enumerate, the whole concludes with a serio-comic pantomime called the *Indian Chief*, in which *Mrs. Parker* appeared to great advantage, and attracted, as formerly, much applause. This piece is interesting, and the scenery beautifully painted. We want however in pantomime what we shall perhaps soon have, our old friends the clown and harlequin. In consequence of being narrow in their limits, the scenes that meet are produced both on one side, and then joined, but it is managed with such skill as not to be very destructive of effect.

The bill of the night is prefaced by an appeal from *Mr. Astley, Senr.* to the public, in whose service he has spent much of a long life, and in the exertion of his profession, here and at Paris, experienced severe losses. We trust that this "old veteran" will meet with encouragement, and that the aged horse will by his masters be supported in ease and comfort, in this snug little paddock, to the end of his days.

## VAUXHALL.

THIS festive and delightful scene closed on the 3rd. of September with grand gala. The gardens were crowded, and the singing, the music, and the fireworks preserved all their brilliancy and eclat to the last. Mr. *Dignum* was the public orator on this occasion, and in a speech, *unequailed* by any, assured the company how much the manager was obliged to them for their warm patronage, notwithstanding the frequent inclemency of the season; and informed them that many exertions would be made to re-open the gardens next year with increased attractions. We do not pretend to give the words of the orator, but this was the substance—it was “*Apolline dignum*.” The success of the season has been great and deserved. It was never the intention, it seems, of the proprietor to let the gardens. The mistake originated in a desire to let Vauxhall Park, some ground behind them. The public have cause to rejoice.

## THE AMERICAN STAGE.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN BERNARD.

[Continued from page 132.]

MR. BERNARD appears to have been held in high estimation in London; and his secession from Covent Garden was deeply regretted by public admirers as well as private friends.

During his residence in London he produced several dramatic entertainments, which met with approbation. One of these, called “*The Poor Sailor, or Little Bob and Little Ben*,” was written partly for the purpose of bringing forward a young person, whose talents Mr. B. thought were not properly estimated. While residing in Plymouth, he kept a vocabulary of sea-phrases, which was of service in the composition of this piece. The songs, which the writer of this article is well assured were the entire production of Mr. Bernard, were printed and given away at the doors of the theatre. They were highly applauded; but from the unwillingness of the public to look favourably on a man in the two-fold capacity of author and actor, they were attributed to some other pen, and the real author never received the credit which was justly his due. Mr. B. is likewise the author of several fugitive pieces of poetry, which are now in the possession of the editor, and shall decorate some of the future numbers of the *Polyanthos*.

Mr. Bernard's first appearance on the American stage was made at New York, Aug. 17, 1797, in the character of *Goldfinch*, in the *Road to Ruin*. He was engaged by Mr. Wignell, and at the opening of the winter campaign was introduced to the Philadelphia audience in the characters of *Ruttkin* and *The Liar*. He continued at that place till the summer of 1803.

In the autumn of 1803, he was engaged by Mr. Powell, manager of the Boston theatre. He appeared in the character of *Humbrey Gubbins*, in the *Battle of Hexham*, and received from a brilliant audience the most unequivocal demonstrations of applause. His professional talents and reputable conduct in private life have recommended him to the public favour.

Curiosity is fixed on the figure of men who have filled any unusual space in

the public eye. Mr. Bernard's person is of the middling size and well made, his complexion ruddy, and hair dark. His great power in varving his features enables him, as it were, to identify himself with the person he is to represent. To this the compass of his voice and the accuracy of his ear greatly contribute; while his eye has the happy faculty of *looking the passion* he means to express. To these advantages for forming an actor, may be added a discriminating judgment and a taste improved by cultivation.

Whatever merit attaches to industry in his profession, may be justly considered as belonging to Mr. Bernard. He studies the sense of his author with indefatigable diligence; and is always at home in the various parts which he undertakes to act. An enlightened audience, which will not be insulted with impunity by the culpable negligence of actors, appreciates this respectful attention more than is generally imagined.

His range of acting has been extensive—from the most polished gentleman to the most awkward clown, through the intermediate families of fops, humourists, and distinctive characters of various kinds. Our limits will only allow us to mention such as *Lord Ogleby*, *Goldfinch*, *Shewa*, in *The Benevolent Hebrew*, the *Jew* in the *Jew and Doctor*, *Nipperkin*, *Dennis Brulgruddery*, *Farmer Ashfield*, *Ruttekin*, *Lovegold*, and *Diddler*. All which characters, and many more, it is well known, have been personated by him with great applause.

Mr. Bernard's *Lord Ogleby*, which appeared first on one of the London theatres, at the same time the celebrated Mr. King was playing in the same character at the other, was alone sufficient to have made the former rank high on the list of the distinguished actors of the age. Since that period he has improved much in this part, and since the death of Mr. King, it is presumed by those who have seen it performed in Europe as well as America, Mr. Bernard's assumption would not suffer by a comparison with that of any performer now on the stage.

We must still be indulged in just touching on his uncommon success in the difficult part of *Lovegold*, in the *Miser*. This he played in Boston the winter before last, for the first time in his life. In it, he displayed the skill of a master; for it proved to be his *chef d'œuvre*. It has been said by a person who has seen Moliere's *Miser* performed in Paris, and Fielding's in London, that it is doubtful in his mind, whether this character has not been exhibited with as much fidelity to nature, in Boston, as in either of those capitals. The lesson, on the miserable consequences resulting from an inordinate love of riches, could not have been more strongly impressive. Nor could the ill-sorted connexion of avarice and gallantry have been more effectually exposed to ridicule, than it was by Mr. Bernard in this character of *Lovegold*, aided by Mrs. Shaw in that of *Lappet*. It is but justice to say, her representation was highly spirited and correct. The inimitable comic humour interspersed in the principal scene between them, must have set all human gravity of muscles at defiance. In the excess of frantic feeling, when the miser discovers he has been robbed of his darling treasure, Bernard rose with his subject; and without ranting, or outstepping "the modesty of nature," he expressed by turns the furious yet debilitating passions of rage, grief, and despair, with their appropriate characteristics, and with uncommon effect.

It is with great satisfaction we have to add, that the person of whom we are now treating is not less estimable for his moral, than respectable in his professional character. He is entitled to the better plaudit for having performed well all the relative duties of life. He is a constant and serious attendant on religious worship. He was a good husband. During the last winter he lost an excellent wife, with whom he had lived many years in the greatest conjugal happiness. By her he has three children, to whom he is a tender and indulgent parent, and for whose welfare he is solicitous to realize a competent and independent provision. This induces him, however liberal in his disposition, to attend to a strict economy in the management of his affairs. His salary and benefits have been so handsomely productive, that he has laid up money since he has been in America. His prospects are now still more favourable than they have been.

The theatre in Boston has been let by the proprietors, for five years, to the present managers, of whom Mr. B. is one. He embarked for England, a few days ago, to bring out a reinforcement to the company. We sincerely wish that he may meet with success; that the public may be gratified with the elegant and interesting amusement of a well regulated and improved theatre; and that the managers and all concerned may be generally rewarded for their honest endeavours to provide this rational gratification for the town.

*Newbury Street, April 1806.*

### PROVENCIAL DRAMA, &c.

*Theatre BIRMINGHAM.*—Macready has closed his theatre with the following address:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As this night concludes the season, I cannot deny myself the gratification of offering my acknowledgments for the support I have experienced; and though the season may not have been so productive as heretofore, yet it by no means diminishes the sincere and grateful sensations which your kindness and liberality have impressed indelibly on my mind; and to merit a continuation of your kindness, neither pains, trouble, or expence shall be spared in providing for your future entertainment. A report has been industriously propagated, that I purposed resigning the direction of this theatre; how or where such an idea could originate, I am at a loss even to guess, as the thought never entered my mind, nor shall it while I can, by the most unwearied assiduity, prove worthy of that patronage and protection with which you have hitherto honoured me. With pride I have received your favours, with gratitude I acknowledge them, and the recollection of your kindness can only cease with my life. The performers in general unite in returning their warmest thanks for the support and encouragement with which you have favoured them, and sincerely wishing you health, prosperity, and happiness, we cordially and respectfully bid you farewell."

This address was received with the most unbounded applause, by a very respectable and numerous audience.

*Theatre Sheffield.*---Our theatre opened on the 4th, for a month only, during which our managers promised us the gratification of seeing several *stars* of the first magnitude. Only one has yet appeared, viz. *Miss Smith*, who, I am sorry to say, has played to very indifferent houses. Mr. Bengough and Mr. Andrews, from the theatre royal Manchester, have also joined the company. In the line of tragedy and genteel comedy, Mr. Bengough possesses much sterling merit. Mr. Andrews, as a low comedian, is already a great favourite here; his *Timothy Quaint*, *Sharp*, in the Lying Valet, and *Tony Lumpkin* afforded a rich treat to the laughter-loving gods. Mr. Holbrook, in some of the old men, is very respectable. Of the rest the less we say the better, with the exception of Mrs. Helme, who, in pert chambermaids, is a sprightly little actress, and a very pleasing singer. We have also had a *Comic Roscius* performing here, but as the rage for *baby acting* is gone by, he did not prove attractive. Of his merits, I must at present defer giving any account, having seen him perform but once.

August 16th, 1806.

A TOWNSMAN.

*Theatre Royal Glasgow.*---Not having witnessed the exertions of *Miss Smith*, my report is necessarily defective. This lady was succeeded by *Hill* of Covent Garden, and Mrs. Atkins, who, during the race, and the succeeding week, exhibited themselves in various comic operas, which, to the credit of our provident managers, were seldom cast, or even announced to the green-room or the orchestra, forty eight hours before representation. In such circumstances no rational amusement could be received, and little pleasure of any kind expected. I have ever entertained an opinion, that a theatre is not the place where a professional singer should be expected to exhibit his talents. At an opera, or in a concert room, I might relish the mere "concord of sweet sounds," divested of even a particle of intellectual enjoyment. Upon the boards of a theatre royal, a performer that can convey to an audience the sentiments of his author, tho' he can chant merely in tune, I prefer to a whole "sea and landful," of bravura singers. At all events, under such delectable management as I have already hinted at, I do not believe even the most enthusiastic of the dilettanti thought himself compensated for his ticket by the exertions of Mr. Hill and Mrs. Atkins.

One of the most ordinary consequences of an obliquity of understanding is to confound an effect for its cause. The bad success of our managers is by them attributed to the highness of their salaries to performers, these must be reduced to the level of the receipts of the house!! All this too when the experience of every Tyro proves, that the receipts of the Edinburgh house are uniformly in proportion to the merits of the company. Hence the two seasons of 1801, 1802, &c. filled the coffers of the managers; hence the lamentable reverse of the two or three last years. In fact, under proper management, as much (I think more) money might be drawn by a good company in Edinburgh than even in Dublin.

Acting upon such wise principles, almost all our performers, that either have or promise merit, are either dismissed, their salaries reduced, or are obliged to submit to such rigorous terms as the prejudice or the ignorance

of their rulers may choose to impose. Turpin and his wife are gone; Mrs. Orger has departed; Mr. Mason is off, and Mr. Gibbon, with his wife, are already with a new company. Shaw, the most accurate of singers, and a good representative of Scots characters, soon takes his leave. Berry, the now support of this stage, hardly remains, the managers conceiving 40s. weekly fully adequate to his deserts. Dwyer had taken his leave, and advertised recitation, &c. He however made in time, and after much boggling, the most implicit submissions to the managers. Instead of playing, as before, but what and when he pleased, he is now bound to exhibit himself at what times, and in what shapes, his masters may incline. The swallowing such a pill, however bitter, will conduce to his advantage, by purging his excessive vanity, and physicking his self love, which was becoming daily more and more ridiculous.

I know not if I have hitherto stated, that the share of Mr. Aickin is transferred to Rock, who now acts as joint, or rather deputy manager. If the dismissals and system above mentioned be justly imputable, as fame says, to him, he perfectly confirms the opinion I had long since formed of his capacity as an actor, a manager, and a man. I am, &c. JUSTUS.

P. S. The company proceed soon to Greenock.

*Theatre Royal GLASGOW.*—An attempt has at length been made to rectify some of the most gross and palpable blunders in the construction of our stage and two shilling gallery, &c.—These alterations, however, are too trifling, too contemptible ever to produce much good—but as they are not yet fully completed, I shall defer speaking of them in detail until another opportunity.

The house was opened on the 18th of July, and closed on the 28th. During this short space, Mr. Hill and Mrs. Atkins, of Covent Garden theatre, were the principal objects of attraction. Of course the performances were all in the operatic line; and it is but justice to say that, though neither of these performers are stars of the first magnitude, yet both acquitted themselves with decency and propriety. But what could even the united talents of *Braham* and *Billington* have done when so miserably supported! Our *sage* managers have reduced an originally pitiful and imbecile company almost to nothing! Mr. Toms remains in Edinburgh, teaching elocution—Mr. and Mrs. Turpin and Mr. and Mrs. Macgibbon have left us for England, as have several others of inferior note; and our *dashing* hero, Mr. John Dwyer, has made an excursion as far north as Aberdeen.—In lieu of all these performers, the managers have engaged who? Mr. Eyre!!! A gentleman who, let him exert himself as he may, still

“From hollow chest the low sepulchral note,

“Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.”

Extraordinary, however, as this “declension which we all now mourn for” may appear, managers have brought it about for the express purpose of reducing the company of the *Theatres Royal* of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to a *mumming* scheme fit for the meridian of Greenock!! Thither they are therefore gone, with the intention of remaining until our winter campaign commences. The Greenock theatre is said to hold about 40 pounds. De r-

ing our short season the following benefits were taken, viz. Mr. Hill, (English Fleet) 112l. Mr. Knox, (School of Reform) 58l. and Mrs. Atkins, (Haunted Tower) 35l.

In imitation of our superiors, we too have had a theatrical *fracas*. At the end of the first act, on the second night of Mr. Hill's engagement, he came forward habited as *Captain Macheath*, and appealed to the audience respecting the ungenerous, not to say ungentlemanly, conduct of Mr. Rock, as a manager. Then, after having respectfully apologized and solicited permission of the audience, Mr. Hill, proceeded to read an ample detail of his grievances. The charges seemed principally concerning Mr. Rock's refusing to abide by the established usage and practice of theatres respecting the time and manner of publishing benefit bills, &c. and for an attempt to extend Mr. Hill's engagement beyond the original term. Mr. Hill also informed the audience that neither he nor Mrs. Atkins had any remuneration whatever, from managers, but that they depended solely on the chance of their benefits. The house patiently heard these circumstances detailed, but Mr. Rock was so anxious to reply that he would not "hear" his antagonist out. He therefore also made his appearance on the stage, and requested to be heard—but then the most tremendous cries of off! off! go on—no, no—bravo—hear him, &c. were for a considerable time reiterated from every part of the house; silence being however, at least in a great measure, procured, Mr. Rock stated nearly in substance as follows. "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to be heard for one single moment, and I make no doubt, but that I will to your satisfaction, completely rebutt the allegations of that gentleman." (*Pointing to Mr. Hill, just coming on at the wing.*) I pledge my honour, my life! (*here a long pause ensued, Mr. Rock being seemingly very much embarrassed for words to express his meaning.*) "Yea more (what I may say I value more than life) the good will of the citizens of this town, that all Mr. Hill's statements will turn out false."

This kind of entertainment lasted more than half an hour, when the audience became tired, and without having heard either to an end, requested the play to go on, which request was readily complied with. The dispute I understand was compromised next morning; since all has remained perfectly quiet.

Theatricals being the subject, permit me, Mr. Editor, to offer a few remarks on the criticism of the pamphlet entitled "the Queen Street Ghost," which appeared in the MIRROR for August last signed, "an enemy of calumniators." The author of the *Ghost* being at present in a distant part of his majesty's dominions, my love of truth and justice the more readily induces me to volunteer in the cause. But "without more circumstance at all," I proceed to the task, and have only to select the "enemy's" first quotation to prove that he himself is one of the most *uncandid* critics and malevolent of all *calumniators*. "Two articles both indispensibly necessary to a theatre are not blundered, they are omitted." Page 5. In the text the passage runs thus. "Among the actors, the inconvenience of the dressing rooms is the subject of universal complaint: it is some consolation, however, to reflect, that two articles, both indispensibly necessary to a theatre, are not blundered,



*viz. a property room, and thunder box !—no they are omitted altogether !* The above specimen of the “*enemy’s*” honesty and accuracy in quotation will suffice ! Indeed, to refute all his cavils, and restore the sentences which he has so dexterously mangled, would be paying him too much attention, it would literally be answering “a fool according to his folly.”

ARGUS.

## DOMESTIC EVENTS.

### LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

FRIDAY SEPT 4.

*Downing-Street, September 4, 1806.*

A dispatch has been this day received by the Right Hon. William Windham, one of his Majesty’s Principal Secretaries of State, from Major-General Sir John Stuart, commanding his Majesty’s troops acting in Calabria, of which the following is a copy;

Camp on the Plain of Maida,  
July 6, 1806.

Sir,

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I have the honour of reporting to you, for the information of his majesty, the particulars of an action, in which the French army, quartered in this province, have sustained a signal defeat by the troops under my command.

General Regnier, having been apprized of our disembarkation at St. Eufemia, appears to have made a rapid march from Reggio, omitting, as he advanced, his detached corps, for the purpose of attacking, and with his characteristic confidence of defeating us.

On the afternoon of the 3d inst. I received intelligence that he had that day encamped near Maida, about ten miles distant from our position, that his force consisted, at the moment, of about 4000 Infantry, and 300 cavalry, together with four pieces of artillery, and that he was in expectation of being joined within a day or two by 3000 more troops, who were marching after him in a second division.

I determined therefore to advance towards his position, and, having left four companies of Watteville’s regiment under Major Fisher to protect the stores, and occupy a work which had been thrown up at our landing place, the body of the army marched the next morning according to the following detail:—

*Advanced Corps.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Kempt, with two 4 pounders, Light Infantry Battalion. Detachment Royal Corsican Rangers. Detachment Royal Sicilian Volunteers.

*1st Brigade.*—Brigadier General Cole, with three 4-pounders. Grenadier Battalion. 27th Regiment.

*2nd Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Ackland, with three 4-pounders. 78th regiment. 81st regiment.

*3rd Brigade*—Colonel Oswald, with two 4-pounders, 59th regiment, Watteville's regiment, five companies.

*20th Regiment*, Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, landed during the action.

*Reserve of Artillery*—Major Lemoine. Four 6-pounders and two howitzers.

Total—Rank and file, including the Royal Artillery, 4795.

Gen. Regnier was encamped on the side of a woody hill, below the village of Maida, sloping into the plain of St. Eufemia; his flanks were strengthened by a thick impervious underwood. The Amato, a river perfectly fordable, but of which the sides are extremely marshy, ran along his front; my approach to him from the sea side (along the borders of which I directed my march, until I had nearly turned his left) was across a spacious plain, which gave him every opportunity of minutely observing my movements.

After some loose firing of the flankers to cover the deployments of the two armies, by nine o'clock in the morning the opposing fronts were warmly engaged, when the prowess of the rival nations seemed now fairly to be at a trial before the world, and the superiority was greatly and gloriously decided to be our own.

The corps which formed the right of the advanced line, was the battalion of light infantry commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Kempt, consisting of the light companies of the 20th, 27th, 35th, 58th, 61st, 81st, and Watteville's, together with 150 chosen battalion men of the 35th regiment, under Major Robinson. Directly opposed to them, was the favourite French regiment the *Ire. Legere*. The two corps at the distance of about 100 yards, fired reciprocally a few rounds, when, as if by mutual agreement, the firing was suspended, and in close compact order and awful silence, they advanced towards each other, until their bayonets began to cross. At this momentous crisis the enemy became appalled. They broke, and endeavoured to fly, but it was too late; they were overtaken with the most dreadful slaughter.

Brigadier General Ackland, whose brigade was immediately on the left of the light infantry, with great spirit availed himself of this favourable moment to press instantly forward upon the corps in his front; the brave 78th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Macleod, and the 81st regiment, under Major Plenderleath, both distinguished themselves on this occasion. The enemy fled with dismay and disorder before them, leaving the plain covered with their dead and wounded.

The enemy being thus completely discomfited on their left, began to make a new effort with their right, in the hopes of recovering the day. They were repulsed most gallantly by the brigade under Brigadier-General Cole. Nothing could shake the undaunted firmness of the grenadiers under Lieutenant-Colonel O'Gallaghan, and of the 27th regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. The cavalry, successively repelled from before their front, made an effort to turn their left, when Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, who had that morning landed from Messina with the 20th regiment, and was coming up to the army during the action, having observed the movement, threw his regiment opportunely into a small cover upon the flank, and by a heavy and well directed fire, entirely disconcerted this attempt.

This was the last feeble struggle of the enemy, who now, astonished and

dismayed by the intrepidity with which they were assailed, began precipitately to retire, leaving the field covered with carnage. Above 700 bodies of their dead have been buried upon the ground. The wounded and prisoners already in our hands (among whom are General Compere, and an Aid-de-Camp, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Swiss regiment, and a long list of officers of different ranks) amount to above 1000. There are also above 1000 men left in Monteleone and the different posts between this and Reggio, who have mostly notified their readiness to surrender, whenever a British force shall be sent to receive their submission, and to protect them from the fury of the people. The peasantry are hourly bringing in fugitives, who dispersed in the woods and mountains after the battle. In short, never has the pride of our presumptuous enemy been more severely humbled, nor the superiority of the British troops more gloriously proved, than in the events of this memorable day.

His Majesty may, perhaps, still deign to appreciate more highly the achievements of this little army, when it is known that the second division which the enemy were said to be expecting had all joined them the night before the action; no statement that I have heard of their numbers places them at a less calculation than 7000 men.

Our victorious infantry continued the pursuit of the routed enemy so long as they were able; but as the latter dispersed in every direction, and we were under the necessity of preserving our order, the trial of speed became unequal.

The total loss occasioned to the enemy by this conflict cannot be less than 4000 men. When I oppose to the above our small comparative loss, as underneath detailed, his majesty will, I hope, discern in the fact, the happy effects of that established discipline to which we owe the triumphs by which our army has been latterly so highly distinguished.

I am now beginning my march southward preparatory to my return to Sicily, for which station I shall re-embark with the army, as soon as his Sicilian majesty shall have arranged a disposition of his own forces to secure those advantages which have been gained by the present expedition.

There seldom has happened an action in which the zeal and personal exertions of individuals were so imperiously called for as in the present; seldom an occasion where a general had a fairer opportunity of observing them.

The general officers, and those who commanded regiments, will feel a stronger test of their merits in the circumstances that have been detailed of their conduct, than in any eulogium I could presume to pass upon them.

The 58th and Watteville's regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonels Johnson and Watteville, which formed the reserve, under Colonel Oswald, were ably directed in their application to that essential duty.

The judgment and effect with which our artillery was directed by Major Lemoine, was, in our dearth of cavalry, of most essential use; and I have a pleasure in reporting the effective services of that valuable and distinguished corps.

To the several departments of the army, every acknowledgment is due: but to no officer am I bound to express them so fully, on my part, as to Lieu-

tenant Colonel Bunbury, the deputy quarter-master general, to whose zeal and activity, and able arrangements in the important branch of service which he directs, the army as well as myself are under every marked obligation.

From Captain Tomlin, the acting head of the adjutant general's department, and from the officers of my own family, I have received much active assistance. Among the latter I am to mention Lieutenant Colonel Moore, of the 23d Light Dragoons, who being in Sicily for his health at the time of our departure, solicited permission to accompany me on this expedition; he was wounded in the execution of my orders.

From the medical department, under the direction of Mr. Grieves, the deputy inspector, I am to acknowledge much professional attention; the more so as their labours have been greatly accumulated by the number of wounded prisoners, who have become equally with our own the subject of their care.

The scene of action was too far from the sea to enable us to derive any direct co-operation from the navy; but Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who had arrived in the bay the evening before the action, had directed such a disposition of ships and gun-boats as would have greatly favoured us, had events obliged us to retire. The solicitude, however, of every part of the navy to be of use to us, the promptitude with which the seamen hastened on shore with our supplies, their anxiety to assist our wounded, and the tenderness with which they treated them, would have been an affecting circumstance to observers even the most indifferent. To me it was particularly so.

Captain Fellowes, of his majesty's ship Apollo, has been specially attached to this expedition by the rear admiral; and, in every circumstance of professional service, I beg leave to mention our grateful obligations to this officer, as well as to Captains Cocket and Watson, agents of transports, who acted under his orders.

Captain Bulkeley, my aid-de-camp, who will have the honour of presenting this letter to you, has attended me throughout the whole of the services in the Mediterranean, and will therefore be able to give you every additional information on the subject of my present communication.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. STUART, Maj. Gen.

*Return of killed and wounded.*

**Royal Artillery.**---2 horses killed; 3 gunners wounded.

**Grenadier Battalion.**---4 rank and file killed; 1 officer, 1 serjeant, 25 rank and file wounded.

**Light Infantry Battalion.**---1 officer, 7 rank and file killed; 1 officer, 1 drummer, 41 rank and file wounded.

**20th Foot.**---1 rank and file killed; 1 drummer, 5 rank and file wounded.

**27th Foot, 1st Batt.**---6 rank and file killed; 1 serjeant, 48 rank and file wounded.

**58th Foot, 1st Batt.**---2 rank and file wounded.

**78th Foot, 2d Batt.**---4 rank and file killed; 7 officers, 4 serjeants, 1 drummer, 69 rank and file wounded.

81st Foot, 1st Batt.—3 serjeants, 16 rank and file, killed; 2 officers, 1 serjeant, 62 rank and file, wounded.

Regiment of Watteville.—3 rank and file wounded.

Royal Corsical Rangers.—3 rank and file killed; 5 rank and file wounded.

Total.—1 officer, 3 serjeants, 41 rank and file killed; 11 officers, 8 serjeants, 2 drummers, 261 rank and file wounded.

*Names of officers killed and wounded.*

*Killed.*—Light Infantry Batt.—Captain M<sup>r</sup> Leane, of 20 Foot.

*Wounded.*—Grenadier Batt.—Major Hammill, of Royal Regiment of Malta.

Light Infantry Batt.—Major Paulet of 44th Foot, severely.

73d Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieut. Colonel Macleod; Major D. Stuart; Captains D. M<sup>r</sup>Pherson, and D. M<sup>r</sup>Gregor; Lieut. James M<sup>r</sup>Kay; Ensigns Colin M<sup>r</sup>Kenzie and Peter M<sup>r</sup>Gregor.

81st Foot, 1st Batt.—Captain Waterhouse; Lieutenant and Adjutant Ginger.

Staff.—Lieutenant Colonel Moore, of the 23d Light Dragoons, acting Aid-de-Camp to Major-General Sir John Stuart.

R. Tomlin, Assist. Adj. Gen.

The court of common council have met for the purpose of determining, by ballot, which of the models should be adopted for a monument, to be erected in Guildhall, to the memory of the illustrious William Pitt; and, having examined five models, recommended by the committee as most worthy, the court adopted the model numbered 12, and referred it to the committee to give directions for the execution of the same. It consists of four large figures; the one on the top is Mr. Pitt, in his chancellor's robes, holding out his right hand in an oratorical attitude, with Wisdom on one side, and Prudence on the other. —Britannia, on a sea-horse, is also represented underneath, with several appropriate emblems. The price given in with this model was 3675l. It is to be placed at the east end of the hall, opposite that of the late Earl of Chatham.

A beautiful young lady in the north of Ireland, having been compelled by her father to marry a gentleman of fortune, though she had promised her hand to another, took poison in her tea the morning after her marriage, while at breakfast with her husband, and expired in less than an hour.

The ninety-six Jew deputies are very constant in their sittings at Paris. They dress in black, and deliberate with heads uncovered. A guard of honour of fifty men attends at the door, and turns out with presented arms on the arrival and departure of the deputies. Such as have no equipages of their own, are conveyed thither and back in the emperor's carriages.

At a late trial for crim. con. one of the witnesses, a simple fellow, who lived in the family, was asked, if he ever suspected that the lady in question was unfaithful to her husband's bed? He said, "He never did, for he could safely swear, that he did not believe there was a woman in the kingdom that loved her bed better."

AMERICA.—The following is an accurate account of the wealth, resources, population, &c. of this country, during the years 1804 and 1805. It cannot but be interesting to our readers:—

	1804.	1805.
Free persons, including Louisiana, - - - - -	5000000	5154000
slaves, increase near $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. an. - - - - -	909900	1209004
Total population, - - - - -	6000000	6180000
Total increase in each year, - - - - -	228582	180000
Persons to each square mile, - - - - -	3	3
Improved lands, - - - - -	98030000	39400000
Cultivated land per acre, - - - - - D	6 00	6 25
Lands in their natural state per acre, - - - - D	2 15	2 20
Militia, - - - - -	1050000	1100000
Navy, { Vessels, - - - - -	20	24
{ Guns, - - - - -	500	574
Seamen, - - - - -	64000	66000
European emigrants, - - - - -	5000	4600
Merchandise imported, - - - - - D	80000000	96000000
Domestic produce exported, - - - - - D	40477879	42087000
Total exports, - - - - - D	77069074	90666021
Tons merchant vessels (1803 and 1804), - - - -	1107323	1443455
Average labour per day, - - - - - D	0 75	0 75
Impost on merchandize and tonnage (1803 and 1804)	10479417	11295565
Total receipts (ibid) - - - - -	11004097	11826300
Civil list and contingencies (ibid) - - - - -	576748	674795
Total expenditure (ibid) - - - - -	11158933	12612112
Metallic medium, - - - - -	17500000	18000000
Bank notes in circulation, - - - - -	14000000	15000000
Banking capital, - - - - -	39500000	43000000
Number of banks, - - - - -	39	72
Nominal public debt, - - - - -	97939026	97232005
Active sinking fund and reimbursements deducted, -	20208048	25406958
Custom-house bonds and cash in the treasury, - -	16500000	18000304
Number of acres sold to pay the public debt, at 2 to		
6 dollars per acre, - - - - -	1293336	1912602
Proceeds of sales, - - - - - D	2388509	4126462

MR. GRATTAN.—The following description has been given of this celebrated orator:—"He is a thin man, of a peculiar cast of features, scarce the middle height—but thin as he is, he has a soul that would wear out half a dozen bodies."

It is calculated that 1300 persons have either perished or are dreadfully maimed by the late explosion of the magazine at Malta. The principal sufferers are the Maltese, who chiefly lived near the place. One man has lost his wife and six children; others nearly the same; and whole families are buried together. Those who escaped momentary death, perhaps, are shockingly disfigured and maimed, and crawling about in a miserable condition. Fourteen

artillerymen, who were in the magazine, were, of course, blown to atoms. The band of a regiment (the 39th) were just playing "God Save the King" near the place; two men were killed on the spot—the whole remainder were much wounded. The guards on duty were killed.

The magazine is situated on the side of the water opposite to the city of Valetta; it is called Barmola. Stones were thrown over, some to the distance of two miles. It was situated close to the water side, and the bed of the sea was so shook by it, that it rose up and overflowed the banks. Two vessels (small ones) were sunk. Immense stones were thrown up, which fell into the water; others on the ships and rigging; one which fell on a vessel just arrived, weighed one hundred weight.

The guard-ship, the Madras man of war, was moored some distance from the disastrous place; but a stone fell upon the quarter-deck, and broke the thigh of the gunner, who had lately arrived. A Mr. Woodhouse, who, with his brother, has a great wine-making concern in Sicily, has lost 250 pipes of it, worth nearly 7000*l*. they were at some little distance from the place; but the shock was so great, that the casks burst. The churches were filled with the dead. It is supposed that the men were employed in cutting away the fuses from the shells, or doing something like that, when, by some means, a spark arose. The merchants have begun a subscription of 20*l*. a piece for the relief of the poor sufferers. A whole town may be said to be destroyed.

The accident happened about a quarter past six o'clock in the morning of the 18th of July. It was reported, that there were buried in the ruins 1000 barrels of gun-powder that are in danger; but we hope this is untrue.

MUNGO PARKE.—The following statement respecting this adventurous traveller bears date Goree, July 28th:—"About the 12th inst. one of Mr. Parke's guides arrived here with a letter from him, dated Nov. 10, at Sansanding, on the Niger, a little to the eastward of Sego, confirming the death of Mr. Anderson, surgeon, with the addition that Mr. Scott, an artist, was dead; in short, there only remained himself, Lieut. Martyn, and three soldiers of the African corps. He had ascertained that the Niger joins the river Congo, which empties itself into the South Atlantic Ocean, and for the purpose of exploring the same, he had procured a canoe from the King of Bambarra, and had proceeded considerably farther before the guide left him, and he had then great hopes of soon making the coast. A subsequent report, by a Mandango, is unpleasant, but, as it cannot be relied on, there are still hopes that he is living. The guide who brought his letter says, that he saw Mr. Parke to the eastward of Sansanding, after the date of his letter. He also reports that there was an English ship in the Gambia, that had letters on board from Mr. Parke for his majesty's secretary of state."

A money-lender advertises to *do business in two hours*. There is no extraordinary expedition in that---a pickpocket would do it in a *second*.

Judge Toler, now Lord Norbury, at a public dinner with Curran, the celebrated Irish lawyer.---Toler observing Curran carving a piece of corned beef, told him "if it was hung beef he would try it." "If you try it, my lord, (replied Curran) I am sure it will be *hung*."

It is not unworthy of remark, that General Regnier is the very officer

who commanded the French garrison at Cairo, and made a furious charge against Menou, in which he asserted, that Egypt was lost by the incapacity of Menou, instead of being won by the valour of the English. It is further to be observed, that General Stuart commanded the English garrison in Alexandria, and is the very officer whom Sebastiani, Bonaparte's commercial spy, in his famous visit to Egypt, represented as an officer of inferior talents. The victory of St. Euphemia has completely refuted these aspersions.

An inquest was lately held on the body of David George, of Swansea, a poor industrious fisherman, who lost his life on the preceding night, in the following singular manner :---Some unexpected success in the morning of the preceding day, induced him to go out to fish off the Pierhead late in the evening, accompanied by his son and two men : they had drawn the net on shore, and whilst George was clearing it, observing a small sole entangled in the meshes of the net, he put the head of the fish between his teeth to draw it through (a common practice we understand among fishermen) ; but whether in so doing, or going to open his mouth afterwards, cannot be ascertained, the fish slipped into his throat and choked him in a few minutes. Medical assistance was obtained with all possible speed ; but every effort to extract the sole proved unavailing, while a chance of saving the man's life remained ; nor was it until the operation of opening the wine-pipe had been performed that the whole of the fish could be removed. The jury returned a verdict of--- *Accidental death.*

**THE JEWISH PEOPLE.**---*Letter to the Emperor Napoleon, by M. Jacobson, agent of finances to the court of Brunswick :---*“Sire,—Penetrated with sentiments of the most profound veneration, and filled with that admiration which those extraordinary men always excite, who, at different periods, are chosen by the Eternal to ennoble the human race, I approach your majesty's throne with all that confidence the great actions with which you have caused the astonished world to resound are calculated to inspire.

I have not the happiness of being numbered among the people for whose advantage you sacrifice all the moments of your life. I belong not to that happy country to which you have called back peace. I am one of the unfortunate Jewish people against whom ignorance and superstition have leagued, in order to degrade them and render them the opprobrium of every other nation ; but the Lord of Hosts has chosen you to give happiness to the world, and the Jews are a part of that world. I belong to that people whose misery has for more than 1000 years in vain implored the compassion and the humanity of sovereigns---to that people who expected in you their Saviour, and who in you, sire, have found him !

I have constantly endeavoured to promote the happiness of my countrymen by civilizing them ; and my efforts have been crowned with the happiest success. I have at last been able to interest several German princes in favour of the Jewish people. I have obtained for my unfortunate brethren the abolition of an infamous tax. I have established, at my own expence, an institution for the instruction of Jewish children, and in which there are at present more than twenty Christian children. Now, however, I place



no limits to my hopes, since I have the happiness to raise my suppliant voice to the throne of your majesty.

Deign, sire, to extend your beneficent views to the Jews who inhabit the countries adjoining to your vast empire. If you confine your benefits to that part of my brethren who are among your majesty's subjects, how much will still remain to be desired! How will it be possible to surmount the obstacles which the difference of the French administration and that of other states will place between them and us? The commercial relations of France and Germany require a constant intercourse between the Jews of these countries; but what Jew, inhabiting your states, would degrade the title of French citizen, by the humiliations and vexations which the system of administration in Germany would make him experience? Would he choose his spouse among a people rendered infamous by the laws of the country which they inhabit?

How great and sublime is the enterprize of breaking the chains of a people unjustly oppressed! Who but a God can hearken to their complaints and deliver them from an insupportable bondage!

The Princes of Germany do not oppose the accomplishment of this grand work: on the contrary, it is the object of their wishes. They are anxious to ameliorate our condition. We groan under the operation of ancient laws dictated by barbarism, and which prejudice only could have maintained until the present day.

The German Jew would be happy were he permitted to earn his bread honestly, to enjoy the common right of protection which governments owe to their subjects, and were there given to his worship a practical form, which, without deviating from his own law, would accord with the exercise of all the duties of citizenship.

But to attain this object it would be necessary,

I. To establish a sovereign Jewish council, presided by a patriarch residing in France.

II. To class all the persons professing the Jewish faith according to the districts they inhabit, with a synod to each, which, under the superintendence of the French government and the sovereign Jewish council, should decide on all affairs connected with worship, and should appoint the Rabbins.

III. To authorize the said sovereign council to supply each Jew with the necessary expences for enabling him to fulfil the duties of a citizen in every country.

These means, sire, appear equally certain and indispensable. Only break the political and ecclesiastical chains which confine the Jews to a state of slavery, and you will soon see them aspire to the dignified character of other nations. Then shall we emulate our ancestors, who changed the barren rocks of Palestine into delightful gardens, and covered them with the richest harvests. Then shall we be worthy of bearing the same name as those heroes who planted their victorious standards on the banks of the river Jordan, with the same hands with which they guided the plough and the shuttle.

**THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.**—The following list of the relatives of Bonaparte is given in the French Imperial Almanack for the present year. It does not indeed contain the whole of that family, but only includes those whom the Great Napoleon, at the time of its publication, was graciously pleased to own. Lucien Bonaparte, who has been long in disgrace, is not mentioned; and Jerome is omitted.

Napoleon, born August 15, 1769, consecrated and crowned Emperor of the French at Paris on the 2d of December, 1804; crowned King of Italy, May 26, 1805; married March 8, 1796, to

Josephine, born June 24, 1768, consecrated and crowned Empress of the French, December 2, 1804; crowned Queen of Italy, May 26, 1805.

Eugene Napoleon, Arch-Chancellor of State of the French Empire, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, born in 1782, and married January 13, 1806, to

Augusta Amelia, of Bavaria, born June 21, 1788.

Stephanie Adrienne Louise Napoleon, born August 22, 1789, and married April 7, 1806, to

Charles Frederick Louis, Electoral Prince of Baden, born June 8, 1786.

Joseph Napoleon, brother of the Emperor, Grand Elector, King of Naples and Sicily, March 30, 1806, born February 5, 1768, married September 24, 1794, to

Marie Julie, born December 26, 1777. The issue of this marriage are Charlotte Zenaide Julie, born July 8, 1801, and Charlotte, born October 31, 1802.

Louis Napoleon, brother to the Emperor. Constable of France, Colonel General of Carabiniers, born September 4, 1778, married January 3, 1802, to

Hortense Eugene, born April 10, 1783. The issue of this marriage are Napoleon-Charles, born October 10, 1802, and Napoleon-Louis, born October 11, 1804.

Eliza, sister of the Emperor, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, born January 7, 1777; married May 5, to

Felix, Prince of Lucca and Piombino, born May 18, 1762.

Marie Pauline, sister of the Emperor, Princess and Duchess of Guastalla, born April 22, 1782, married (her second marriage) August 23, 1803, to

Camille, Prince of Borghese, Prince and Duke of Guastalla, born August 8, 1775.

Annunciade Caroline, sister of the Emperor, born March 25, 1783, married January 20, 1800, to

Joachim, Prince and Grand Admiral of France, Duke of Cleves and Berg, born March 25, 1771. The issue of this marriage are, Napoleon Achille, Hereditary Prince of the Cleves, born January 21, 1801; Napoleon Lucien Charles, born May 16, 1803; Letitia-Joseph, born April 25, 1802; Louis-Julie-Caroline, born March 22, 1805.

Marie-Letitia, Madame, Mother of the Emperor and King, born August 24, 1750.

The following occurrence, incredible as it may appear, is nevertheless true:—A rat was detected in a kitchen in town in the very act of carrying off a silver table spoon, which upon search was found concealed in the rat's apartment, together with two other spoons, formerly lost (the value of which had been paid by the servant who had the charge of them) a purse with money, and other valuable articles. The astonished master immediately sent for the servant, repaid the money, and rewarded the person who recovered the property. N. B. The thief made his escape.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

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#### MARRIED.

At Finedon, Northampton, Charlotte, second daughter of John English Dolben, of Finedon Hall, Esq. and grand-daughter of Sir William Dolben, Bart. to the Rev. Samuel Woodfield Paul, of the same place.—Arthur Champenowne, Esq. of Dartington, in the County of Devon, to Miss Buller, eldest daughter of the late John Buller, Esq. of Morval in the County of Cornwall.—William Gosling Esq. of Roehampton, to the Hon. Charlotte De Grey, second daughter of Lord Walsingham.—The Rev. Francis Filmer, Rector of Crundale, Kent, son of Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart. to Miss Mary Anna Close, second daughter of the late Rev. Henry Jackson Close.—The Hon. Capt. Herbert, son of the Earl of Carnarvon, to Miss Head, sole heiress to the Rev. Dr. Head. The young lady, through the early death of her father, was a ward in chancery from her birth, till a few weeks before her marriage, and is now in possession of 40,000*l.* funded property, and 11,000*l.* per annum.

#### DIED.

At Chelsea, Edward Nairne, Esq. F. R. S. in the 81st year of his age, formerly optician to his majesty, in Cornhill, London.—At Road, aged 27, Miss A. Cromwell. Her illness and subsequent death were occasioned by a fabricated report of her not having disposed of some money, entrusted to her by a benevolent lady, agreeably to directions; and though her innocence was clearly proved, the circumstance preyed thus fatally on her too susceptible mind.—Suddenly, in Dublin, in the prime of life, Joseph Samuel Hume, Esq. brother to W. H. Hume, Esq. one of the present representatives in parliament for the county of Wicklow. On opening the body, it was discovered that his death was occasioned by a quantity of extravasated blood having found its way into the lungs.—At Cheltenham, aged 55, Clement Archer, M. D. husband of Lady Clonbrooke.—At Moorgate, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, in consequence of a fall from his horse on the preceding day, the Rev. John Helden, senior fellow and tutor of Sydney College, Cambridge.—Captain Cæsar Hawkins, son to Charles Hawkins, Esq. serjeant surgeon to his majesty, and eldest captain in the 8th regiment of Light Dragoons.—Mr. Packer, late of Drury Lane Theatre.—Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR  
OCTOBER, 1806.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MR. MELVIN, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN  
ORIGINAL MINIATURE.

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1806.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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MONTAGU (*Winchester*) shall receive an answer per post.

W. M.'s essay, is precluded by its length.

A letter from *Edinburgh*, respecting the theatre there, merely repeats what has already been observed by another correspondent.

We do not think proper to interfere in the dispute between *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* at *York*.

AN ELEGY on the death of Mr. Fox has *some* good lines; but more *bad* ones. It shall be returned to the writer, according to his desire.

Thoughts on the *dissolution of parliament* are not calculated for this miscellany.

AN ODE to war by N-----(*Chester*);

SONNET addressed to a friend abroad, by POLYDORE;

And the favours of M. M. as soon as possible.

We have no acquaintance with the party who is stated by P. T. to be concerned in this publication.

The passage from THOMSON'S *Seasons* has already occupied too much of our room. We cannot admit any further comments.

S. D.'s further communications will be acceptable.

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*Mr Melvin.*

*Pub. by Vernor & C<sup>o</sup> Poultry. 31 Oct<sup>r</sup> 1806*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1806.

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EXTRACTS FROM A COMMON PLACE BOOK.

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No. IV.

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## SCOTISH MARRIAGES.

A LATE decision in the South, *seems* to call in question the *legality* of those engagements so frequent in Scotland, usually denominated *irregular* marriages. The following hints may throw some light on the subject to the mere English reader.

Marriage, in Scotland, as in some other countries, is merely a civil contract, which may be entered into by parties not within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and out of the age of pupillarity, (infancy). This contract may be dissolved at the suit of *either* party, in case of adultery, cruel treatment, *wilful* desertion for a certain period, and impotency.

The consent or agreement of parties, followed by coition (copula) constitutes marriage; a proof of these facts makes a Scots marriage, to all intents and purposes, binding in law. If the parties exchange letters, declaring themselves husband and wife; if they cohabit together, and in the world pass as such, even though no such promise or writing exist, the law will declare their marriage valid. In such a case, their children will be legitimate, unless the parties can prove a positive agreement of their having assumed the character of husband and wife, only to save appearances with society, or some equally strong motive. Hence it is not uncommon for artful women, in this country, to decoy a lover to their bed, taking care to have witnesses ready, who, upon a preconcerted signal, burst in upon the couple; and should his affection, or his fears, induce him to declare his companion to be his wife, the law, upon the proof of such an acknowledgment, will compel him to abide by his declaration.



A marriage is said to be *regular*, when the parties have complied with those regulations which the religious society to which they belong, has thought proper, in such cases, to prescribe to its members. The usual requisites, in Scotland, are public proclamation of the banns three times in the congregation of which they form a part, and that the parties shall be free of scandal; in other words, not liable to church censure for immoralities. Residence for the short period of three weeks in the parish (which is sometimes certified by a landlord of an inn, when the parties have not been in it as many hours) is the warrant to the parish presenter for proclamation; his (the presenter's) certificate of proclamation, which is also in Edinburgh often granted with as little hesitation, is the clergyman's authority for performing the ceremony. In this way, many Scots lovers are united with the greatest expedition, at Edinburgh particularly, in a *regular* marriage, without subjecting themselves to the censure of their ecclesiastical tribunals. But whether they comply, or not, with those forms, the marriage is equally valid in law, after the parties acknowledge each other, and go to bed as man and wife. A slight rebuke, or fine, is the price of their reconciliation with their congregation, for marrying irregularly, should they incline to continue members of the Presbyterian church. Those who have no such desire, have no occasion to submit to any such discipline.

Hence it appears obvious, that the consent of parties, followed by a *copula*, is in Scotland, and if performed there, of course all the world over, a marriage perfectly valid and legal. What the parties should chiefly have in view, in marrying irregularly, as it is called, is sufficient evidence of their engagement and cohabitation. The usual method in this country is for them to appear before a justice of peace, and declare themselves married persons. A petition is usually presented, stating that they have intermarried without complying with the forms of the church; the judge writes a few lines on this petition, finding them to be married, and fining them in a few shillings to the poor of the parish, &c. A document is then obtained, which can at all times be referred to, in proof of the marriage; and that is all which is necessary, since the marriage without it is abundantly valid.

The Gretna Green forms are equally unnecessary and ridiculous. The priest is no other than some low fellow of the village, who has no better right to act in that capacity, than the parish

beadle, or town hangman. A clerical dress is provided for him at a public house; he is introduced to the lovers by the postillion that brought them thither, and who is said uniformly to run snacks with him in the gains. He passes himself off for a clergyman, and begins his part by trying to make the most of his customers. His demands are generally one hundred guineas, though he will come down to as many pence. This important point settled, he proceeds to go over as much of the ceremony, which, in Scotland is verbal, as he can remember: the parties proceed to bed before witnesses, and he, after making out such a certificate as he can, gets drunk with his companions at the lovers' expence. This marriage has nothing in it regular; it is, however, sufficiently binding. All the fellow's real use is in seeing and witnessing the bedding, and the acknowledgment of the parties, all which can be done just as well by any body else. The landlord and any other person, for two are necessary, the postillion, or any one, are sufficient for the purpose. The ceremony of the *blacksmith* is an impertinent piece of mummary, even to a degree criminal, as it is a mockery of the ecclesiastical forms of the country, which can neither make the marriage one whit the less irregular, nor can the want of it render the engagement less valid or legal. The parties, and they only, by their going to bed as acknowledged husband and wife, make the marriage. Singular as it may appear, I was assured, upon the spot, that this scandalous impostor has, in some years, drawn above twelve hundred guineas, by practising upon the ignorance, or the urgent demands of the infatuated lovesick nymphs and swains of the South; that above an hundred couples have been annually the dupes of this tobacconist and his associates, from whom he contrives to get as much money as they can be swindled out of, on pretence of marriage fees. His demands being in proportion to the fancied opulence of the parties, are, as I have already stated, from some hundred guineas to a crown, which he will accept, rather than lose the job. Of late, however, two interlopers, one of them a disbanded soldier, by trade a thatcher, and the other a journeyman mason, threaten to deprive him of half of his *honourable* gains.

The acknowledgment of parties, and their bedding before witnesses, in any part of Scotland, constitutes, as I have already stated, the validity of marriage. The ceremony of the *blacksmith* is worse than useless, being an offence *contra bonas mores*, by a solemn mockery of solemn ecclesiastical forms. As evidence of the fact of

going to bed, &c. is what only is useful, I would recommend to the notaries of Hymen from the South, to proceed like our country people so circumstanced, to a justice of peace in Scotland, and get fined, which they can do either before or after bedding. In the apprehension of pursuit, they should, to make all safe, get to bed together the instant they cross the Scottish border, declaring themselves husband and wife to the chambermaids, or whom else they can procure as evidence. If no magistrate can be had, they might find out some public notary, make to him their declaration of marriage, and require him to certify the same (as well as the consummation, if thought necessary) by form of instrument, or otherwise as he may deem most proper for security or publicity. In either of these modes a document can be obtained, proving the marriage beyond all possibility of denial, even should one of the parties, as is, I suppose, too often the case, choose to repent of the bargain, and wish to get unmarried. Indeed the marriage is abundantly firm without either of these two ceremonies, but if evidence be sought for, the best possible ought to be had.

JUSTUS.

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### THE ROBBER REFORMED.

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MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE always thought that great regard and encouragement are due to patient industry, even though the person who practises it should retain some of those foibles, from which even people of leisure and learning are not always exempt.

I was once conversing with an intelligent neighbour, when a poor carpenter happened to pass by the window; it was a sultry day, and he bore on his shoulder a quantity of timber, and in one hand carried a basket of tools. This man had before frequently attracted my notice, as one not a little remarkable for his steady industry; and as I had often seen him in conversation with my neighbour, I took this opportunity of pointing him out, and asking some particulars of his history. "Ah poor Harry! (said my acquaintance with a sigh) I know him well; the most benevolent and warm-hearted of men, with the least share of prudence and good fortune!" As he uttered these words, he turned his eyes toward the ground, to hide that which added grace to his sentence—it was a tear!

"The life of that man," continued he, "has been chequered indeed! so diversified, that I cannot attempt its detail. But, to speak briefly, that man, who is now deservedly applauded for his honest diligence, was once execrated for his unprecedented villainies,—but spare my feelings, for he is my kinsman. The ebullition of his active and youthful mind," he continued, "was like the rapid overflow of a navigable river, which seemed suddenly destined to lay waste that country, which, by the preservation of its banks, it would have rendered fertile and wealthy. Travel, battles, banishment, and shipwreck, have diversified the latter part of his eventful life; and on his return to England, it was natural for his friends to anticipate his return to his old companions, and vicious habits, but he flew to me as his best friend, with open arms, and with fair promises of future discretion. I had much to say, but I feared to pour out the contents of my full heart; lest, by so doing, I might block up my way to his. I had, indeed, during a correspondence of ten years, lavished on him all my rhetoric, on the advantages of a virtuous life; and from his assurance of their good effects, and some favourable appearances in his conduct, full of anxiety and hope, I waited its issue, and which now seems likely to be happy. Several years have now elapsed, since his having returned to the duties of a good citizen, nor have all the pangs of poverty been able to shake his honest resolves. The leading object of his life is, according to his own declaration, that of *making as many friends by his humility and forbearance, as he formerly created enemies, by unprovoked outrage*. And though this man is not a pattern of perfection, he is still a useful and a signal example to great offenders, and the remnant of his former vicious companions; for it can scarcely be doubted, but that one amiable instance of returning penitence can do more good to the community than twenty of those examples, which only excite a temporary terror, and irrecoverably harden those feelings which keep humanity and virtue alive."

I returned to my apartment impressed with a conviction of the truth of these remarks; and I could not but reflect on this salutary, and no doubt not uncommon instance of reclaimed dishonesty, and how many of our unhappy fellow creatures may, by the vigour of law, have been annually cut off from society, who like this man, might have lived to recompense and acknowledge its clemency.

Shall every man's hand be for ever raised against him whom the

law has once scourged ! or shall the cowardly assaults of a reproachful world for ever add to the pangs of his innocent relatives ! We are informed that, twenty years back, there were not less than two hundred and forty-one classes of offence punishable with death ! Though it appears sufficiently clear to me, that the talent and ingenuity which many of these misguided men employ to effect their purposes, or to elude the pursuits of justice, would, if properly employed, sufficiently repay the community for the labour of reform. Indeed it is time that the axe and the gibbet had given place to awards of justice more worthy of the eighteenth century, and then a robber reclaimed, should be held up as an object of public esteem and patronage, as the incorrigible villain should be considered the object of execration and proper punishment. Our nature is not as yet so much depraved by habit, but that a good example still retains its due force.

And there is reason to believe, that morals are more often injured by our witnessing the fact of virtue being neglected, than vice can ever be encouraged by partaking of clemency.

Notwithstanding that the penal laws of the Japanese are severe, their punishments are very rarely inflicted, and historians assure us there is no country where fewer crimes against society are committed.

I have lately been informed, that at Ghent and Vilvord manufactories, with a view to reform, are established ; that every year a hundred persons leave these houses, who entered them without having the power of gaining a livelihood by lawful means, and return to society formed to labour, and that, from the savings which had been made for them, they find resources for the first purchase of materials and tools. Happy country ! (exclaims the traveller,) where to punish is to benefit.

To the honour of the British nation be it said, that among other monuments of benevolence, we have such an asylum as the *Magdalen*, where the most unfortunate or abandoned of women may repose from the pursuit of persecution, and where the guilty mind may find leisure to review its errors, and recover from its delusion. But a similar institution for the unfortunate and misguided of the male sex is yet wanted, who, driven from the company of the more honest or fortunate of men, find no intermediate space between imprisonment and plunder.

MORRIS MISENERMS.

October 22, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[Continued from page 131.]

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**I**N the year 1774, Mr. Fox opposed the introduction of the Boston Port bill, and apologised for the conduct of the colonies. In his speech on this occasion, he arraigned the conduct of the minister in bold and energetic language, and explained the principles of the violated constitution, with an eloquence worthy of the cause. The treasury-bench began, for the first time, to calculate the loss it had sustained, the opposition to estimate the strength it had acquired, while the people rejoiced to behold, in the person of a youthful senator, whom they had been taught to consider as an enemy, a firm, an intrepid, and an eloquent advocate, such as would not have disgraced Rome in her best days.

On this occasion, he sat on the same seat as a Saville, a Barré, a Dunning, and a Burke, with the last of whom he had frequently broken a lance, in the war of argument, from the opposite side of the house; and he has since candidly avowed, that from this celebrated man he first imbibed those enlightened maxims of government, professed and acted upon by the pupil, alas! when the master himself seemed to have abandoned them.

On the discussion of Mr. Burke's conciliatory propositions, in 1775, he strenuously supported the liberal schemes of policy pointed out by that gentleman, and spoke and voted during the whole contest in direct opposition to that criminal system, which it had fondly and fallaciously prognosticated was to produce the unconditional submission of the colonies, and lay them prostrate at the feet of the mother country!

At the general election in 1780, the family borough of Midhurst falling into other hands, and Mr. F. blushing, perhaps, at the idea of violating the very spirit and essence of a constitution which he now began, for the first time, to understand and venerate, determined to become a candidate for the city of Westminster, and he at length succeeded, in which he baffled not only all the interest of the Newcastle family, but also all the influence of the crown, both of which were exerted against him. Being now the representative, not of a petty venal borough, but of a great city, and that too

without any expence to himself, he appeared in a more dignified capacity, and acquired a considerable increase of weight and consequence.

Mr. Fox, in conjunction with many other sound patriots and consummate statesmen, put an end to that sophistry and corruption which enabled Lord North and his coadjutors to carry on the American war. The motive of Mr. Fox's opposition to government was always as obvious as it was rational. The unfortunate progress, and the dishonourable termination of the contest, proved on what a wretched and mistaken policy it was founded. He uniformly laid it down as an axiom in politics, that when a country in the space of a few years is changed from a prosperous to an opposite condition, the government of it must be ill administered. The effectual opposition, however, of this great patriot and statesman, and of Lord Rockingham, during the short period that nobleman lived to act with him, saved us from the peril with which we were threatened. By the peace our views were directed again to commerce; and by this we were again elevated to a pitch of uncommon good fortune. It is true that Mr. Fox had no share in the government at this juncture we are speaking of; but it was chiefly owing to him that the affairs of the nation had been directed into so happy a channel.

There are some who blame Mr. Fox's opposition, as they do every thing else, on the ground of its retarding the necessary movements of the state in time of war. In a masterly speech he delivered on the 3d of March, 1779, introductory to a motion of censure on the first lord of the admiralty, he offers a satisfactory answer to such persons. After speaking of the advantages a despotic government derives from secrecy, and an exemption from public interference in many of its enterprizes, where the vigour of exertion is only bounded by the abilities of the state; he beautifully exemplifies how much such advantages are overbalanced by those of a free government. "No society," said he, "is constituted solely for war. It would be imprudent not to provide against such a contingency; but absurd to make it the exclusive object of every civil institution. In this respect, therefore, free are infinitely preferable to despotic states. The latter seem modelled, only with a few exceptions, to circumstances of hostility; the former are chiefly calculated for times of peace. These more effectually protect men in their persons and properties, encourage and stimulate the exertions of individuals, call forth and occupy talents in the

public service which might otherwise be lost in obscurity, assist the enterprises of trade and commerce, inspire the love of our country, and countenance a spirit of honest independence. No modification of society can be altogether free from inconvenience; but that is certainly best, on the whole, which puts every man as nearly on a level as possible, by subjecting all equally to the same laws."

He has been heard to say, and he was believed when he said it, that all private aversions he sincerely and solemnly disclaimed, and has often protested, that man was not on earth against whom he harboured the least personal antipathy. "Malignity," (he has said,) "I thank God, is a sensation totally foreign to my feelings." He has appealed to his friends and acquaintance, whether nature had cursed him with a disposition so hostile, either to his own or the happiness of others. The same declaration was made on the occasion of his taking a hostile part against Sir Hugh Palliser, and defending the character of his gallant and honourable relation, Admiral Keppel. The dispute between these two naval officers, and the consequent court martial, excited a deal of animosity in the navy. Mr. Fox made an admirable speech in the House of Commons, on that occasion; it discovered strong powers of oratory, much political sagacity, a great knowledge of the world, and, above all, an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. We have not room to transcribe the substance of the memorable and masterly oration he made on the intrigues employed by a court faction of that day, to exalt one character by the ruin of the other, as suited the interest of the men in power; but the facts to which it refers ought never to be forgotten, while the British navy is regarded in proportion to its utility. The whole influence of the crown was exerted to effect the design of its ministers, but it might be said of the veteran admiral, as Junius said of Wilkes, "The rays of royal indignation, concentrated in this one man, served but to illumine, they could not consume him."

It may not be thought improper just to mention here, that Vice Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser had preferred a charge against his commander in chief, Admiral Keppel, and that the court martial declared the accusation to be malicious and ill-founded. Notwithstanding this proceeding had drawn considerable unpopularity on the head of the accuser, the ministry thought proper to reward him with the government of Greenwich Hospital. This appointment was considered by many, as well as by Mr. Fox, to be a measure



of so much criminality, so incongruous to the sense, and derogatory to the honour of the nation, that it drew from the veteran admiral's relation a torrent of indignant oratory, and a motion of censure on the appointment. The above is one of the instances which called up the inquisitorial and patriotic spirit of the ablest and most popular senator that ever espoused the cause of the people against any government. The bold and undisguised manner in which this *pupil of nature*, this *man of the people*, spoke concerning men and their actions, once brought his life into danger. Mr. Adam, who had till that time acted in concert with the minority, hinted to the house, that he should vote with administration. This secession, at such a time (for it was in the most calamitous period of the war), greatly altered the opinion of that gentleman's friends concerning the integrity of his views. The defection of Mr. Adam raised the tone of the party he joined. Ministers industriously propagated, both in and out of parliament, that all our want of success, and every disaster in the war were chargeable to the opposition, by impeding the measures of government, and defeating its operations. Mr. Fox ably, and with indignant warmth, defended himself and his friends from the imputation of struggling as a party merely for place, power, and profit. Such a preposterous mode of slandering opposition, he observed, scarcely merited a serious answer; he threw, however, upon his adversaries, such flashes of indignation, by way of retort, that they never ventured afterwards to assail him in the same strain: after making an arch parody on a striking passage in Gulliver's travels, he said, "I can bear well enough in some respects, and even make allowance for the ignorance, incapacity, folly, corruption, love of place, emolument, and power, in these men, I can even pity them for their wants, their impotence and their gross stupidity. I feel for their miserable infatuation, not knowing whether to rush headlong on immediate ruin, or retreat with safety. Despicable and unprincipled as they are, I have nevertheless learned to regard their persons with respect, from the conspicuous stations they hold in the view of the public." Such a portraiture of the associates of Mr. Adam, could not but be a little galling to that gentleman: it is, therefore, not very surprising, that a misconstruction in a warm debate should induce him to think his own honour impeached by the sarcastic allusions on the whole party of which he now had become a member. The day after the debate alluded to, Mr. Adam wrote to Mr. Fox a note as follows, dated Saturday, four o'clock afternoon, November 27, 1779.

"Mr. Adam presents his compliments to Mr. Fox, and begs leave to represent to him, that upon considering again and again what passed between them last night, it is impossible for him to have his character cleared to the public, without inserting the following paragraph in the newspapers :—' We have authority to assure the public, that, in a conversation that passed between Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam, in consequence of the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday last, Mr. Fox declared that, however much his speech may have been misrepresented, he did not mean to throw any personal reflection upon Mr. Adam.' " In a postscript was added, "Major Humberston does me the honour of delivering this to you, and will bring your answer."

Mr. Fox, whose sentiments were not more nice on national than on personal honour, returned the following answer :

"Sir, I am sorry it is utterly inconsistent with my ideas of propriety to authorise the putting any thing into the newspapers relative to a speech, which in my opinion required no explanation. You, who heard the speech, must know, that it did convey no personal reflection upon you, unless you felt yourself in the predicament upon which I animadverted. The account of my speech in the newspapers is certainly incorrect, and as certainly unauthorised by me ; and therefore, with respect to that, I have nothing to say. Neither the conversation that passed at Brookes's, nor this letter, is of a secret nature ; and, if you have any wish to relate the one, or shew the other, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. I am, &c. &c."

The consequence of this was a duel, in which Mr. Fox was wounded. From various circumstances connected with this proceeding, the passions of the public were inflamed against the challenger, and insinuations in the public papers were thrown out that he chose this way of settling the difference from motives too bad to be avowed. In consequence, his person, country, and connections, were all exposed to a torrent of abuse. It was even said that the designs of the ministry on Mr. Fox were base and bloody, and that Mr. Adam had been made an instrument of their purpose. This severe and unjust interpretation obtained some kind of countenance from the unfortunate and unperceived circumstance of Mr. Fox having been wounded, when Mr. Adam fired his second shot, Col. Fitzpatrick accompanied Mr. Fox. Mr. Adam acknowledged his antagonist's conduct to be completely that of a man of honour, and it was extolled in all companies. Firmness, generosity, and

courage were evinced by him on this awful occasion, and no action of his life tended more to endear and exalt him in the public opinion. He was visited and congratulated on his escape by the most distinguished of the nobility and commoners in the kingdom. The moment when this serious affair happened seemed big with the fate of the empire. Disunion at home, want of respectability abroad, loss of territory, danger of a general bankruptcy, were the unequivocal symptoms of approaching ruin. Ireland had entered into a spirited resolution, by which she had defended and righted herself, and the patriots of England proposed a measure of association, in order to stop the mad career of a ministry, whose infatuated conduct, they truly declared, if persisted in, must have occasioned our political dissolution. The county of York took the lead in this promising and important step, and the example was followed by Westminster. The meeting was held in the hall of that city, of which Mr. Fox was unanimously chosen chairman. He delivered a forcible and argumentative oration to a vast assemblage of persons, who listened to him with rapture, and followed him with bursts of applause. He commenced his speech in a manner never to be forgotten. He said, "Were you, gentlemen, to ask every member as he passes through this hall to the House of Commons, what he thought of the measures, and what of the honesty and wisdom of ministers, he would tell you he detested and despised them. Yet, ten to one, the very same member would be instructed, by the nod of authority, to vote on whatever question the minister inclined. This corruption, which the profligacy of parliament has rendered so formidable and so universal, contains within itself the baleful source of its own continuance." As the ministers of that day exerted all their influence, through the newspapers at their disposal, to represent those meetings as seditious, and the petitions they produced as dangerous, Mr. Fox particularly dwelt upon their constitutionality, and their beneficial tendency. "It is affirmed," said he, "that petitions lead to anarchy and confusion. They do not; their consequence is the very reverse; they tend to prevent every sort of public mischief, to avert the downfall of the empire, to restore us to harmony and unanimity, and to recover our national consequence and tranquillity by vigour, exertion, and success. "But this is not a time to embarrass government." Is that then the object of these petitions? No! Their aim is economy, and economy is giving new supplies to government. All that can be saved from the sink of corruption will thus contribute to the public service, give additional strength to our

arms, and enable us to maintain, with spirit and effect, the dreadful and unequal struggle in which we are engaged. We are told, "this is not a time for these complaints, or this reformation."—What! is not this moment of necessity the moment of relief?—When is economy most seasonable but when pressed for supplies? We now feel our wants. We are in need of every aid that ingenuity can invent. We have occasion for all the money that can be raised. The measure would be criminal indeed, were we contriving to burthen the people with more taxes; but we wish to answer the demands of the state—not by additional impositions, but a frugal application of what we already possess." Nothing but the determined and temperate resolution of the people in the dangerous crisis we have been speaking of, saved the country.

The great object of biography is general utility: we do not conceive it necessary to enter into a minute detail of all those deviations from prudence and rectitude which Mr. Fox may have fallen into. The sway of fashion, the etiquette of custom, not to say the pressure of necessity, may have impelled him to have recourse to those expedients for obtaining money, which a practically wise man would have avoided, and which, at a more advanced period in life, he would himself have shunned and disclaimed. We have never heard of a studied act of dishonour on his part. His sale of the Clerkship of the Pells, in Ireland, excited numerous aspersions on his character, and imputations both of ingratitude to the minister he had abandoned, and of indelicacy to the king. This transaction was entirely misconceived. He had neither been indebted to the minister nor the king for this place. It was a reversionary grant to his father, and he inherited it as a patrimony; all, therefore, that can be said on it is, that it had been better for him if he could have kept it. It is not denied that some of the tribe of Moses and Levi may have reproached him at times for not being so punctual in his payments; and, perhaps, if all the scenes were to be recited which have passed between him and these Israelites in his back parlour, (which he facetiously denominated his *Jerusalem chamber*), his enemies might be gratified by the edge it could not fail to give to their malice.

The vivacity of Mr. Fox often exposed him to severe and unjust animadversions. Such, for instance, as when his late brother's house was in flames, his offering to bet the noble owner which beam, or which partition would next give way. We do not, nor would any

one not over credulous believe the half of what has been said of this uncommon character. One thing is certain, because it is on record, that however much or little he might feel for the misfortunes of others, his own never made him gloomy.

Now though adversity must always be a bar to a young gentleman's career in politics, yet to have felt it, and to be able to bend to the storm, allows a man to rise with more independence of mind than ever. At the time of the great, the virtuous Lord Rockingham's death, Mr. Fox, from principle alone, quitted the administration of which he had been a member only as long as that nobleman had taken the lead in it. He said what is honourable to him in the remembrance! "In resigning my situation as secretary of state, I am not insensible to the inconvenience, I might almost say to the necessity of its emolument, but in a case where honour or profit must be sacrificed, I could not be long in resolving what to do. I dictate to no gentleman how he is to act; but as there are gentlemen in the same predicament with myself, if they feel as I do, they will act as I do." His example was followed by several friends, for at this early period of his political life, no man thought his honour unsafe in such hands. He never broke his word with his friend. We have before observed, that Mr. Fox's life has been a life of opposition, with very short interruptions. After the American war was censured and put an end to, every one must remember that a coalition between two great parties took place, which brought him again some time into power.

The introduction of the India bill removed him from power. Of this measure, however, we do not think his adversaries in the right, for the matter was not generally understood, and as the India Company were flattered by the bill of his opponent, and a certain cabal, near the throne, kept up a great outcry, he was by mere intrigue and ministerial jockeyship thrown from his seat. It was not in Mr. Fox's nature to descend to littleness, nor adopt subterfuges for the attainment of the most desirable acquisition in nature. Mr. Pitt entered triumphantly with his new India bill as a passport, not for popular favour, for the people at no time ever understood the merit or demerit of either bill.

When the late Admiral Rodney was raised to a peerage for his successes over the French, Mr. Fox was censured for not preferring Lord Hood, as his colleague to represent the city of Westminster, rather than Sir Cecil Wray. This was made a matter of querulous

debate in the house of commons, by Lord Fielding and others, who scouted the idea of a minister appearing familiar and undisguised at an election. Mr. Fox met this argument without the least resistance. He said the professional merits of Lord Hood were above his praise. His lordship, who possessed the grateful acknowledgments of his country, could not be very ambitious, or at least stand in need of his individual tribute. It was, however, what he owed in common with all men, and what he was always ready to pay, a distinction founded on the most eminent personal desert. But surely it was not shewing this gallant officer any disrespect in not giving him the preference to his old, but honourable friend, for whom he had determined to vote. The politics of Sir Cecil Wray were known and established; his parliamentary conduct had been decided on by the public; his principles and attachments were tried. The city of Westminster was electing not an admiral, but a representative; not one who had served his country at sea, but one qualified to serve her in parliament. He should therefore give his vote to the best of his judgment, but meant not by that circumstance any disrespect to any man.

"After what has passed, in this house," he observed, "about the franchises of revenue officers, I hope no man will say, that a secretary of state necessarily relinquishes his right to vote as a member of the community at large. It has pleased his majesty to call me to the honour of serving the public as one of his ministers. But does this office divest me of my birthright as an Englishman? Or is there no difference in exercising this right as a man, and acting officially as a minister? I am a minister to-day: to-morrow may reduce me to my former situation and circumstances. But, while I am an Englishman, and within the protection of those laws that originate in liberty and have liberty for their object, this privilege must continue unalienable."

The death of his political opponent, Mr. Pitt, in the beginning of 1806, in a moment of great political difficulties, paved the way for his appointment to a share in the administration, in conjunction with the Grenville party, and his majesty included his name in the list of the privy council (from which he had been erased) and gave him the secretaryship of the foreign department.

The French government soon afterwards made overtures towards a negotiation for peace; and Lord Lauderdale was dispatched to Paris, but Mr. Fox did not live to witness the result of his embassy. His constitution, through free living, was great-

ly impaired, and fears were entertained that the dropsy would occasion his death. The remedy of tapping was several times had recourse to—the most able physicians were called in to consult on his disorder, and their care and attention could only be equalled by the anxious solicitude of his friends and the public.

He was removed to Chiswick, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and hopes were indulged that his constitution would get the better of his disorder; but on Tuesday, the 9th of September a rumour was circulated that he was no more! This report however proved premature, and faint hopes were entertained of his recovery: all these, however, vanished on Friday, September 12th, and on Saturday morning, the following bulletin was sent to Devonshire House, from Chiswick:—

“Dr. Mosely has the honour to acquaint Lady Elizabeth Foster, that Mr. Fox has had but little rest during the night, and that his pulse is quicker and weaker than it was yesterday, and the languor increased.”

From the period at which this notice was written, eight A. M. until two, his pulse grew weaker, and all hopes of his living out the day were given up by his physicians. The languor with which he was affected, became every hour more deep, and proved, at length, resistless. The whole system was exhausted, and at six o'clock in the evening he expired! His dissolution was gentle, and to the last moment he appeared to suffer little pain.

We understand that Mr. Fox has made no will.\* His wishes, on that head, had, since the beginning of his indisposition, been communicated to his nephew, Lord Holland. He has left little or no property, and was even obliged, shortly after his appointment to the office of secretary of state, to borrow 500l. from an old political friend, a distinguished character in the city, in order to enable him to meet the necessary expences of his new situation. Mrs. Fox, with the exception of a very moderate annuity, has little to expect for the support of herself and family. To the liberality and benevolence of Lord Holland, they may look with perfect confidence. He loved his uncle as a father, and being the depositary of his last sentiments, he will not fail to carry them into effect, to an extent, even greater than Mr. Fox himself might have wished.

Mrs. Fox did not retire from Mr. Fox's apartment until a late hour; and Lord Holland and General Fitzpatrick continued by in-

\* One has within these few days been found, in which he bequeaths a few trifling legacies, and leaves the rest of his property to Mrs. Fox.

te rvals in the room until the moment of his dissolution. Lord Howick was also with Mr. Fox ; he had been absent on a shooting party, in Hertfordshire, and a messenger having been dispatched to him at a late hour on Friday night, he reached Chiswick House at 12 o'clock on Saturday.

Of late years, except during the shooting season, when he visited Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, he lived chiefly at St. Ann's Hill, near Chertsey, superintending the cultivation of his grounds, and amusing himself in forming shrubberies.

In general he rose about seven, mounted his horse, rode to the river, and plunged into the Thames,—after which he returned to breakfast. The forenoon he dedicated to his study, and sat down to dinner a little after three o'clock. The evenings he generally dedicated to domestic entertainments,—reading, or playing at some manly game, or listening to the music of a favourite lady, while fingering the piano-forte. In person, Mr. Fox was somewhat about the middle size, of late years inclined to fat—his features, which were strongly marked, exhibited an appearance of shrewdness and ability, and his eye, in the midst of debate or the animation of converse, flashed with fire.

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## MODERN BOOK-MAKING.

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MR. EDITOR,

WHEN an author sends forth his works to the world, he ought to remember that he is not merely administering to the follies or amusing the vacant hours of his cotemporaries, he is adding to those documents by which posterity will judge of the moral character and determine the literary fame of the present age. It is a dignified station which he holds ; he blends himself in a great degree with the history of the times in which he lives, and while his name may shed a lustre upon them, it may on the contrary cast around it a gloom to which the darkness of total oblivion would perhaps be preferable.

These considerations ought to have great weight with those who wish to stand forth as literary characters ; and it awakens no small regret to see the little attention they apparently receive from many of those who now inundate the world with their publications. They assume the office of instructing mankind, of increasing the general fund of knowledge, of forming the tastes, of improving the minds,



of enlarging the views of the world; in this there is something so noble, that we cannot without indignation see it degraded into a mercenary system. *BOOK-MAKING*, that is, the selection and arrangement of a subject for publication, seems to be a trade as regularly learnt, and mechanically practised, as the manufacture of paper or the casting of types. Literary fame seems no longer valuable but for the emolument it produces; and some authors are desirous to establish their reputation and their name, not only to promote the sale of their own works, but for the benefit of those who have neither name nor reputation of their own. Subjects have their currency and demand like articles of general traffic, and it is by this that they are estimated, rather than by their own intrinsic merit; the topic of the day is worn threadbare; the tomb of the fallen hero is itself buried under an immense heap of odes, memoirs, biographical anecdotes, funeral orations, and other ephemeral productions of such various names and motley natures, as seem almost to have exhausted invention itself; even living characters, distinguished by their exploits or their talents, must blush, if they have the modesty usually allied to undissembled courage, and unwearied merit, when they behold the different ways in which their names are introduced to the world, and made the stalking-horses of pedantry, vanity, and self-conceit.

Those better productions, which bear the stamp of true genius, are ushered into the world in a mode which forms part of the same system; they seem to rely more upon their ornaments than on their own excellence; smooth glossy paper, elegant engravings, and margins so ample as to be capable of containing notes to twice the extent of the text, are almost indispensable appendages; but these even are unavailing if the subject be not adapted to the current taste, and the length of the work not suited to the expectation of the public. It is impossible to hear without disgust a man of sense proclaiming that he could have written much more, had he not been informed by his bookseller that his subject did not authorize more than a certain number of volumes. This then is the only restraint to which the flight of genius will now be subject! Shades of Horace, Quintilian, and Blair, have you withdrawn from the realms of science at a bookseller's nod, and left the harpists of false taste and low worldly-mindedness to deform and desolate the wide expanded fields of knowledge where you once presided?

It seems indeed that our modern book-makers have agreed, to depart from most of those received laws of criticism which have

hitherto regulated composition; in a given time they have to compile, collect, and write all that appertains to a subject, and in their eagerness to publish their work before it ceases to be current, they naturally are obliged to overlook the "*pars studiorum longe utilissima*," and all the excellent rules which Quintilian, in his chapter de Emendatione, lays down so clearly and concisely. The desire of improving others seems to be forgotten; the fire of genius, the truth of nature, the animation inspired by the consciousness of pursuing what is great and laudable, are lost; vanity alone is to be gratified, or pecuniary advantages to be obtained. I would not be understood here to censure authors for wishing to derive emolument from their works; it is unworthy of an enlightened nation to leave genius cramped by poverty, or to neglect indigent merit; their labours deserve success, ease, affluence; honors—all that a grateful country can give, all that a benefitted world can bestow. Nor would I appear to think that true learning or superior talents are combined only with rank and opulence, far above the reach of penury; or that every book which is published should be a donation to the world, a gratuitous offering on the altar of philanthropy, a voluntary sacrifice of private interest to public improvement. It is a notorious fact that many of our greatest literary characters have been poor, and that we owe to that very circumstance many of their most valued productions; it was the rude blast of adversity which seems to have unfolded even the genius of Shakespeare.

Real learning is of infinite worth; the active mind deserves the reward of its labours as much as the toiling hand. But poverty is not therefore a qualification for writing well. Those only can be the objects of censure, and they alone will feel the weight of reproof, who without the requisite talents enter upon the arena of literature, and contented with a spurious, fleeting, but lucrative fame, sacrifice to present gratification the honourable meed of lasting applause. Such are our modern book-makers. There are certainly many among the authors of the present day to whom this title is not applicable, many who will ever rank high among the worthies of the age; but there is a numerous class of writers who have no aim beyond the advantages resulting to themselves from the establishment of a short reputation, and by whose *catchpenny* productions society has been deluded and learning degraded. Many will always be found to encourage and supply the follies of mankind. There is certainly now prevailing a literary mania, which devours with avidity all books within its grasp, and it cannot be

surprising that so many come forward to satisfy its cravings. It may even be doubted which are the most culpable, those who entertain, or those who pamper false taste; it cannot however be long doubted which are the most honourable; the first may be charged with folly, but the latter are guilty of something more heinous.

Those circumstances have given rise also to another evil, which is but a necessary part of the system; I mean the literary *puff* with which all newspapers and advertisements teem. Were the author of "The Critic," now to publish a new edition of that excellent farce, his description of modern *puffing* might be greatly enriched, in which, by the side of lottery-office keepers, and boasting quacks, authors or their booksellers would be very conspicuous figures. I have lately met with an instance of *puffing*, which appears to me so unequalled as to deserve exposure. A London periodical publication contained recently a very interesting article, which I had before read in the *Paris Magazine Encyclopedique* for last January. As it was calculated to attract much attention by the information and benevolent sentiments it displayed, I was surprised to see it inserted as an original article, and the source from which it was taken not acknowledged. But my surprise was still greater, when in the last number of the same work, I found that the editor had inserted a letter dated from Hamburg, the writer of which had addressed to him the following remark upon the paper to which I have alluded: "It is one of the numerous articles which distinguish your miscellany over every other published in Europe." Such a fact can need no comment.

Public taste will not surely continue long in its present vitiated state; the crude viands with which it is now glutted must produce a nausea, that I trust will restore to it complete purity, and raise the art of diffusing knowledge from its degraded rank, to the high pre-eminence it ought to hold among the pursuits of mankind.

Norwich, Oct. 12, 1806.

N. S.

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## ON DUELLING.

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ALL men of principle understand what are their respective privileges in society, and until one and the same motion can be given to the various parts of an immense body, reciprocal rights will be violated, social broils will ensue, and the practice of duelling will exist. Notwithstanding the censures which have been fulminated against

its existence; and the very bold assertions which have been made use of to explode it, I contend with confidence, that it raises and refines every individual faculty of man; it renders him independent; and independence leads to virtue: in society infinite advantages result from its existence; it establishes sincerity, concord, and good manners; it checks a multitude of evils, and consequently promotes the interest of morality. Let those who censure it, as the custom of barbarians, as the relic of an age of senseless fanaticism, and deplorable superstition, read the history of those nations which antiquity boasts of as being most polished, and then reflect on their argument; let them examine the modern world, and particularly Europe, where the sphere of ideas is enlarged on every side, the light of knowledge is more extensively disseminated, and where man is best acquainted with his place in the system of nature, and with his social duties, and they will see that with the slow lapse of time; civilization has advanced, and with its advancement this custom has become more general, both in its influence and operation. If ignorance really has misled us in this particular, the force of experience would long before this have enlightened us. The man who refuses to fight a duel, is not considered by the world as acting with reason, but as sanctioning a vice; he is held up as obnoxious to mankind, and like the detested Paria,\* is viewed as an object of all conceivable depravity, and a degradation to his species.

We are frequently told, that disorder has been generated through every class of society by the prevalence of this custom; that there are laws to punish those who injure us, and that by not referring to those laws, we arrogate to ourselves the privilege of judging in a cause, which, from being interested, we cannot consider impartially.—It is unnecessary to inform you, that these lessons, with a few others equally instructive, have been repeated again and again, without having any very wonderful influence on the conduct of mankind. I am well aware that the consequence of a duel is always misery to individuals; for even the worst of those, who are so unfortunate as to be brought to a premature death by their own indiscretion, are respected by some who lament their loss; but these terrible catastrophes do not militate against the justice of the punishment. They ought to remind the presumptuous and the ignorant, that man will not permit his exclusive privileges to be trampled on with impunity.

\* The Paria are a class of men in the East Indies, whose fate is peculiarly wretched; they are not only denied every communion with their fellow creatures, but prohibited, on pain of death, from even visiting the haunts of man.

With regard to a reference to law,—no injury can be repaired but by the conferring of a proportionate benefit upon the injured ; and there are injuries a sentence of the law will not recompense. Pecuniary reparation is the chief mode of punishment : I ask, is that adequate to the loss of reputation ? Will it punish the wretch, who having seduced one of the fairest part of the creation, turns her into the world, impure, polluted, and contaminated ? It will neither restore reputation nor punish seduction ! then I contend, that the laws which prescribe the recompence, fail with regard to justice, nay more, that a punishment so impotent tends to the corruption of morality, as it emboldens men to commit every species of crime, in the hope of an expiation which they regard only as a trifling tax on their pleasures. Besides, when all the springs of the heart are in action, the man of sensibility asks not who is to lay before him the law of equity and the privileges of nature ; he enquires not into the principles on which the expounders of the law administer justice and maintain order : when labouring under indignities, he would spurn at the man who presumed to instruct him how to act.

————— all arbitration he rejects ;  
 Within his bosom reigns the highest law,  
*Honour*, sole judge and umpire of itself.

A challenge should only be sent from two causes—a fear of shame, which is a laudable quality, and delicacy of principle, which is founded on virtue ; where these two do not exist, the parties can have no other stimulus to fight, than that of wishing to appear notorious. In the awarding of a penalty, agreeable to the law made to punish duellists, magistrates very properly discriminate the motives which instigated the challenge, and act, with more or less severity, as the offenders are possessed of these qualities.

For my own part, I am convinced that it is the reasonableness of the custom which has given it a permanency, that all the power of laws has neither been able to suspend nor suppress, that it gives stability and confidence, that it curbs licentiousness, and that its abolition (an event, which never will happen, without a combination of circumstances that human judgment cannot expect) would be a step towards imbrating our species.

J. S.

Manchester, 10th September, 1806.

## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adiuvat.

*Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.*  
By Henry Richard Lord Holland. 8vo. pp. 294. Longman, and Co.  
1806. Continued from page 180.

SUCH intelligent and entertaining works as the present greatly reward a reviewer for the labour of toiling through innumerable publications, sterile in both these valuable qualities and fruitful in nothing but dullness and ignorance. His pleasure on this occasion is double, that which he receives from an immediate perusal, and that which he experiences from the ability afforded him by his author of imparting it to others.

Denham has said :

“Such is our pride our folly or our fate,

That few, but those who cannot write, translate,”

but his lordship is in no degree obnoxious to this censure, and that he is one of the *few*, his style of translating and his able criticisms on the poetry of Lope de Vega most clearly demonstrate. His remarks on his author's pastoral, lyric and burlesque poems, (p. 93, 4, 5,) are a striking proof of his taste, ingenuity and candour. These remarks we must omit, but those which follow on Lope's essay on the *dramatic art* we cannot refrain from transcribing.

“The *Arte de hacer Comedias*, undertaken at the instance of the Academy, to which it is inscribed, exclusive of its intrinsic merit, derives an additional portion of interest from being connected with the history of the Spanish stage, and written by a man whose productions decided its character, and to whose genius, therefore, are in some measure to be ascribed the peculiarities which distinguish the modern drama from the ancient. Whatever may be their comparative merit, it is surely both absurd and pedantic to judge of the one by rules laid down for the other,—a practice, which had begun in the time of Lope, and is not altogether abandoned to this day. There are many excellencies to which all dramatic authors of every age must aspire, and their success in these form the just points of comparison: but to censure a modern author for not following the plan of Sophocles, is as absurd as to object to a fresco that it is not painted in oil colours; or, as Timotheus, in his parallel of Ariosto and Tasso, happily observes, to blame Livy for not writing a poem instead of a history. The Greek tragedians are probably superior to all moderns, if we except Racine, in the correctness of their taste, and their equals at least in the sublimity of their poetry, and in the just and spirited delineation of those events and passions which they represent. These, however, are the merits of the execution rather than of the design; the talents of the disciple rather than the excellence of the school; and prove the skill of the workman, not

the perfection of the system. Without dwelling on the expulsion of the chorus (a most unnatural and inconvenient machine), the moderns, by admitting a complication of plot, have introduced a greater variety of incidents and characters. The province of invention is enlarged; new passions, or at least new forms of the same passions, are brought within the scope of dramatic poetry. Fresh sources of interest are opened, and additional powers of imagination called into activity. Can we then deny what extends its jurisdiction and enhances its interest to be an improvement, in an art whose professed object is to stir the passions by the imitation of human actions?" P. 95—98.

The Spanish dramatist had studied Aristotle, *węzi wointians* and Horace *de arte poëtica* or rather *dramaticá*, yet, conversant in the ancient rules, and perhaps approving of them, he was obliged, as we learn, to quit their severity and abandon himself to a licence peculiar to modern poets :

*No porque yo ignorasse los preceptos &c.*

" Not but I studied all the ancient rules:  
Yes, God be praised ! long since, in grammar schools,  
Scarce ten years old, with all the patience due,  
The books that subject treat I waded through :  
My case was simple. In these latter days,  
The truant authors of our Spanish plays  
So wide had wander'd from the narrow road  
Which the strict fathers of the drama trod,  
I found the stage with barbarous pieces stor'd :—  
The critics censur'd ; but the crowd ador'd,  
Nay more, these sad corruptors of the stage  
So blinded taste, and so debauched the age,  
Who writes by rule must please himself alone,  
Be damn'd without remorse, and die unknown.  
Such force has habit—for the untaught fools,  
Trusting their own, despise the ancient rules.  
Yet, true it is, I too have written plays,  
The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise :  
But when I see how show, and nonsense, draws  
The crowd's, and, more than all, the fair's applause,  
Who still are forward with indulgent rage  
To sanction every monster of the stage,  
I, doom'd to write, the public taste to hit,  
Resume the barb'rous dress 'twas vain to quit :  
I lock up ev'ry rule before I write,  
Plautus and Terence drive from out my sight,  
Lest rage should teach these injur'd wits to join,  
And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.  
To vulgar standards then I square my play,  
Writing at ease ; for, since the public pay,

'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,  
And write the nonsense that they love to hear."

P. 103—104.

A more severe satire on the taste of our times, and the play writers of the present day, it would be difficult to conceive.

Lope then proceeds to give an account of what is requisite in "the comic monsters of the stage," the *comédie lumoyante* of the French, or the crying-laughing pantomimes of our own times.

"In doing this," says his lordship, "he contrives with great shrewdness, but apparent simplicity, to urge nearly all that can be said in their defence, at the same time that he ridicules the occasional extravagance of himself and his contemporaries. As an apology for the mixture of comic with tragic scenes, he says :

"*Lo tragico, &c.*"

"The tragic with the comic muse combin'd,  
Grave Seneca with sprightly Terence join'd,  
May seem, I grant, Pasiphaë's monstrous birth,  
Where one half moves our sorrow, one our mirth.  
But sweet variety must still delight ;  
And, spite of rules, dame Nature says we're right,  
Who, throughout all her works th' example gives,  
And from variety her charms derives."

With regard to the unities, he asserts that an observance of them would disgust a Spanish audience :

"Who scated once, disdain to go away,  
Unless in two short hours they see the play  
Brought from creation down to judgment day."

P. 113—115.

This reproach scarcely needs a *mutato nomine* to be felt by our contemporary dramatists.

Lope de Vega does not defend all his dramas, but on the contrary confesses that they all, *except six*, sin grievously against the art. With respect to the *six*, the noble author pleasantly observes, "the Spanish critics have sought for these faultless models in vain."

P. 117.

In the course of a man's useless studies, or unrewarded pursuits, he may read, we confidently assert, at least a hundred Spanish plays, which they call *comedias famosas*, and not one that shall appear to him above contemptible. In some of Calderon's pieces, there is a bustle and activity which, with the help of lively action, double doors and much shifting of scenes, might make an interesting representation for once. The French think that dialogue is the essence of the drama which, *vi termini*, is an action. So it happens



oddly that the gayest nation has produced the gravest comedies, and, with a few exceptions, the dullest. The Spaniards, on the contrary, delight in the tricks of a harlequin. We would by no means insinuate that the genius of Calderon had the advantage of Lope's, although his success excluded the latter for a time from the Spanish stage, as Beaumont and Fletcher were at a certain period of our dramatic history preferred to Shakspeare—proh pudor!

After these observations, it is fit that we should make room for his lordship's comments on this subject, who, though alive to the merits of his author, is never blind to his defects:

"The truth is, that the plays of that period do not admit of the distinction of tragedies and comedies, according to the common, or at least the French acceptance of those terms. They are not comedies; for not only distressing situations and personages of high rank, but assassinations and murders are admitted into their plots: on the other hand, the sprightliness of the dialogue, the lowness of some of the characters, the familiarity of the language, and the conclusion of the piece, which is generally fortunate, deprive them of all claim to the title of tragedies. Yet even in Lope's works there is an evident difference in his conception as well as execution of two distinct species of dramatic compositions. In one, the characters and incidents are intended to excite surprise and admiration; in the other, merriment mixed occasionally with interest. Love indeed is the subject of both: but in one it is the love which distinguished the ages of chivalry; in the other, the gallantry which succeeded to it, and which the poets had only to copy from the times in which they lived. The plays of the latter description, when the distinction became more marked, acquired the name of *Comedias de Capa y Espada*, Comedies of the Cloak and Sword, from the dresses in which they were represented; and the former that of heroic comedies, from the character of the personages and incidents which compose them. It is true, that in several of Lope de Vega, which would come under the description of heroic comedies, there is an underplot, of which the characters are purely comic; an invention which, if it is not his own, seems to have been of Spanish origin, and, as is well known, was adopted almost universally on our stage from the time of Fletcher to that of Addison and Rowe. Lope was contemporary with both Shakspeare and Fletcher. In the choice of their subjects, and in the conduct of their fables, a resemblance may often be found, which is no doubt to be attributed to the taste and opinions of the times, rather than to any knowledge of each other's writings. It is indeed in this point of view that the Spanish poet can be compared with the greatest advantage to himself, to the great founder of our theatre. It is true that his imagery may occasionally remind the English reader of Shakspeare; but his sentiments, especially in tragedy, are more like Dryden and his contemporaries than their predecessors. The feelings of Shakspeare's characters are the result of passions common to all men; the extravagant sentiments of Lope's, as of Dryden's heroes, are derived from an artificial state of society, from notions suggested

by chivalry and exaggerated by romance. In his delineation of character he is yet more unlike, and it is scarce necessary to add, greatly inferior; but in the choice and conduct of his subjects, if he equals him in extravagance and improbability, he does not fall short of him in interest and variety. A rapid succession of events, and sudden changes in the situation of the personages, are the charms by which he interests us so forcibly in his plots. These are the only features of the Spanish stage which Corneille left unimproved; and to these some slight resemblance may be traced in the operas of Metastasio, whom the Spaniards represent as the admirer and imitator of their theatre. In his heroic plays there is a greater variety of plot than in his comedies; though it is not to be expected that in the many hundreds he composed he should not often repeat the same situation and events. On the whole, however, the fertility of his genius, in the contrivance of interesting plots, is as surprising as in the composition of verse. Among the many I have read, I have not fallen on one which does not strongly fix the attention; and though many of his plots have been transferred to the French and English stage, and rendered more correct and more probable, they have seldom or never been improved in the great article of exciting curiosity and interest. This was the spell by which he enchanted the populace, to whose taste for wonders he is accused of having sacrificed so much solid reputation. True it is that his extraordinary and embarrassing situations are often as unprepared by previous events as they are unforeseen by the audience; they come upon one by surprise, and when we know them, we are as much at a loss to account for such strange occurrences as before; they are produced, not for the purpose of exhibiting the peculiarities of character, or the workings of nature, but with a view of astonishing the audience with strange, unexpected, unnatural, and often inconsistent conduct in some of the principal characters. Nor is this the only defect in his plots. The personages, like the author, are full of intrigue and invention; and while they lay schemes and devise plots, with as much ingenuity as Lope himself, they seem to be actuated by the same motives also; for it is difficult to discover any other than that of diverting and surprising the audience. Their efforts were generally attended with success. All contemporary authors bear testimony to the popularity of Lope's pieces; and for many years he continued the favourite of the public. Stories are related of the audience taking so lively an interest in his plays, as totally to give way to the illusion, and to interrupt the representation. A spectator on one occasion is said to have interferred with great anxiety for the protection of an unfortunate princess—"dando voces," says my author, "contra el cruel homicida que degollaba al parecer una dama inocente"—crying out against the cruel murderer, who to all appearance was slaying an innocent lady. P. 126---131.

These remarks are followed by a sketch of one of Lope's most interesting plays. It is called the *Estrella de Sevilla*, and has lately been altered and revived at Madrid, under the name of *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*. The original being scarce, his lordship has favoured the public with an admirable detail of the plot, scene by scene, and this he has animated and adorned with some fine passages tran-

elated with great skill and delicacy. The whole occupies too much space for our limits, and we have indeed at present so nearly reached the boundary, as to make it necessary to defer the conclusion of our observations on this learned, acute, and elegant work until next month.

*An Inquiry into the State of the Nation at the Commencement of the present Administration.* 8vo. pp. 219. 5s. Longman. 1806.

MOST of the pamphlets written on this subject merit but little attention, since they are in general to be taken with no moderate *granum salis*. The state of the nation indeed is frequently according to the state of the writer's mind or interest—flourishing or deplorable, as his own private views are favourable or unpromising; and he, commonly, who paints most broadly in the darkest colours, like the “Puritane one,” who tells his congregation that they are all damned, is sure to be listened to with profound attention, and to be thought to know much of the matter. This “Inquiry” however, is free from any of these degrading imputations, and if the prospect which it exhibits be gloomy, the picture is not the production of a distempered or fearful imagination, but the labour of an honourable mind, enlightened by judgment, and devoted to truth.

“It is,” says the learned and ingenious author, “a very humble attempt at providing a substitute for the information respecting the state of their affairs, which the people would have received from the deliberations of their representatives, had the formation of the new ministry been so long delayed, as to have given time for an inquiry into the state of the nation.” This attempt, so modestly spoken of, is conducted in a masterly manner, and added to the candour and sagacity which prevail throughout, we have the satisfaction to learn that no authorities are cited which are not official. P. 49. πολέμουμεν ἵνα εἰρήνην ἀγωμεν are the words of the Stagyræite, and this writer, thinking with him, that *the object of war is peace*, holds with wisdom and humanity that we have fought enough, and ought for no trifling or fanciful reason to delay the making of peace. It may be said that we have more to fear from French friends, than French enemies, but to encourage such language, is to cast away the scabbard, and to destroy the doors of the temple of Janus. A more prudent, considerate and humane conduct is proposed by this argumentative and able writer, who concludes his admirable work with the hope “that the wise men, who are now

happily placed at the head of the state, will, without abandoning one point, which the honour of England requires them to maintain, abjure all those false notions of honour, by which nothing but eternal hostility with all the world can ever be obtained ; and that, whether we are to be blessed with peace, or compelled to prepare for new battles, they will pursue those plans of moderate and salutary reform in the various branches of our national policy, without which no glory, no safety, not even the inheritance of a name will remain for England."

Every patriot, every good man must say, *amen* to this ; and the glory of the present administration will be great indeed, if they should happily rise superior to the innumerable evils, which their predecessors have left them to encounter on every side.

*The Diamond new pointed ; being a Supplement to Diamond cut Diamond ; containing three Letters, which Mr. Jefferys sent to the Earl of Moira, with a view to extort Money from his R. H. the Prince of Wales ; with Observations thereon, in a Letter to Mr. J. including Remarks on his Letter to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and many Facts never before published. By Philo-Veritas. 8vo. pp. 50. Chapple. 1806.*

PHILO-VERITAS, who by his name is a lover of truth, seems clearly of opinion that this ungrateful slanderer of his Prince is a knave. He thus expresses his sentiments :

" By your own language, you appear ready to compromise your character, and every thing that would be dear to a virtuous mind, for a little money ; but if you cannot frighten the Prince of Wales out of his property, then you threaten to publish a justification of a worthless quality, which you cannot lose too soon ; and the earlier you can get another character, and a better, you will be more estimable in the eyes of the world. As a person dangerous to the happiness and interest of society, I certainly view you ; but if you were merely a personal opponent, I should consider you as one of those animals, which accompany the wretched and miserable orders of the populace, who can revenge a bite of the creature of their sloth, by the strength of their thumb, which annihilates the offender, venom and all, in a crack." P. 4.

Now, though we may admire the spirit of our author's sentiments, considering the object, we must affirm, as in the case of Lord Duberley, that we can by no means say so much for his language.

The *three* letters are from Mr. Jefferys to the Earl of Moira, breathing the gentlest zephyrs, and the roughest blasts, all anxiously endeavouring at the production of gold, but happily, because properly, in vain. The comments of Philo-Veritas forcibly expose Mr. J.'s meanness and chicanery, but with perhaps too much seriousness—that is, at this time of the day, when the cheat is seen through, and the author, according to his merit, universally rewarded with contempt. Had the present writer's indignation permitted him, he would have done better, now the serpent's teeth are drawn, to have turned him into ridicule. A mere recital of his own statements would have effected it sufficiently in many instances. What, for example, can be more laughable, than Mr. Jeffery's assertion in his first letter, that "the agitation caused by the Earl of Moira's violent language," had confined him to his bed with—take a month to guess—the *rheumatism*!! P. 7.

If in the candid mind of any man, who is unacquainted with the facts, Mrs. Fitzherbert labours under the least odium, the just elucidation of the case, beginning in this pamphlet at p. 29, will entirely remove it. And here, as we once more take our leave of this hateful subject, we must lament to hear that Mr. Jefferys has found some half a dozen renegades, base enough to abet him in his scandal: but "*Dabit Deus his quoque funem.*"

*An Inquiry into the requisite Cultivation and present State of the Arts of Design in England.* By Prince Hoare. 8vo. pp. 270. 7s. Phillips. 1806.

Few writers possess a mind so various and elegant as Mr. Hoare. From the theatre, where his excellent farces, supported by the acting of *Bannister*, convulse us with laughter, he can send us to our closets to meditate on his enquiries, and to gather wisdom from his remarks.

What Mr. Hoare proposes, will, in a measure, appear in these observations:

"It is not my design, in this short treatise, to present to the reader a complete investigation of the faculties of Painting and Sculpture, but to offer to his perusal such remarks as my particular situation has enabled me to form. The Honorary Office which I hold in the Royal Academy, and the task in which I have there engaged, have led me to many reflections on the various degrees of exertion made by different states, in proportion to their respective powers, for the advancement of the Plastic Arts; and thence, forsaking the ungrateful office of comparison, I have been induced to examine abstractedly, how far, in this particular point, a full and adequate use has

been made of the means and talents of my own country, for the discharge of that most important of all trusts, the due cultivation of the strength and faculties of a nation." Pref. p. iii.—iv.

He candidly observes:

"During the arrangement of these thoughts on paper, a work has been published which, at first view, seemed to supersede the present design, and to render any further efforts on the subject superfluous,—this is Mr. Shee's spirited and masterly performance of *RHYMES ON ART*: But, on further consideration, and after conversation with the author of that work, there appears reason to believe that even a repetition of argument may be attended with beneficial consequences; and where, in some instances, I differ from the sentiments expressed by Mr. Shee, I have too high an opinion of his candour, to doubt that he will readily admit, and even approve of this public statement of such a difference." Pref. p. vi.—vii.

In two divisions, the arts of design and their dependencies, are thoroughly considered and luminously illustrated. The chapter *On the annual exhibition at Somerset House* contains many shrewd and sensible remarks—

"The public exhibition of the works of artists, is a mode of appeal to the world, which seems to be sanctioned by the customs of all ages. Pliny, speaking of Apelles, says, 'Idem perfecta opera proponebat in pergula transeuntibus, atque post ipsam tabulam latens, vitia quæ notarentur auculatbat, vulgum diligentiores jâ dicem quam se præferens.'

"To court investigation, and to seek fame through the discussion of public sentiment, is the object of these exhibitions." P. 136—7.

"But the gratification of an ambitious individual, although it be the object first in order, soon ceases to be the first in importance. The public derive from it an extensive benefit, which they could not so easily and so effectually acquire by any other means, namely, the exercise and improvement of their own powers of refinement and taste. It is chiefly on this ground that exhibitions, such as they are now established in most of the academies in Europe, lay claim to national respect. In England, they have greatly contributed to ripen the public judgment on all points of art, and appear to have had one very salutary consequence, that of diffusing a general desire (now first beginning to assume form and substance, and mixing with the wishes of the artists) to see the arts employed in a manner more worthy of their capacity and extensive powers. For it must be observed, that unless the objects exhibited be found adequate to the previous state of mind and consequent expectation of the beholder, little else than discontent can be the result; instead of pleasure smiling in the eye, and pride mantling to the heart, the weapons of critical animadversion will soon sparkle in the hands of many who are bidden to the feast." P. 137—8.

The works of modern artists are treated with great lenity, and the affectation of connoisseurs ably exposed. The following is

a friendly observation, and perhaps the best colour that could be put on the question :

"In the aggregate appearance of the exhibition there is greater vivacity than correctness. Our painting is like our drama, libertine in method and combination, but animated and forcible in effect." P. 142—3.

As we have mentioned *affectation*, we may add that Mr. H. though in general remarkably free from it; is, we think, on this occasion in a slight degree within the pale. We allude to the *purple stuff* of quotation, which frequently glares in these pages, especially in a long passage at pages 12 and 13, cited from Thucydides—Smith's translation being given, and the Greek not being correct, its omission would have been more creditable. The scrap from Longinus p. 87, is in the same predicament.

*The secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud; in a Series of Letters, from a Gentleman at Paris to a Nobleman in London; written during the Months of August, September, and October, 1805. 3 Vols. 18s. Murray. 1806.*

SECRETS not worth knowing. Monstrous to the last excess of absurdity, and beyond all belief.

*Corruption, a Satire, with Notes. By Thomas Clio Rickman, Author of the "Fallen Cottage." &c. Rickman. 1806.*

CLIO, Clio ! wherefore art thou Clio !

"Quem virum, aut heroa—acri

Tibiá sumes celebrare, Clio ?"

Hor.

i. e. What man, what hero, wilt thou, O Clio ! undertake to celebrate on thy *crabbed pipe* ? No man, no hero, reader, no party ; but universal love, the prevalence of which will be of great service to Mr. Clio's verses, at present not likely to experience much. Being a great stickler for liberty and reformation, he cannot be displeased with us for the *freedom* we take in recommending *reform* to his private consideration. *Clio* and *satire* do not agree. His Muse can probably afford a better specimen in another way.

*Remarks on Sea Water ; with Observations on its Application and Effects, internally and externally, as conducive to Health. By C. Taylor, M. D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Phillips. 1805.*

Dr. SANGRADO was all for water, and so is Dr. Taylor, and one, in that respect, seems to be about as wise as the other. With him sea-water (and especially that at Hastings, where a friend of his

practises) is a panacean and catholic remedy. Though by no means much addicted to the internal use of water, we have no hydrophobia on us, and can approve, in some measure, of the doctor's observations. However, he goes infinitely too far for our taste or judgment. With respect to the taking of it internally, we shall meet him with the motto of one who wrote a treatise against it :

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐνδ' ἀπολλῶλεν, ἔπει πρὶν ἀλμυρὸν ὑδωρ.

Od. 4. v. 511.

Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries are in general not troubled with much Greek, therefore a translation may be agreeable :—  
*"So there he died, when he had drunk salt water."* Consider that, good doctor ! For our part, we are sick at the bare idea ; though, for a horse, it may not be a bad dose. As for the man getting into the salt water, in certain cases, it is well ; but *vice versa*—pho !—he has no bowels who recommends it.

*Notes on the West Indies : written during the Expedition under the Command of the late Gen. Sir R. Abercromby ; including Observations on the Island of Barbadoes, and the Settlements captured by the British Troops upon the Coast of Guiana ; likewise Remarks relating to the Creoles and Slaves of the Western Colonies, and the Indians of South America : with occasional Hints, regarding the Seasoning or Yellow Fever of hot Climates. By George Pinckard, M. D. 3 Vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1806.*

THE ingredients of Dr. Pinckard's mixture are, a scruple of science, several ounces of information, and many pounds of downright foolery. Not to rob the poor, we shall leave the modicum of science untouched. Of the foolery, not to create a nausea, we shall take a dram. Remark on squeezing an orange into his mouth on a hot day :—"The oranges were not only ten times better than the very best in the world, but they were taken fresh from the tree, and at a moment of heat and parching thirst, which was calculated to render them ten thousand times sweeter than the sweetest of themselves." This is a tolerable specimen of what a learned doctor can do, when he tries ; but, rich as it is, it is but a spice of his "by-gone fooleries." In figurative language he shines, viz. The Dutch being fond of the use of tobacco, they are called "semper-smoking ;" captains in the navy, "governors of ocean-castles ;" gormandizers, "of Turkey stomach," &c. It is easy to laugh at this ; but "men laugh in many ways—they only cry in one."

Where we catch him in a serious mood, and descended from his



rocking-horse, he arrests our attention, and rewards our labour.—His indignant observations on the unfeeling traffickers in human flesh, and the affliction of mind which, unheeded by their masters, they frequently exhibit at parting from their kindred and friends, are full of interest, and do honour to the writer. One affecting instance we shall transcribe :

“ When purchased, the slaves were marked by placing a bit of string, or of red or white tape, round their arms or necks. One gentleman, who bought a considerable number of them, was proceeding to distinguish those he had selected, by tying a bit of red tape round the neck, when I observed two negroes, who were standing together entwined in each other's arms, watch him with great anxiety. Presently he approached them, and, after making his examination, affixed the mark only to one of them. The other, with a look of unering expression, and with an impulse of marked disappointment, cast his eyes up to the purchaser, seeming to say—‘ and will you not have me too ? ’—then jumped, and danced, and stamped with his feet, and made signs to signify that he also was sound and strong, and worthy his choice. He was nevertheless passed by unregarded, upon which he turned again to his companion, his friend, brother, whichever he was, took him to his bosom, hung upon him, and, in sorrowful countenance, expressed the strongest marks of disappointment and affliction. The feeling was mutual : it arose from reciprocal affection. His friend participated in his grief, and they both wept bitterly. Soon afterwards, on looking round to complete his purchase, the plauter again passed that way, and not finding any one that better suited his purpose, he now hung the token of choice round the neck of the negro whom he had before disregarded. All the powers of art could not have effected the change that followed. More genuine joy was never expressed. His countenance became enlivened. Grief and sadness vanished, and, flying into the arms of his friend, he caressed him with warm embraces, then skipped, and jumped, and danced about, exhibiting all the purest signs of mirth and gratification. His companion, not less delighted, received him with reciprocal feelings, and a more pure and native sympathy was never exhibited. Happy in being again associated, they now retired apart from the crowd, and sat down in quiet contentment, hugging and kissing the red signal of bondage, like two attached and affectionate brothers, satisfied to toil out their days for an unknown master, so they might but travel their journey of slavery together.”

This horrible commerce is, we trust, at a crisis favourable to justice and humanity. If, on the contrary, it is persisted in, and old systems of inhumanity, oppression, and blood are so rooted in the habits of these abominable traders, let us (for it is all we can do) let us spare them some of the missionaries designed for savage tribes, and be it their necessary task to preach christianity to them !

We are not without respect for Dr. Pinckard, therefore his dull

merriment and clumsy playfulness induce us, in charity, to recommend to his perusal a certain fable called *The Lap-dog and the Ass*. It is so well known, that it is perhaps needless to say that the latter, admiring the pranks of the former, attempted to imitate them;—his master, the critic, not thinking so well of them as the ass, gave him a good drubbing.

If in a future edition, by a free use of the knife, the doctor be pleased to perform a radical cure of these disorders, he will leave a sound and desirable body.

*Rhymes for the Nursery, by the Author of "Original Poems." Darton and Harvey. 1806.*

WE seriously recommend the study of these rhymes to Messrs. Stewart, &c. &c. *Versate diurná*. Let these be your models—turn them over day and night; learn to avoid affectation, and to acquire simplicity. Our young friends will read these rhymes with pleasure, and our old ones *may* read them with improvement.

*Gleanings from Zimmerman's Solitude: to which are added, occasional Observations, and an Ode to Retirement, by Mrs. Bayfield, Author of Fugitive Poems. 12mo. pp. 194. Lindsell. 1806.*

THE author of "A Piece of Family Biography" has expressed our opinion of Zimmerman: "I may say of him," he observes, "what he himself affirms of Dr. Blair 'I could read his works with pleasure every hour of my life.' But his tract on *Solitude*, in particular, has this peculiar quality, that few can read it attentively without being better men than they were, as they will surely feel an ardent wish to reform their morals, and to tread the peaceful paths of virtue." Vol. I. p. 37. Thinking thus, we are not well satisfied with any abridgment of this delightful treatise; we would not lose "a drop of the immortal man," and are certainly not amongst those who find this work "too prolix." If the courtesy had been extended to the book written in opposition to the tenets of the present, we should not have disapproved of it. There are persons, however, who think it possible, very possible in reading, to have "too much of a good thing," and to such Mrs. Bayfield's operations will prove acceptable. This lady's "notes," which occupy eight pages, exhibit much sensibility, but no great degree of judgment. What can be learnt from short detached notes of exclamation?—"Oh no!"—"Alas! alas!"—"Ah! happy, thrice happy moments!" A little looseness of grammar occasionally prevails, as at p. xi. and xx. and sensibility sometimes betrays her into affectation, as at

p. 199, where we are told that those who "are obliged to work to support their families, when they have a taste for the sweets of retirement," are, "by the rigour of their destiny, compelled to a soul-lowering employ."

*Naufregia, or Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks, and of the providential Deliverance of Vessels. By J. S. Clarke, F. R. S. pp. 481. 6s. 6d. Mawman. 1805.*

THIS history of shipwrecks is a selection from Hakluyt, Purchas, and others. The narratives are full of forcible interest, and cannot fail, while they agitate the feelings and excite the astonishment of the reader, to impress his mind with a due degree of veneration for that Providence whose helping hand they so frequently and manifestly exhibit. The work is dedicated to the learned Isaac Reed, and other members of a literary club to which Mr. Clarke belongs. Mr. Bowles, the author of the *Spirit of Discovery*, here enjoys the "puff direct" in high perfection.

*A New Dunciad. Facts and Anecdotes, illustrative of the iniquitous Practices of anonymous Critics. 8vo. Tegg. 1806.*

THIS catchpenny publication is principally taken from a work called "The Picture of London," and the object of its further promulgation appears to be the gratification of some luckless dance, who, having had the cap and bells fixed firmly on his head by the critics, is determined not to sit still, and wisely, by silence, endeavour to conceal his disgrace. *Appears*, we say, because it is not likely that Mr. Phillips, the publisher of "The Picture of London," should have agreed to the printing of this segment of his work, much less that he should countenance any thing resembling a *Dunciad*, which, taking in authors as well as critics, would fall very heavily on the many empty skulls, out of which, Scythian-like, he quaffs his ale. The shame of these "facts and anecdotes," as they are miscalled, belongs, exclusively, to the enraged inventor of them.

*Laurie and Whittle's New Traveller's Companion, exhibiting a Complete and correct Survey of all the direct and principal Cross Roads in England, Wales, and Scotland, as far North as Edinburgh and Glasgow. By N. Coltman. 4to. Laurie and Whittle, 53, Fleet-Street, 1806.*

MANY vain and imperfect attempts have been made to supply us with that great travelling *desideratum*, copious and correct maps, but it remained for Mr. Coltman, encouraged by the liberality and judgment of Messrs. Laurie and Whittle, to gratify the wishes of

every traveller in this country, by producing, in a very high degree of perfection, what they have so long desired. Of these four and twenty charts, it is, with truth, observed that they "claim a superiority over any itinerary, from the roads being kept so connected, that the traveller may find his way to the most distant part, without the innumerable references which must, unavoidably, occur in all works of that description:—it likewise has a great advantage over a map of England, by the names of places reading parallel to the sight, whereas all the southern and south-western roads in the general map read upside down." *Advert.* This work boasts also of the great convenience of pointing out those towns and places at which post-horses may be procured, as well as the prudent foresight, in selecting cross roads, of tempting the eye, on the map, with none, which the foot or carriage may not pass, "with safety, at any season of the year."

We congratulate the public on this valuable and important acquisition, which carries with it its own recommendation, being a thing perfect of its kind.

*A Dialogue between Buonaparte and Talleyrand, on the Subject of Peace with England.* 18mo. pp. 24. 6d. Hatchard. 1806.

THIS dialogue between Napoleon and his *diable boiteux*, would shew, that we have more to fear from a deceitful peace than from an open war. The hint has sense in it, and is worthy of consideration. We must pray heaven to preserve us from our friends; from our enemies we have nothing to fear.

*Flim Flams! or the Life and Errors of my Uncle and his Friends. With Illustrations and Obscurities, by Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. A Literary Romance. In 3 Vols. with 11 Plates. A new Edition, with material Alterations and Additions.* 1l. 1s. Murray. 1806.

OUR opinion of this very ingenious and facetious work was given shortly after the appearance of the first edition. To add any thing to the favourable judgment which we then passed on it, would be superfluous, since its reputation is established, and the fools of all denominations, learned and unlearned, scientific and ignorant, which it so admirably ridicules, will afford food for laughter to many generations. This is a second edition, and therefore we notice it. The "alterations and additions" in it, may be justly described as very sensible improvements. "An Apology for Flim Flams, By Mr. Bobtail," which was originally published alone, is

here included in the first volume. From his qualities, Mr. Bobtail would not appear to deserve to be the last of this humorous firm. To "laugh and grow fat," may be a good thing, but to laugh and grow wise, is, certainly, far better; therefore we, in charity, recommend the perusal of "*Flin Flams*," to all the flighty, addle-headed philosophers, as well as to all the grave, serious, sententious, dull, stupid scholars and geniusses of the present age.

*A Father's Memoirs of his Child.* By B. Heath Malkin, Esq. M. A. F. A. S. pp. 172. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1806.

VERY affectionate, and in a father very natural; but to others vastly silly, and to those who have paid their ten shillings and sixpence, exceedingly unsatisfactory. The boy probably had parts, and "time was only wanting to his fame," but if every father that thinks this of his child is to make us read his opinion, and pay for it, we must look about for new mines both of metal and patience. Such publications are altogether insufferable.

*The Three Old Maids of the House of Penruddock.* 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Lane. 1806.

TITS is a very creditable novel. The story is adroitly managed, and the whole interesting and pleasing. Be careful, Mr. Lane, how you treat this author, for you have not had one so good for some time.

*An Elegy on the Death of the Right. Hon. C. J. Fox.* 4to. 1s. Crosby. 1806.

For any thing we know to the contrary, these verses have been some time in possession of the bookseller, ready cut and dry, waiting the event which they commemorate. The only internal evidence of their being written on the spur of the moment, is the loose and feeble quality of the manufacture. The inclination of the author is honourable to him, but inclination often wants the power of Virgil's *furor*, and fails, as in this instance, to furnish arms. The subject will go farther and fare better.

*Rudiments of Reason; or, the Young Experimental Philosopher: being a Series of Family Dialogues, in which the Causes and Effects of the various Phenomena of Nature are rationally and familiarly explained. A new Edition, By the Rev. T. Smith.* pp. 386. 5s. Harris.

THE first edition of this work we had not the misfortune to see. We say *misfortune*, because if this is, as it professes to be, "care-

fully revised," the former was, in all probability, in a lamentable pickle. The mistakes and follies of the present are abundant, and though there undoubtedly is some useful matter in the publication, which might instruct young minds, there is so much in it that is calculated to do more harm than good, that we think it would be better to keep the whole entirely out of their way.

*Lessons for Government; or the Deliverance of a People.* 8vo. pp. 55. Printed at Croydon.

THIS pamphlet is, we suppose, published exclusively for the people of Croydon, since no name of a London bookseller appears. It is a woeful account of the melancholy state of the country, and may be of service to the folks at Croydon, if they did not know it before. In London we certainly need no such information.

*Address to the British Public, and particularly to the Grand Juries of these Dominions.* 8vo. pp. 73. Booth. 1806.

WE lament the necessity, too apparent, of these serious exhortations to a life of greater morality and religion. Judges from the bench, and priests from the pulpit, have frequently, of late, with animated eloquence and manly feeling, "endeavoured to impress us with the danger and inevitable consequence of the growth of infidelity and its attendant evils," but they have preached to the deaf, and irreligion and immorality daily increase, and assume a more frightful and abhorrent shape. To point out their melancholy consequences is the object of this well-intended pamphlet, and we recommend it to the grave attention of the public. The vices here dwelt upon, are written so glaringly on the face of society, that "he that runs may read."—Let him also reflect, and be timely wise. From the lighter part of this work, we shall select a passage, which is full of good sense, and deserves the consideration of our fair readers:

"When I contemplate one of our fashionable females, ushered into the world in early youth, with morals neglected, and a mind unstored with principles, by which to guide her steps; when she appears tricked out in the indecent transparencies of modern dress, setting at nought all precautions of health, and assuming a boldness and effrontery, totally inconsistent with that unobtrusive modesty, in which is comprised the greatest charm of female excellence;—I must confess, that the prevailing sentiments of my breast are compassion and sorrow. This uniform, this *unreserved and cheap display of beauty*, has rendered it too familiar, and disarmed it of all fascination:—it may attract the snares of the seducer; but the honourable lover, the man of

sense and reflection, who looks for the solid and rational delights of domestic life, recoils from the idea of associating his destiny, or of risking his hopes of happiness, with such slight and frail materials." P. 98.

The writer may be "unlettered," but he is not uninformed, or without an honourable inclination *to go about doing good*.

#### DRAMATIC.

*The Comedies of the Merchant of Venice and As you like it. By William Shakspeare. With the Notes and Illustrations of various Commentators, and Remarks by the Editor. In two Volumes, Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 327. 7s. Dublin. Jones. 1805.*

SEVERAL years have elapsed since two plays of Shakspeare, King Lear and Cymbeline, made their appearance in this guise, and they, says our editor, were my doing. "Unpropitious accidents," it seems, attended them, and deprived them of "general notice." He hopes to enjoy a greater share of universality on the present occasion; but though he confesses that public approbation would afford him pleasure, yet, in the case of failure, he intends to console himself with the reflection that he has been innocently employed in amusing himself. *Advert.* p. iv. This is all very pretty, but, as far as seven shillings go, we must say that the gentleman has amused himself at our expence. Whoever possesses Johnson and Steevens's edition, or the more complete edition of Isaac Reed, (and where is the note-reader who does not possess one or the other?) will find little more than trouble in the perusal of these "*Remarks*," which are frequently long-winded illustrations of passages that require no light, (see the very first speech, "in sooth"), and they are all written without any of that black-letter learning or recondite research which sometimes repays the tediousness of other commentators.—This volume contains the Merchant of Venice.

*The Fall of the Mogul, a Tragedy, with other occasional Poems, By the Author of Indian Antiquities. 8vo. pp. 153. White. 1806.*

THIS tragedy is the production of the nervous and poetical pen of the Rev. Mr. Maurice, whose Muse has so often delighted the world, and whose deep researches in eastern history have so abundantly amused and instructed his countrymen. *The Fall of the Mogul* is, we may say, a dramatic poem, rather than a piece calculated for representation, being confessedly a tragedy attempted partly on

the Greek model, the simplicity of which no way accords with the pantomimic taste of the age. It is founded on a very interesting portion of Indian history, in which the reader is instructed by an *Introduction*, written with the usual elegance, energy, and brilliancy of the author's style. The characters are—

MAHOMMED SHAH, *the Great Mogul, first dethroned and then restored by Nadir Shah.*

NADIR SHAH, *Sovereign of Persia, Conqueror of Hindostan.*

SULTAN HAMED, *Son of the Great Mogul, betrothed to Solima.*

NIZAM, *the Mogul General,* } *Omrahs supposed to have invited*  
SADI, *an Indian Chief,* } *Nadir Shah to invade India.*

THAMAS KHAN, *the Persian General.*

ZUMANI, *Empress of Hindostan.*

SOLIMA, *a Princess of the race of Aurengzebe, betrothed to Hamed.*

*Chorus of Brahmins and Persee Priests.*

*Persian Officers, Attendants, Guards, &c.*

The tragedy opens with a scene between Nizam and Sadi, who boasts of the success of his conspiracy, which has hurled the great Mogul, their sovereign, from his throne. The second scene introduces the following *chorus of Brahmins*.

"*The inside of a magnificent Pagoda : Brahmins, sacrificing at the altar, solemnly pronounce an execration on the successive plunderers of India.*

"*1st Brahmin. Full thirty centuries have seen the race,  
Who boast from Brahmia their sublime descent,  
Beneath a foreign de-pot's iron scourge  
Bend the reluctant neck.—First, from the depths  
Of frozen Scythia's boundless deserts rush'd,  
Relentless as the rocks that gave him birth,  
The fierce Ogluzian chief.—The Persian, next,  
Pouring his legions down the craggy steeps  
Of snowy Taurus, on our patient race  
Emptied the quivers of his hoarded vengeance.—  
The veteran bands by fierce E-candar led,  
From distant Macedon to Sinde's proud wave,  
Then like a wasteful fire impetuous burst  
On the rich kingdoms of the ravag'd Panjab,  
And bound great Porus to the Grecian yoke.—  
Next, the fierce Robber of Arabia came,  
Burning for plunder, and for food athirst;  
Despoil'd our temples of their hoarded wealth  
Sacred to heav'n; and the polluted shrines  
(Oh, horrible!) with human carnage fill'd!—*

K K 2



Nor less ferocious stalk'd th' unsparing Othman,  
 When the dire splendour of his gleaming crescent  
 Flam'd on her blasted plains. His countless hordes,  
 Devouring as the locust's ravening tribes,  
 From all the mountains on our western frontier,  
 Remorseless Nadir, Persia's direst scourge,  
 In dire array now pours impetuous down,  
 And closes the dark scene....Avenging SEEVA !  
 Thou whose red arm th' eternal thunder rolls  
 O'er guilty nations that delight in blood,  
 Defend our cause, and let the myriad host  
 Around thy walls, imperial Delhi ! pour'd,  
 Smit by the blasting pestilence, expire ;  
 Or, stung to madness by the pangs of famine,  
 Rush furious on their own destroying spears ;  
 And by one general, undistinguish'd carnage  
 Expiate the murder of thy chosen race !

*2d Brah.* Eternal Spirit of Creative BRAHME,  
 That, ere the circling spheres their course began,  
 Within the golden egg's refulgent orb,  
 In splendour brighter than a thousand suns,  
 Floated sublime on the chaotic deep,  
 And from the strife of warring elements  
 Bad'st harmony and beauteous order spring,  
 Sov'reign of earth and skies—all-seeing Power !  
 How have these daring infidels defac'd  
 Thy fairest works ; and o'er Creation's bounds,  
 Through all the periods of revolving time,  
 In the wide phrensy of ambition, hurl'd  
 Ravage and death ! Oh, let the yawning earth,  
 Whose loveliest regions they have laid in ruin,  
 Ope wide its jaws, and in its deepest caves  
 Ingulph their impious bands !

*3d Brah.* And thou, dread VEE SHNU !  
 Preserver of the world by Brahma form'd,  
 That in the radiant sacrificial flame  
 Delight'st, and in its central blaze, sublime,  
 Hast fix'd, invisible, thy burning throne ;  
 If e'er these altars glow'd with purer fires ;  
 If e'er from costliest gums, from sweetest woods,  
 And richest balsams of the ransack'd East,  
 Round you high roofs the wafted incense stream'd  
 Arise in wrath, as when thy powerful arm  
 (Our hallow'd records tell) the rebel Deives  
 O'erthrew in battle, and th' infected earth  
 Purg'd of polluting dæmons.

*All.* Sovereign Lords !

Divine, ineffable, eternal TRIAD !  
 To our united pray'rs auspicious bend !  
 Cloth'd in the terror of the midnight-storm,  
 That sweeps the cliffs of blasted Taurus, rise ;  
 Pursue them on the volley'd lightning's wing,  
 And plunge them down the fathomless abyas  
 Of PATTAL\*, where eternal darkness broods,  
 And furies like themselves for ever yell." P. 30.

Much of this is very fine, but we cannot say that, for interpretation, it is "as good as a chorus," nor does it, perhaps, well become the gentle nature of the harmless Brahmins. However, supposing them to be goaded to madness by their sufferings, it may be allowed and admired. Endowed, as it may be imagined, with a prophetic spirit, they might, with a vast deal of propriety, have included our christian trading, fighting, East India Company in their curse, and cursed on a page or two more with safety. Sadi, a little before, seems to make a faint dart into futurity, in these words :

"Legions rush resistless on,  
 Spread famine wide through India's fertile realm,  
 And heap her vales with carnage." P. 28.

In scene 3, Sultan *Hamed* and *Solima* disclose their mutual love, which is interrupted by *Nizam's* announcing to *Solima* that *Nadir Shah*, the conqueror, is desirous of laying Persia's imperial crown at her feet. The ambassador is dismissed with a scornful refusal.—*Zumani*, in this act, is represented as anxious to know the fate of her dethroned husband, *Mahommed Shaw*. The second act commences with *Mahommed Shaw* presenting *Nadir Shaw* with his crown. The conqueror restores it to him, but, like a true modern invader, plunders him of all his wealth, leaving him, in fact, but the semblance of a king. On his proposing to rob him of all his jewels, *Mahommed* starts,—on which *Nadir* exclaims—

"How!--art thou startled at our just demand ?  
 Know, all the wealth of Hindostan we claim :  
 Your sceptre we restore, your treasures seize ;  
 But leave you LIBERTY." P. 50.

This is, indeed, a very keen satire on Leadenhall-Street !

*Hamed* is thrown into prison. *Nadir* has an interview with *Solima*, who treats him with the most severe reproof. The scene is great.

*Nad.* Secure in beauty's shining panoply,  
 Say on—But did not those celestial charms

\* The Hindoo hell.

Give thee resistless influence o'er my heart,  
It ill would brook this forward petulance ;  
Not Aurengzebe himself should thus have dared  
With bold impunity—

*Sol.* And yet I dare,  
Arm'd with his spirit, to thy view unfold  
The unnumber'd woes which war's wild rage hath heap'd  
On bleeding Hindostan.—In ev'ry breeze  
Some frantic shriek, or groan of deep despair  
Is wafted through her vales. The lab'ring hind,  
In India's happier day, from war's rude toils  
By holiest laws releas'd, is forc'd to arms,  
Or drag'd to instant death. Millions of looms,  
The rich resources of her wealth, stand still ;  
While all the trophies of her ancient pow'r  
Are dash'd to earth by your enrag'd barbarians !

*Nad.* By Heav'n, too far my patience you insult !  
Presume no longer on your beauty's pow'r,  
But drop the theme, and let us talk of love.

*Sol.* Such love as animates the tiger's breast,  
Or drives the hungry panther on his prey—

*Zam.* Forbear, my Solima, with ill-tim'd zeal  
To urge to rage the victor's soften'd mind.  
And thou, most noble chief, desist thy suit  
Till the high tumult of her blood subsides,  
And the unbounded spirit of her race  
Has better learnt to bear a victor's presence.

*Sol.* A victor I can bear, but in that form  
Disdain a suitor ; ev'n though sceptres wait  
The hand, no pow'r on earth shall make me yield.

*Nad.* Stay, lovely Solima, nor rashly plunge  
In woes that never may have bound or pause.  
Your language paints me tyrant in my nature,  
And savage in my love ;—Would'st thou provoke  
A tyrant to revenge, and from his slumber  
Rouse the reluctant savage ?

*Sol.* Undismay'd,  
And not unarm'd, in either case I bid  
A tyrant's rage defiance.

*Nad.* Stern and fierce  
As war has made me to my foes appear,  
I have a heart that in the softest flame  
Of tender love can melt ; a heart that feels  
Thy beauty's animating warmth, and burns  
To lay both life and empire at thy feet.

*Sol.* The heart that knows with love's soft fires to glow,  
 Delights in mercy; generous and benign,  
 It plots no mischief, as it fears no ill.  
 Ask the departed shades of those that fell  
 On Karnal's crimson'd plains, or those who now,  
 The victims of thy boundless avarice,  
 Stretch'd on our Jumna's shores unburied lie,  
 If mercy be *thy* darling attribute?

*Nad.* The victims of their headlong rage they fell.  
 But on this subject I no parley hold.

*Sol.* Nor I on one so hateful as thy love.  
 Farewell!

Hamed is about to fall a sacrifice to the hatred of *Nizam* and the jealousy of *Nadir*:—*Solima's* consent to be wedded to *Nadir* can alone save him. She consents—the nuptial rites are performed, when, at the altar, with a dagger given to her by *Zumani*, she stabs herself, and dies to prolong the days of *Hamed*. *Sadi*, one of the traitors to *Mahommed*, stung with remorse, poisons himself. This is according to historical fact. *Hamed* is doomed in deepest dungeons to pass his youth, “and never more behold the glorious sun.” *Nadir* proclaims his return to Persia.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of this interesting and beautiful tragedy. It reflects great credit on the genius of the historian of Hindostan, and will long continue to be read when the vulgar dramas of the day are forgotten or despised.

The *occasional poems* are “The Lotos of Egypt,” “Genius,” and a specimen of a descriptive and historical poem called “Richmond Hill,” to be published by subscription, which will well repay the ingenious author, if it meet with half the patronage it deserves.

*Edgar, or the Caledonian Feuds. A Tragedy. By George Mannors, Esq. 2s. 6d. Tipper and Richards. 1806.*

To “The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,” a romance by Mrs. Radcliffe, the public is in a great measure indebted for this tragedy, which was acted, for the first time, at Covent Garden theatre, for the benefit of Miss Smith. Its reception was very favourable, and a perusal of it will not, as in common, excite surprise in the mind of the critic.

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 THE BRITISH STAGE.
 

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*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.*

Cicero.

The Imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners --The Representation of Truth.

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 ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.
 

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**THE DEATH OF CESAR**, a tragedy in three acts, by Voltaire, at the French theatre, 1743.

This piece, without either *love* or *women*, was acted for the first time at the *Hotel de Sassenage*, afterwards at the colleges of Harcourt and Mazarin, where it had better success than at the French theatre, for which it was not calculated.

Abbé Desfontaines spoke very indifferently of it in his periodical review, but Voltaire, through the interference of friends, and by polite letters to the Abbé, brought him over to be one of his warm admirers. In a subsequent review he threw the censure of his former number upon the editor of the tragedy: his words are these: "As M. de Voltaire has assured me that the editor has materially altered his piece, I had the curiosity to see the original at the Abbé Asselin's, proviseur of the Harcourt College, who permitted me to examine it. I found many important alterations, and I know, from the best authority, that M. de Voltaire had no concern directly or indirectly in that edition. The gross faults of the editor prejudiced me against the play, and made me regard it as an unfinished production. But the perusal of the original has changed my opinion."

**THE FORCED MARRIAGE**, a comedy in one act, in prose, by Moliere.

This piece was acted for the first time at the Louvre, accompanied by a ballet of the same title, in which Louis the 14th danced. An anonymous writer verified it afterwards in 1674. The famous Count de Gramont, whose memoirs were written by Lord Hamilton, furnished Moliere with the subject of this little drama. Count de Gramont whilst in England fell in love with Miss Hamilton. Their attachment was much talked of, the count however took his departure for France without marrying the lady. Her two brothers followed him to Dover, intending to call him to account for neglecting the lady. As soon as they saw him, they cried out "Comte de Gramont, Comte de Gramont, hav'nt you forgotten something in

London?" "I ask your pardon," said the count, who perceived their intention; "I have forgotten to marry your sister, but I will return with you directly for that purpose."

THE MISTAKES, OR THE RIVAL FROM RESEMBLANCE, a comedy of five acts, in verse of ten syllables, by *Palissot*, of the French theatre, 1762.

The author's enemies were revenged for the success of his *PHILOSOPHERS*. The comedy of the *Mistakes* was very badly received, and when *Bellecourt* came forward to give it out for another night, he was only permitted to say, to-morrow will be performed *Alzire*; on Wednesday—here he was interrupted by a violent uproar, and he could not announce the *second* representation. It was, notwithstanding, acted *once* more. A person, very well known by all the frequenters of the theatres, and who was no friend of *Palissot*, was supposed to be very active in its *damnation*, and thinking that some officers, commonly called *flies of the police*, observed him in the pit, he said, in an under voice, to those who sat near him, "The piece can't keep; it is *fly-blown*."

### THE CASTLE OF DUNSINANE.

THE author of the "Statistical account of Scotland," happened, anno 1772, to take an excursion to Perthshire, and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinnan castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the History of Macbeth, that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years in Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin's, which the country people call *Carnbeth*, or Macbeth's Castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times, witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinnan House, at a place called the Cape.\* Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle, upon the top of an adjoining hill,

\* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin's, is yet pointed out by the country people; and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the *Witches' stone*. The moor is now planted, by William Macdonald, Esq. of St. Martin's, the proprietor, and to whom also Carnbeth, or Carnbeddie, belongs; whose active zeal in promoting the improvement of the Highlands, will long be remembered, in that part of the kingdom, with much respect.

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since called Dunsinuan, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the materials of so vast a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art, being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which enclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a fosse, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Glen-Almond, Crieff, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair-Athol, and Braemar; Strathmore also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *the giant*, as the country people call him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands, the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware "when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and, flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at *The Lang Man's Grave*,\* as it is called, which is still extant.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane Castle, in 1772; and the reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakspeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason, indeed, to believe, that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having

\* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road, where according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.

viewed the places, where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland, (vol. viii. p. 358,) it is stated, that, anno 1599, king James desired Elizabeth to send him, in that year, a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason," he adds, "to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the number." And in the "Statistical Account of Perth," (vol. xviii. p. 599,) we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinane, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences, as narrated by Shakspeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock; but it was much more poetical, as narrated by Shakspeare, his falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured.

About the period alluded to, anno 1772, I took much pleasure in tracing the antiquities of Scotland, on the spot where the different occurrences happened; but was too young (being then only about eighteen years of age) to do justice to such interesting enquiries. I have been tempted, however, from the peculiar historical importance of the Castle of Dunsinane, to state the substance of the traditions I had collected respecting it; and perhaps it may not be improper to add, that I found the traditions respecting the battle of Luncarty, and other ancient events, much more distinct and accurate than is commonly imagined; and, in general, authenticated by the remains of encampments, the ruins of castles, the vestiges of tombs, the appearance of mote-hills, or seats of justice, and the names of places, all affording concurrent evidence of their authenticity.

The circumstances regarding the battle of Luncarty, in particular, were uncommonly minute and circumstantial. The encampments of the Scottish and Danish armies, the place where Hay and his gallant sons resided, called Gullan, a farm opposite to Luncarty, the field they were plowing at the time, the ford where they crossed the Tay, and the very spot where they stopped and animated their flying countrymen, &c. &c. were all pointed out by old men in the neighbourhood, when examined by the author in 1772.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONNET.

## TO GOOD NATURE.

"As is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." *Isaiah.*

As o'er the dreary wilds of Araby  
 The fainting palmer toils his silent way,  
 Languid and weak, he lifts his hollow eye,  
 Noting how slowly wends the painful day:  
 High rolls the vertic sun! th' oppressive hour  
 Intense and merciless, yet fiercer glows,  
 O now to him how balmy sweet to cower  
 Beneath the shade the rocky fragment throws!  
 And thus it is with him whose bitter fate  
 Instructs him *how* to prize thy cheering smile  
 Good-Nature! thou who canst *indeed* elate  
 The drooping heart, the rising pang beguile,  
 And, with seraphic touch, awhile renew  
 The joys which erst this thankful bosom knew!  
*Plymouth.* WILLIAM BALL.

## FRIENDSHIP RENEWED.

THE vows we lost, in lapse of time,  
 That change the sickening heart persu'd,  
 Shall rest within their native clime,  
 And love and friendship be renew'd.

Why thus depress'd with brimful eyes?  
 Why thus must manhood be subdu'd?  
 When Hope in whispers soft replies—  
 "To taste of friendship when renew'd,"

Each absent friend, to memory dear,  
 Which cruel distance may preclude,  
 In pillow'd fancy still is near,  
 And all our friendship seems renew'd.

That breast now labouring with a sigh,  
 To thrill with rapture is endu'd;

And swift as lightning wings the sky  
May love and friendship be renew'd.

Shall sordid trifles claim our care,  
Or Rancour's tumult dare obtrude  
Where joys congenial mortals share,  
And Friendship's flame can be renew'd?

So earth revolves, and seasons reign;  
With winter's wrath the plains are strew'd;  
But constant spring shall cheer again,  
And Sol's warm friendship be renew'd.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.

### SONG.

Tho' far, sweet maid! from thee  
I waste the long and mournful day;  
Tho' the wide sea  
Has borne me from thy arms away,  
Still shall prophetic hope sustain  
The heart where thou wilt ever reign,  
Most dear to me!

Tho' Fate's unkind decree  
Dooms me to brave the nightly storm,  
Yet thou art free!  
Consoling thought! thy shelter'd farm,  
Safe from the sweeping tempest's roar,  
Abides on that protecting shore  
So dear to me!

Thrice blest the hour shall be  
That brings me to my native land,  
My love to see!  
To seize again her fervent hand,  
Affection's rich reward to claim,  
And that fond prize, at last, obtain,  
Most dear to me.

Plymouth.

WILLIAM BALL.

## AN ANGLER'S RECRET.

ADDRESS'D TO THE RIVER LEA, IN HERTS.

Upon thy margin have I stood,  
 Or trac'd the slowly-winding stream ;  
 And tho', emerging from the flood,  
 No fabled nymph, as poets dream,  
 With sedges bound her dripping hair ;  
 Yet would my simple fancy rove,  
 (Renewing former scenes of care)  
 To parted hours of younger love.

'Twas strange to think upon the maid  
 Whom tenderness had claim'd her own,  
 When musing in this wat'ry glade,  
 And time so long a space had flown ;  
 And snaring then the funny race,  
 That haunt thy deeps, or upward fling,  
 Disporting on the dimpled face,  
 Circling the wave in many a ring.

My vanish'd float and bended reed  
 Would frequent indicate a prize,  
 When landed, what a noble deed !  
 " How lovely in the net he lies."  
 Then, haply, Susan was forgot,  
 And her gay thoughts, a shining train !  
 Which mem'ry tells me, 'tis my lot  
 Never to hear disclos'd again !

So transitory are our joys,  
 So soon do pleasing objects fade !  
 Old friendships die, and time destroys  
 Th' attractions of each blooming maid ;  
 But thou, blest stream ! whose beauties flow  
 From fountains of eternal youth,  
 Canst ne'er those fatal changes know,  
 Which blight man's honour, and his truth.

MARCUS.

Aug. 1806.

## THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

- "Come! why so slow? you'll sure be ta'en;  
 "Quick, man, we've lost the day:—"  
 "Nay, Captain, I'm among the slain,  
 "And shall no more away;  
 "My grave is made; but now depart,  
 "Ye dear companions of my heart!  
  
 "Yet halt awhile: Ned's swift of foot,  
 "Stay Ned: —lad, e'er you go,  
 "Affection deep has taken root,  
 "And gives my bosom woe;  
 "This well-stor'd purse, my babes and wife,  
 "'Twill cheer their hours of ling'ring life.  
  
 "And in my knapsack thou wilt find  
 "Some epaulets of gold,  
 "Take them thyself;—a watch—be kind,  
 "That watch—my father's old,—  
 "He'll count the slow and tedious time,  
 "Since death has robb'd me of my prime.  
  
 "To fight the battles of my king,  
 "To act a manly part,  
 "My country more of fame to bring,  
 "I feel the killing smart,  
 "And fall:—but see—now comrade, fly—  
 "Yon musket levels, and—I die!"

MARCUS.

## PARAPHRASE OF AN EPIGRAM BY GUARINI,

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ASLEEP, WHO HAD FINE EYES.

Lovely eyes, than stars more bright!  
 At once my bane and my delight,  
 Why e'en in sleep ah cruel! show  
 That you still meditate my woe?  
 When your light's *veil'd* if thus my heart you move,  
 How when you *sparkle* should I burn with love!

Chelsea,

O. C. I.

## SONG,

## ON THE WRECK OF A SLAVE SHIP.

O blow not, ye terrible winds; with such force!  
 O bid the full tempest arrest in its course.  
 Hark! the cry of distress:—no pray'r can prevail,  
 For the voice of destruction is heard in the gale:  
 Sad founder my hopes, now our vessel is cleft,  
 Of shelter, of friends, and of comfort bereft,  
 Cold, feeble, uncertain, I wander forlorn,  
 And wait for the tardy approach of the morn.

Yet rolls the dread thunder tremendous on high!  
 And the flash of conviction illumines from the sky;  
 'Tis the red bolt of anger, th' Almighty has hurl'd,  
 And his vengeance is seen in the watery world!  
 Ah! why to this element e'er did I trust,  
 And quit my heart's maxims, so prudent and just,  
 Resigning the humble employ of the pen,  
 On the rude coast of Affric to barter for men?

Africa spread her allurements; a dupe to her charms,  
 She bid me, for gold, brave the Ocean's alarms,  
 With traffic inhuman, those islands supply,  
 Where death keeps his court, where 'tis nothing to die;  
 Where man's boasted dignity, pow'rless, must yield  
 In condition, below the poor brute of the field:  
 In Europe they pamper their horses and hounds,—  
 Here man sinks by plague, or by merciless wounds.

Ye spirits of Affric! your tortures are done,  
 For Heaven has pitied the child of the Sun;  
 May your souls now revisit those fountains, and groves,  
 Which, living, have witness'd the truth of your loves;  
 Unreveng'd not ye died;—my companions lay low,  
 And sad for their loss shall the frequent tear flow;  
 In defence of their country, they'd conquer or save,  
 And the surges have clos'd o'er the heads of the brave!

MARCUS.

Sep. 1806.

## SONNET

ON

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

NAT. XIII JAN. MDCCXLIX. DENAT. XIII SEPT. MDCCCVI.

FOX, THOU hast liv'd !—THE HELM in our blest Days

Of Sunshine and of Calm Thou didst not take :

But when the Tempest made the firm Earth shake,  
And Gloom and Horror reign'd.—This be thy Praise :  
That in no Hour to listen flattering lays

The Steerage boldest Pilots fear'd to make,

And who long govern'd hasten'd to forsake,

Thy Hand accepted.—Hence THY COUNTRY pays

2.

With Love and Veneration that firm Zeal,

That Life a Victim to the Public Weal,

That Spirit active, comprehensive, kind ;

That Energy, on renovated Base

Which fixt the RIGHTS of JURIES ; and the RACE

Of AFRIC liberates ; and sought the WORLD in PEACE  
to bind.

C. L.

17 S. 1806.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## COVENT-GARDEN

Opened on the 15th of September, with *John Bull* and *The Miser*. Another attempt has been made to fill the void occasioned by the secession of Mr. Johnstone, in the engagement of a Mr. Mara, who played *Dennis Brulgruddery*. He is such an Irishman as most country companies can supply ; coarse, confident, and extravagant. The character itself is so whimsically drawn, that it requires little more than a wig and hat to make it effective. This all the Brulgrudderys since Johnstone have done with nearly equal success ; Waddy, Rock, Denman, and Noble ; and yet all have been fifty degrees below the original. The first we have mentioned is the best of his four successors. Mr. Mara was well received. This, however, is saying but little ; a London audience has long ceased to discriminate : they “ fly at any thing they see.” A Miss Logan (we believe from Liverpool) performed *Mary and Lappet*, and has since done a few singing parts. She has a very elegant person, and possesses a degree of useful talent ; that will occasion a frequent call for her services. What she most wants—indeed what she wants almost entirely, is spirit and freedom of action. She must not yet sing *bravuras*.

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17. Mr. Stephen Kemble, engaged to play *Falstaff* for three nights, appeared in the first part of *Henry IV.* A candid criticism on his fat knight will be found in vol. p. xiv. 268. He is far, very far from the mark; but, as times go, and on a comparison with the living actors of this character, his performance may pass for tolerable. Cooke, however, whose *Falstaff* is among his least commendable efforts, is yet the best our stage can boast.

22. *Henry VIII.* Mrs. Siddons made her débüt for the season in *Catherine.* Of her fine genius and unrivalled powers of acting there is no abatement, and certainly there is none in person. She begins, in truth, to look the sister of Mr. Stephen Kemble. Pope has considerably increased his fame by his performance of *Harry.*

26. *Laugh when you can.* Mr. Melvin, from York, introduced himself in *Gossamer,* and we think he made a creditable stand, in a character drawn expressly for Mr. Lewis. He is an agile, locomotive little fellow, who understands all the *finesse* of the stage, and has as much vivacity as any of our actors, except Mr. Lewis, who, in this quality especially, and in all the most valuable accomplishments of a comedian, is, and perhaps ever will be, unrivalled. The person of Mr. Melvin is low, but there is a neatness in it altogether; he speaks articulately, and with good sense, and his deportment, never awkward, sometimes approaches to elegance. A few monkey gambols and *Harlequin capers* were noticeable in his *by-play*, which, even in *Gossamer*, and characters of that *ally* species, are offensive to the judicious spectator. There is nothing, however, of the *Gossamer* in his voice, which is baritonous, strong, and capable of giving force and solemnity to sentiment. To shew his versatility, he afterwards played *Michael*, in the *Adopted Child*, a silly farce, which nothing but the excellence of Bannister in the serio-comic could have carried beyond the first night. Mr. Melvin seemed to be quite at home in this part, and his performance was, no doubt, admirably characteristic, but we thought he threw an unnecessary roughness into the sailor, which made him rather repulsive than interesting. The *gruff-pathetic* was the epithet by which a morning print not unappropriately distinguished his performance of *Michael.* Both in play and farce he was received with universal applause.

29. Cooke, whose misconduct seems only to increase his attraction, and endear him still more to the public, was saluted, on his *entrée* in *Richard*, with repeated shouts and peals of applause, which shook the house to its centre. The errors of last season were not recollected, or if so, remembered only to be forgiven and rewarded. He never played better. A Mrs. Makin, a lady of vast proportions, made her appearance in the *Queen*, and if, as some critics maintain, height gives majesty, all the queens on the stock-list (to which may be added *Mabel Flourish*, and *Glumdalca*) must be immediately assigned over, without any condition, to this lady, to have and to hold, as long as she remains in the theatre. She can fill them all. Her merit, however, is very *diminutive.* Is this tragedy so miserably attended to in the cast because Mr. Cooke plays *Richard*? Well, be it so; "the king's name is a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction want."

Oct. 1. *Citizen.* Mrs. C. Kemble (under that name we were most happy

to see Miss De Camp of Drury-Lane) presented herself at this theatre in the character of *Maria*, and her reception was such as her talents entitled her to expect. We wish we could say we were satisfied with her performance of *Maria*, her colouring of which exceeded the author's design as much, perhaps, as Melvin's *Philpot* certainly fell below it. This farce should be suffered to remain, at present, at Drury-Lane.

6. *Robin Hood*. Mr. BELLAMY, a name well known in the theatrical and musical world, performed *Robin Hood*. He has a very pleasing voice, of considerable compass and depth, under the regulation of a good ear and a correct taste. We understand, also, that he is a sound musician. As an actor he may be called respectable, and he is certainly an important acquisition to the theatre.

8. *Beggar's Opera*. Miss BOULTON has made a successful appearance in *Polly*, a character, if sustained with tolerable ability by a new performer, sure to give a temporary run to the opera: but Miss Boulton is more than tolerable. Since Miss Poole (now Mrs. Dickens) she is the most promising vocal *débütante* that has been introduced on these boards. Her person is well calculated for the stage, and she is likely to become a decent actress. We wait for her *Rosetta* to speak more minutely and decisively as to her real value to the stage. Incledon's *Macheath* is perfection.

9. *Valentine and Orson* restored Young Bologna in the *Green Knight*, after a season's absence, and introduced Grimaldi, from Drury-Lane, in *Orson*.--- Grimaldi's merit in pantomime is undeniable, and we are always glad to witness his powerful exertions; we are inclined, however, to prefer his predecessor, Du Bois, in the *wild man of the woods*. The bear did not play her part so well as formerly. A Master Smalley introduced a song, and displayed extraordinary execution and powers of voice. Such genius should not be left long without cultivation.

13. *Children in the Wood*. Melvin's *Walter* will not increase his reputation. The managers are wrong in assigning to him characters where comparisons must be made, and where there is so little probability of their being made in his favour. Excepting *Josephine*, by little Tyrer, the farce is shamefully cast and acted.

21. This being the anniversary of Lord Nelson's victory and death, an Ode was performed on the occasion; the recitation by Mr. Cooke. Who is the poet we have not heard, nor is it necessary to enquire. The musician is Davy, and he has executed his task most ably.

A spectacle by Reynolds; an operatic drama by Mr. Dimond, junr. *Coriolanus*, and the *Tempest*, are in preparation at this theatre.

#### DRURY-LANE

Opened, Sept. 13, with the *Honey Moon*; and a Mr. Penley in *Jaques*. He will be found useful, but such parts as *Jaques*, *Scrub*, and *Acres*, are out of the reach of his talents.

27. A young lady, who performed last season at Covent-Garden, for the benefit of Mr. H. Johnston, made a second trial this evening in *Miss Biddy*. She was favourably received, but her fears prevented her from doing complete justice to the character. De Camp was very fortunate in *Captain Flash*.



OCT. 4. *Forty Thieves.* Mrs. Mountain was successful beyond our expectation in *Morgiana*.

9. *As you like it.* *Jagues* by Mr. Eyre, from the Bath company. A sensible speaker, but rather heavy and monotonous.

11. *Wonder.* *Col. Briton* by Mr. Carles, the gentleman who played *Othello* and *Jaffier*, at Covent garden in 1803, [See M. M. vol. xv. p. 128.] and who has been since acquiring practice on the provincial stages. He is engaged at this theatre, in the place of Mr. Holland, and seems fully competent to the characters allotted him.

16. *The Will.* Mrs. Forbes, from Dublin, was received in the most flattering manner in *Albina*. Her figure is *petite*, but well proportioned, and appeared to advantage in the male attire. Her voice is pleasing, though not powerful, and her countenance full of expression. She went through the whole of the character in a very easy, playful, and spirited manner, and is well worth the consideration of the managers.

At this theatre we expect a comedy by Holcroft; a melo-drama by the junior Hook; an opera by Kenny; another by Cherry, &c. The *Photo-Table*, by the late Mr. Tobin, the author of the *Honey-Moon*, was announced for representation, but withdrawn only a day or two before the night appointed, in compliment to the fashionable *host of Pharaoh*, who are not to be molested, it seems, in their honourable and harmless amusements.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

CATALINI.—The following account of this singer, who is to grace our Opera stage, next season, is taken from a French paper:—

"We do not here announce one of those little infantine prodigies, which astonish only because they are out of season, one of those forced products of the hot-house, which seem valuable only because they outrun nature. We now speak of a talent in its full maturity, of a voice, which is rare only because it is perfect, and the extent of which surpasses the limits hitherto assigned to the organs of the most fortunate; in one word, of the celebrated Catalini, the most wonderful singer of Europe. Nature, it has been observed, wished to supersede in her favour those ordinary laws which she has imposed on herself, in regulating the structure and limits of the human *larynx*. In addition to the charms peculiar to the female voice, she has bestowed on this virtuosi all the advantages of artificial instruments.

"Madame Catalini was born in the papal territory, under the happy climate of Ausonia, where music is an indigenous plant, and melody a property of the soil. At 16 she made her *début* in the first parts of the serious opera: and notwithstanding her youth, and her little familiarity with the stage, she maintained her reputation by the singular merit of her voice, though she had to undergo a comparison with singers of the most consummate talents. Her fame soon spread all over Europe, and she was not suffered to remain long in Italy. She was induced to visit Portugal, and resided for a considerable time at Lisbon. In that city, the wonderful talents which nature has bestowed on her were cultivated and carried to the highest perfection. In

fact, she unites in herself all the great qualities which excite our admiration when separately distributed to other artists. Her voice is equally astonishing both in the low and in the high tones; and is no less remarkable for sweetness and flexibility, than for strength and compass.

From Lisbon she went to Madrid, carrying with her the regret of the Portuguese. At the Spanish court she received the most flattering distinctions. She was honoured with innumerable marks of the most gracious condescension from the Queen, to whom she was particularly recommended by the Princess of Brasil. She is now at Paris, which, as the metropolis of the universe, the centre of glory and the fine arts, has a right to the possession of such a prodigy.

Madame Catalini is about 24. She possesses a very agreeable person. Her figure, indeed, might serve as a passport to an inferior voice, and of course it will not diminish the effect of one which is excellent. In a concert, Madame Catalini is the only singer. No other voice, either of man or woman, can be heard beside hers. She is even a very formidable rival to the most able performers either on wind or stringed instruments. Their most brilliant passages cannot be compared with what Madame Catalini easily executes with her natural voice.

#### NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

This theatre is at present winding up a very successful account with benefits to the performers, who have, by their exertions, deserved as well of the public. The talents of *Mr. Cross* are well known; and his management is entitled to great praise. That gold which comes from the fire is best, and the concern has derived much from it.

#### NEW OLYMPIC PAVILION.

The success of *Mr. Astley senr.* even without his claims on the public, at a moment of distress, after long services, would in all probability be certain. In Paris the theatres are ten-fold more numerous than with us. Our respect for private property, as the argument runs, (though our stupid disregard for common sense, and the encouragement of a laudable and beneficial emulation, would perhaps come nearer to the truth,) prevents the licensing of more than two regular theatres, in the populous cities of London and Westminster. *Mr. Astley senr.* however, has, in the vicinity of these monopolizing abodes of the tragic and comic muse, been indulged with a license to exhibit entertainments *quo more*, and from his situation, and the excellence of his performers in their particular way, there can be no doubt, that, without his extraordinary claims, his success would be complete.

Since our last and first notice, the stage exhibitions have been improved by the addition of a new dance called the *Hibernian Reapers, or Harvest Home*, in which *Mrs. Parker* distinguished herself by a style of dancing full of ease, and productive of the most agreeable effect. The feats of strength, and the riding of *Master Davis*, excite the greatest admiration. To the

many other objects of attraction, is added, the *redoubtable charger*, a horse, who, to singular longevity, adds a surprising degree of docility and intelligence. He is forty one years of age, and performs all the offices of a servant waiting at tea. He was given, twenty years ago, by a nobleman, to Mr. Astley junr. who, with commendable generosity, suffers him to exhibit here for the benefit of Mr. Astley senr.

The Dukes of York, Kent and Cambridge, who patronize this undertaking, have already honoured the *Pavillion* with their presence.

#### ROYALTY THEATRE, WELLCLOSE-SQUARE.

Mr. Astley junr. after making his hay while the sun shone at Westminster-Bridge, has according to custom retired with his ingenious labourers, during the winter season, to Wellclose-Square. He went into winter quarters on Monday the 6th of October, and, judging from appearances, the after grass will nearly equal the first crop, which was deservedly great. To drop our figure, we must observe, that the ingenuity and liberality of Mr. Astley junr. have been exercised at this theatre in a manner that reflects much credit on him, and merits the patronage which he receives. The bullets of action, and the dances, supported by *Laurent* and *Giroux*, are excellent. The naval *Pasticcio*, in which a panoramic view of *Buenos Ayres* is exhibited, is very clever. With such a corps to put the inventions of his genius into effect, Mr. Astley junr. may safely look forward to a fruitful season.

This company is unrivalled in the production of *pantomime*, the merit of which is due to Mr. Bradwell, whose extraordinary abilities, and success in this department, have long excited the admiration and applause of the public.

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#### PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

*Theatre Bury St. Edmunds.*—This theatre has been attended with unusual success.—The company has lately been enriched by Mrs. Grove, (late Miss Biggs,) from the Theatre Royal Liverpool.—The merit of this lady is too well known to need a comment.—Yet it may not be ungratifying to the lovers of the drama, to learn that her popularity increases with every new character. Her old maid is certainly a *chef-d'œuvre*, improved, if possible, by a parody on the Blue Bells of Scotland.—This lady we pronounce an honour to the stage, and sincerely wish to see her raised to that situation, to which her merit entitles her. Since the closing of the Haymarket theatre, Mr. Grove has made his appearance, and gained universal credit in Solomon Gundy, Verdun, Muskato, Captain Cape, &c. &c. This gentleman, we do not hesitate to pronounce, will be a very great favourite with the public. Mrs. Bramwell is no small acquisition to the comic department, which, till her re-appearance, suffered greatly.—The death of Mr. Bowles Senr.

occasioned for a few nights the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles.---The company has lately sustained a heavy loss in a Mr. Seyton, a promising young man, who, at the age of nineteen, bids fair to be one of the first actors of the age. Mr. Thompson, a very clever performer, has also left the company,---perhaps it were better the public were ignorant of the true cause of this gentleman's bidding adieu to the theatre, which, if we are rightly informed, reflects a shameful disgrace upon the manager,---or his advisers.

#### MILITARY THEATRICALS.

*Extract of a private letter from Clonmell.*---“ On Friday, Oct 2, was performed (for the purposes of charity) before a brilliant and overflowing audience, Shakespeare's celebrated play of *Henry IV.* the principal characters by gentlemen of the garrison. To particularize any, where all were respectable, and many excellent, might appear invidious; but we cannot pass over, without a due tribute of praise, the inimitable performance of Captain Georges, in the arduous character of *Sir John Falstaff*: the original, and eccentric humour of the fat knight was most ably portrayed, and without derogating from the merit of others, we have little hesitation in saying, that this gentleman bids fair to rival the happiest efforts of his dramatic contemporaries. Lieut. Waring, in the *Prince of Wales*, fully gratified the high expectations of the audience; Major Bryan's *Poins* is too well known to require any new eulogium. *Sir Richard Vernon*, and *Sir Walter Blunt*, were ably sustained by Lieutenants Hyde and Boyle, who displayed great originality, and trod the stage with veteran ease. Mr. Lysaght being unfortunately prevented from performing the part of *Hotspur*, it was read, or rather acted, by Dr. Ryan, at a very short notice, who gave full force to the fire and impetuosity of the valiant chieftain, and died with a spirit worthy of his gallant ancestors. The admirable band of the Tyrone militia performed Martini's grand overture with great effect. Between the fourth and fifth acts, the favourite duet of “*How sweet in the woodlands*,” was performed by Messrs. Wilmans (of the Tyrone band,) on the clarinet and trumpet, with reiterated bursts of applause. The scenery, which was beautiful, we understand was executed by an amateur artist of distinction.

#### DOMESTIC EVENTS.

It has been erroneously stated, that peers, as well as members of the House of Commons, are deprived of the privilege of franking or receiving letters free during the dissolution of parliament. The fact is, that *peers'* letters are only charged with postage from the day of the dissolution until forty days previous to the assembling the new parliament, when their franking recommences; and such members as are returned to the new parliament, then begin to send and receive letters free of postage.

In a Latin inscription on the tomb of a Mr. Rush, a vinegar merchant in Clapham, it is stated that he was a greater man than Hannibal, as the Carthaginian general only cut his way through the Alps with vinegar---but Mr. Rush cut his way through the world with it.

**BEAUTY.**—Beauty, is defined by an ancient to be “a symmetry of limbs, and other parts, accompanied with a goodness of colour.” Lucian, who well understood the subject, praises Hamer for comparing Menelaus’s thighs to ivory gently dyed in purple; for such should be the colour of the whole body. Ansonius gives us the complexion of the incompar, his Bissule, when he says:—“Go then, painter, confound red roses with many lilies, and what reflection the air takes from them, let that be the colour of her face.”

**JEALOUSY.**—M. D’Avitty, in his history of Syria, says, that “the christians of that country are so jealous, that they will not permit the women to confess to priests; they confess to one another.” Acosta writes, that “this custom of the sex confessing to the sex, was in use amongst the inhabitants of Peru.” We meet with a man in Plautus, who made it a point, that his wife should not pay to the gods, but to the goddesses.

### THE KING'S DECLARATION.

The negotiations in which his majesty has been engaged with France, having terminated unsuccessfully, his majesty thinks proper to make this public declaration to his subjects and to Europe, of the circumstances which have led to an issue, which his majesty deeply regrets. He has no object nearer to his heart, than the conclusion of a secure and permanent peace. He laments the continuance of a war, affecting the happiness of so many nations, and which, even amidst all the successes that attend his arms, is so burdensome to his faithful and affectionate people. But he is confident that there can arise on this occasion no other sentiment, either in his own dominions, or in any part of Europe, than that of an increased conviction, that the restoration of general tranquillity, is retarded only by the injustice and ambition of the enemy.

The French government, unsatisfied with its immense acquisitions on the Continent, still openly perseveres in a system destructive of the independence of every other power. War is pursued, not for security, but for conquest; and negotiations for peace appear to be entered into for no other object, than that of detaching the neighbouring powers into a state of false security, while France is herself preparing, arranging, and executing her unremitting projects of encroachment and aggression.

Her conduct, in the recent discussions, has afforded but too many proofs of this disposition.

The negotiation originated in an offer made by the French government of treating for peace on the basis of actual possession, which was stated to admit of mutual compensation; and a distinct assurance was added, that his majesty's German dominions, which had been attacked without even the pretence of any cause of hostility, should be restored.

Such a proposal appeared to his majesty to afford a just foundation for negotiating: it was therefore accepted with this reserve, that the negotiation should be conducted by his majesty in concert with his allies.

No sooner had this basis been mutually admitted, than it was departed from by the enemy, and that too, in points of so great importance, as to call for an immediate declaration on the part of his majesty, that, unless the principle

proposed by France herself were adhered to, the communications which had been opened between the two governments must at once be closed.

This produced new professions of the disposition of France to make considerable sacrifices for the attainment of peace, if the discussions were suffered to proceed; at the same time that a difficulty was started, on account of the want of full powers in the person entrusted by his majesty with this communication. Steps were thereupon taken by his majesty for opening a regular negotiation, by ministers duly authorized, in order to ascertain, in a manner the most satisfactory and authentic, whether peace could be obtained on terms honourable to the king and his allies, and consistent with the general security of Europe.

During these proceedings, a minister, sent by the emperor of Russia to treat for the same important object, in concert with his majesty's government, was induced, by the artifices of the enemy, to sign a separate treaty, on terms equally repugnant to the honour and interests of his imperial majesty.

Unmoved by this unexpected event, the king continued to negotiate precisely on the same principles as before. He relied, with a confidence which experience has amply justified, on the good faith and steadiness of an ally, in concert with whom he had begun to treat, and whose interests he had maintained throughout with the same firmness as his own.

The French government, on the contrary, elated by this advantage, of which it boasted as equal in importance to the most decisive victory, departed in every conference more and more widely from its own offers and engagements. Not only did it take upon itself to change, at its own will, the basis of the negotiation with Great Britain, but it violated, in points still more important, every principle of good faith with Russia. The chief inducement offered to that power, as the price of all the sacrifices extorted from her minister, had been the preservation of Germany. Yet, before the decision of Russia on this treaty could be known, France had already annihilated the whole frame and constitution of the German empire, had reduced under her own yoke a large proportion of the states and provinces of Germany; and, not content with this open contempt of obligations so recently contracted, had at the same time instigated the Porte to measures directly subversive of her subsisting engagements with Russia.

While such conduct was pursued towards his majesty, towards his allies, and towards all independent powers, there appeared so little hope of any favourable issue to the negotiation, that his majesty's plenipotentiaries demanded their passports to return to England.

This demand was at first eluded by an unusual and unexplained delay, and the French government afterwards, by some material concessions, accompanied with intimations that others of still greater consequence might be the result of further discussion, procured a renewal of the conferences, which were protracted from day to day, till at length it was announced at Paris that the emperor of Russia had indignantly rejected the unauthorized and separate treaty signed by his minister.

In consequence of this important event, the strongest assurances were given to his majesty's minister, that France was now prepared to make sacri-

ties to a great extent, in order, by securing peace with Great Britain, to re-establish the tranquillity of the world.

The object of these assurances appeared, however, to be that of engaging his majesty in a separate negotiation, to the exclusion of his allies; a proposal which his majesty had rejected in the outset, and which he could still less admit of at a time when the conduct of Russia had imposed on him an increased obligation not to separate his interests from those of so faithful an ally. To these insidious overtures, his majesty steadily refused to listen; but he took the most effectual method to avoid all appearance of delay, and to accelerate, if possible, the favourable issue of the negotiation. The confidential intercourse which he had constantly maintained with Russia, enabled his majesty to specify the terms on which peace with that power might be obtained; and his minister was accordingly instructed to state to France, in addition to his own demands, those of his ally, to reduce them into distinct articles, and even to conclude, on those grounds, a provisional treaty, to take effect whenever Russia should signify her accession.

This form of negotiating was, after some objections, acceded to by France. Terms were now offered to his majesty more nearly approaching than before to the original basis of negotiation; but these were still far short of what his majesty had uniformly insisted on, and was now more than ever entitled to expect; and the decisive rejection of the just demands of Russia, as well as of the conditions proposed by his majesty in behalf of his other allies, left to his majesty no other course than that of ordering his minister to terminate the discussion and return to England.

The foregoing short and simple exposition of facts stands in need of no comment. The first overtures which led to negotiation were made by the enemy, and they were accepted by his majesty in the sincerest spirit of peace. Every opening which seemed to afford the most distant prospect of accommodation has been anxiously embraced, nor was the negotiation finally broken off while any hope of a favourable issue could be entertained. His majesty's demands were uniformly just and reasonable; directed to no objects of personal aggrandisement, but to such only as were indispensably required by the honour of his crown, his engagements to his allies, and a due consideration of the general interests of Europe.

It is with heartfelt concern that his majesty contemplates the continuance of those evils always inseparable from a state of war; but it is with his enemies that this awful responsibility rests; and for the issue of the contest his majesty trusts, with confidence, to the justice of his cause; to the resources and bravery of his people; to the fidelity of his allies; and, above all, to the protection and support of the Divine Providence.

In contributing to the great efforts which such a contest must unavoidably require, his faithful and affectionate subjects will not forget that all their dearest interests are at stake; that no sacrifices they can be called upon to make, are to be compared with the certain disgrace and ruin of yielding to the injurious pretensions of the enemy; that with the inviolable maintenance of the good faith and public honour of their country, its prosperity,

its strength, and its independence, are essentially connected; and that, in asserting the rights, and upholding the dignity of the British empire, they defend the most powerful bulwark of the liberties of mankind.

A rich citizen, lately deceased, left each of his two daughters, as their fortune, their weight in 11. Bank-notes; and, on being put into the scale, the eldest weighed 7 stone 2lb. the second 8 stone. The eldest, in consequence, became possessed of a fortune amounting to 51,200l. and the youngest, being the heaviest, to 57,344l. and it was ascertained on the following scale—32 Bank-notes, of 11. each, weigh an ounce avoirdupois; 512 notes will therefore weigh a pound—51,200 notes will weigh 7 stone 2 pounds, or 100 pounds—and 57,344 notes weigh 112 pounds, or 8 stone.

A gentleman one day said he had no doubt he could carry a million of 11. Bank-notes; but they will actually weigh 1953 pounds.

Some days ago was cut, in the garden of the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, at Laycock Abbey, Wilts, a pumpkin, weighing 100lbs, 2 oz. the circumference of which is five feet one inch and a half.—Two others are still growing, which in all probability will be of larger dimensions.

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a Tailor.—Upon your oath, Sir, where did this conversation happen? “In the back parlour of my shop, my cutting room.”—“What were you then about yourself?” “Walking about.”—“Aye, just taking a stroll in your cabbage garden.”

A certain Barrister having a louse on his face in court, Mr. Curran took notice of it to him; the other rather pettishly answered, “Surely, Curran, you joke.”—“Joke, Sir, cried Curran, by G--d, if you have many such jokes as that in your head, I would advise you to crack them immediately.”

NEW FRENCH SHIPS.—We have often felt a pleasure in observing, that we are more indebted for the rapid increase of our navy to Buonaparte, than to half the ship-builders in our own dock-yards. He fits out vessels with remarkable dispatch, and we, with still greater celerity, capture them. It therefore gives us pleasure to learn, by the Cornwallis Packet, which arrived from Malta, that a ship of 110 guns, called *Le Commerce de Paris*, was launched at Toulon on the 1st of August, and that another of the same force was laid down there on the 15th, to be called *L'Austerlitz*. We anticipate the certainty of seeing the names of those ships one day inserted in our navy list.

We have to record another instance of the violence and atrocity of Buonaparte. A bookseller, M. Palm, residing at Nuremberg, formerly an imperial town, and under the special protection of Prussia, has been dragged from his house to the fortress of Brannau, there tried, and shot by the sentence of a French military commission; for no greater crime than vending, in the way of his trade, a publication containing some free remarks upon the government of Buonaparte.

MURDER OF J. P. PALM.—*Berlin, Sept. 22.* You have, no doubt, read the particulars of the murder of the unfortunate bookseller, Palm; and that, to intimidate others, Buonaparte ordered 6000 copies of the sentence of the mock tribunal to be circulated all over the continent. Some patriots here have, in return, subscribed for the publication and distribution of 60,000 copies of the inclosed letter, which he wrote to his wife some hours before his execution.



You can form no idea of the general indignation this murder has excited here and every where else in Germany. The pity of his fate is only surpassed by the abhorrence of the tyrant who commanded and directed the assassins who perpetrated this atrocious deed.

LETTER FROM J. P. PALM TO HIS WIFE.---“ *In the dungeon of the military prison of Brannau, August 26th, 1806.---Six o'clock in the morning.*---My dearest beloved.---When you read these lines you are a widow, and our dear, dear children have no longer a father. My destiny is fixed; in five hours I cease to live. But though I die the death of a criminal, you know that I have committed no crime; I fall a victim of the present calamitous times; times when an untimely end can neither dishonour a man, whose whole life has been irreproachable, nor throw a stain on his surviving family. In our miserable days what virtue has not expired by the hands of the executioner! ---Do not let your affliction for the fate of a husband deprive you of firmness to support the duties of a mother.---Our dear, dear babies (Oh, my God! I shall never more press them on you to my bursting heart!) have now a double claim on your maternal love, as well as on your maternal tenderness. Implant on their tender minds all those virtuous sentiments which made their good mother so very dear to their unfortunate father. I advise you to collect as soon as possible the wreck of our fortune (if any), and to retire with it to England, or America. In those fortunate lands, innocence is still secure, and patriotism is yet revered.

“ In my last fervent prayers, I recommend you all to the protection of an Omnipotent Providence, and to the compassion of those contemporary patriots of all countries, whose noble bosoms sympathise with my own feelings, and deplore, if not weep over, the destruction of liberty in wretched Germany.

“ Reward the friend who delivers this, and forgive, and teach our dear children to forgive, my murderer. May heaven pardon him as much as I do. I cannot---I dare not say more;---my breast is too full. Oh, my God! never---never more to behold and embrace them and you!!!---Almighty creator bless and preserve you all, until we meet in another and better world, to part no more.---With my last breath, your ever affectionate husband,

“ JOHN P. PALM.”

HORRID MURDER.---At a district court, holden at Morgantown, in America, in May, Abel Clements was found guilty of the murder of his wife and eight children. Among other evidence, Colonel George Jackson testified, that when he got to the prisoner's house, the morning after the murder, he was first met by the prisoner's mother, who exclaimed, that the family was murdered and robbed. He enquired what had become of the prisoner? she replied, she believed, or expected, he had hung himself. Witness called aloud for prisoner, believing, if he heard witness's voice he would answer, but no answer was returned. Upon examining the dead bodies, found that the woman had received two blows on the forehead with the pole of an axe; that all the others had been killed at one blow, on the side or fore part of the head, with the pole or edge of an axe; and witness believed that all had received instantaneous death, except two of the children, who had struggled a

little. The gaoler of Harrison, where the prisoner was first confined, testified, that he sometimes appeared to be crazy, but whenever his mother came in, he talked rational. He eat heartily, and appeared to be in his reason, though at times melancholy. One Cunningham, who stood indicted for grand larceny, and was confined in the district gaol when the prisoner was first lodged there, testified, that the first evening the prisoner was confined in the gaol with him, he heard him exclaiming to himself, "What a wretch am I, to kill so many innocent ones!" and the next day made use of similar expressions. That on the 30th of April last, the prisoner said to the witness, "Cunningham, you know I was not in my senses when I came, but I am willing to die for the charge. If I had my family as they were this time last year, ten thousand mountains of gold should not part us."---The jury were out about an hour, and returned with a verdict, guilty of murder in the first degree. When this verdict was announced to the prisoner, he heard it without the slightest emotion or change of countenance, and manifested the same stupid indifference that hath marked his conduct ever since his confinement. He was sentenced to be executed the 30th of June.

Sir John Stuart has been rewarded for his late gallant incursion into Calabria, and his recovery of the two provinces of that name, by being honoured with the title of "Count of Maida," and a considerable fief attached thereto, by the king of Naples.

SUICIDE.---A beautiful young lady in the north of Ireland, having been lately compelled by her father to marry a gentleman of fortune, though she had promised her hand to another, took poison in her tea the morning after her marriage, while at breakfast with her husband, and expired in less than an hour.

Schiller's *Maid of Orleans* was lately represented at the Berlin theatre. The house was crowded, and the spirit of the spectators displayed itself in the most enthusiastic plaudits at the passage which concludes---"*Base is that nation which stakes not its all in defence of its honour.*"

Lady Hamilton has in her possession a letter written by Lord Nelson previous to the battle of Trafalgar, respecting the child which he committed to her care, with an injunction that she shall not open it until the young lady attains the 18th year of her age.

THE JEWS.---The *Moniteur* of Sept. 23, gives an account of the proceedings respecting the Jewish Assembly, of which the following is an abstract.

The speech of the emperor's commissioners to the Jewish assembly, after signifying his majesty's approbation of their answers, and referring to the revolution, which menaced to swallow up religious thrones and empires, but the evils inflicted by which had been repaired by one man, proceeds to observe, that the Jews overwhelmed by the contempt of nations, and often the objects of the avarice of sovereigns, have not hitherto been treated with justice; and then states the following proposition on the part of his imperial majesty:—

"It is the wish of his majesty, that there should remain no excuse to those who will not become citizens. He insures to you the free exercise of your religion and the full enjoyment of your political rights; but in return

for the august protection which he grants you, he exacts a religious guarantee for the entire observance of the principles announced in your answers.--- This assembly, as it is at present constituted, cannot alone offer this to him. Its answers must be converted into decisions by another assembly of a still more imposing and religious form, that they may be placed by the side of the Talmud, and thus acquire in the eyes of the Jews of every country, and of every age, the greatest possible authority. This is the only mode of conforming to the greatness and generosity of his majesty's views, and of causing to be felt by all those who profess your religion, the happy influence of this memorable epoch.

"The number of commentators on your law have doubtless altered its purity, and the diversity of their opinions has created doubts in the minds of many of those who read them. It would therefore be rendering an important service to the generality of Jews to fix their belief on the matters which have already been submitted to you. In order that the history of Israel may speak of an assembly invested with an authority capable of producing the results which we expect, there must be a Grand Sanhedrim. It is a Grand Sanhedrim which his majesty proposes to convoke. This assembly, which fell with the Temple, will thus re-appear to enlighten every where the people whom it governs. It will thus restore the true spirit of your law, and give an explanation calculated to put an end to all erroneous interpretation. It will call upon the Jewish people to love and to defend the country which they inhabit, and will teach them that all the sentiments which attach them to their ancient country are due, where, for the first time since the ruin of their nation, they can elevate their voice."

The speech then goes on to propose, that according to ancient usage the Grand Sanhedrim shall consist of 66 members, exclusive of the president, two-thirds to be Rabbins, including those present, the other third to be chosen by the assembly by secret scrutiny; that the present assembly is to continue as long as the Grand Sanhedrim shall remain assembled, and that a committee of nine members should be appointed to arrange the subjects for discussion in the Sanhedrim. Lastly, the assembly is requested to announce the convocation of the Sanhedrim to all the synagogues in Europe.

The president of the assembly, M. Furtado, in his answer, after paying compliments to the emperor, lamenting the fallen state of the Jews, and expressing surprise that no prince had until now taken any steps to ameliorate their condition, proceeds to observe on the inconveniences arising from the division of each religion into different sects, and that each ought to present to the sovereign a responsibility and the means of superintendence, for which purposes there should be persons appointed to study its principles and preserve its purity, of which they should be the depositaries and the guardians. He then states, that the explanation of the dogmas of the Jewish religion, given by the assembly, had proved, that there was nothing either in its principles or its practice which could justify the exclusion of Jews from the enjoyment of the civil and political rights of Frenchmen. He concludes by expressing great approbation of the proposition for convoking the Grand Sanhedrim.

From a late estimation, it appears that the expences of Lord Nelson's funeral amounted to 14,000*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* and those of Mr. Pitt, to 6045*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

**THE GREEN MAN.**---Among the personages attracting public notice at Brighton, is an original, or *would be* an original, generally known by the appellation of *The Green Man*. He is dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat, and though his ears, whiskers, eyebrows and chin are better powdered than his head, which is, however, covered with flour, his countenance, no doubt, from the reflection of his cloaths, is also green. He eats nothing but greens, fruits, and vegetables; has his rooms painted green, and furnished with green sofas, green chairs, green tables, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip, are all green. With a green silk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch chain with green seals, fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat, he parades every day on the Strete.

**DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.**---The King George packet, Captain Walker, bound from Parkgate to Dublin, sailed from Parkgate exactly at twelve o'clock on Sunday, Sept. 14th, with a flag at her top-mast head, full tide, weather hazy, and drizzling rain, with the wind nearly direct South. At half past one o'clock she struck on the Salisbury Sand Bank, and remained nearly four hours dry, with part of her crew on the sands, waiting for the next tide. No apprehensions were then entertained of her having received any injury. On the return of the tide, the wind veered round to the West, and she received the wind and tide right on her side, resting against her anchor. As the tide came in, she filled rapidly with water; the night was dark with rain. Her passengers, mostly Irish harvest-men, above one hundred in number, who were going home with the pittance of their labours to their families, were under hatches. The pumps were soon choaked, and the water came so fast on the Irishmen in the hold, that they drew their large harvest pocket knives, and with a desperation that a dread of death alone inspires, slew one another to make their way upon deck. The wind and waves beating hard upon her side, her cable broke, and she was drifted round with her head towards the tide, and lay upon her side. They were three miles from any vessel, and could not, or, at least, did not give any signal that was heard. The boat was launched, and ten persons, among whom was the captain and an Irish gentleman, got into it. It was nearly full of water, and death on all sides stared them in the face. Her captain, seeing some of his best sailors still with the vessel, and falsely hoping she might remain the tide, which had an hour and half to flow, went again on board; the Irish gentleman and three others followed him. One of the sailors in the boat, seeing a poor Irish sailor-boy clinging to the side of the vessel, pulled him by the hair of the head into the boat, cut the rope that fastened it to the vessel, and the tide drove them away. At this time great numbers ran screaming up the mast; a woman, with her child fastened to her back, was at the top-mast head; the masts broke, the vessel being on her side, and they were all precipitated into the waves! Only five men and the poor Irish sailor-boy have escaped; the remainder, 125 in number, among whom were seven cabin

passengers, perished! The boat and her little crew were driven up by the tide to within a quarter of a mile of Parkgate. They heard the cries of the sufferers distinctly for half an hour. The ebb tide washed the vessel down into the deep waters, and she was seen no more till the next tide drove her up. She is now fastened by an anchor to a sand bank, and lies on her side, with her keel towards Parkgate, and her head to the Welch coast; her lower mast and rigging out of water. The King George packet belongs to Mr. Brown, of Liverpool; she was formerly a privateer, and carried 16 guns; was afterwards employed as a Harwich packet. None of the bodies of the sufferers have yet been found.

#### BIRTHS.

The Lady of Sir W. Beechey, of a son. Viscountess Asheton, of a son and heir. The Lady of J. Du Pre, Esq. M. P. of Wilton Park, Bucks, of a daughter. At Kingston House, Bucks, the Lady of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart. of a son. At Middleton Hall, Carmarthen, the Lady of Sir William Paxton, of a son. At her father-in-law's, at Wellington, after being 13 years married, without issue, the Lady of James Holman, M. D. late of Bath, of a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

J. Mannere, Esq. to her Grace the Duchess of Roxburgh. Lord Feley, to Lady Cecilia Fitzgerald. W. Gosling, Esq. of Roehampton, to the Hon. C. de Grey, second daughter of Lord Walsingham. Mr. Acklam, of the Strand, to Miss Robinson.

#### DIED.

At York, Lady Sempil, wife of Lord Sempil. On his way to Bath, the Rev. John Eaton, LL. D. Rector of St. Paul's Deptford, Kent. William Henry Fortescue, Earl of Clermont. At Dublin, aged 71, Hector Graham, Esq. Register of the Court of Common Pleas, and father-in-law to Lord Chief Justice Northesk. On the Pavillion Parade, Brighton, Samuel Horsley, LL. D. Bishop of St. Asaph. At Hampstead, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Baillie, widow of the Rev. James Baillie, D. D. Professor of Divinity in the College of Glasgow, and sister to the late Dr. William Hunter, and John Hunter, Esq. At Bona-Vista, near Lymington, Sir Matthew Blackiston, Bart. At Grenada, the Hon. Alexander Scott, a member of his Majesty's council for that colony. Sophia, Countess of Mount Edgcumbe. The dowager Lady Dacre. Lord Thurlow.

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MR. RAYMOND, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE.

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1806.

## NEW SERIES.

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### TO THE PUBLIC.

AFTER a service of *twelve years*, during which we have experienced such distinguished marks of public approbation, our grateful thanks may with propriety be repeated; but, at this period, to discuss the merits of our labours, or to profess our determination to continue to deserve the estimation of our friends, would be at best a work of supererogation. Our sincerity in this particular will not be suspected. As it is our design, however, to commence A NEW SERIES on the *first of next February*, it is fit our Subscribers should be apprized that an alteration in our arrangement, with respect to the executive part, will then take place. It has for its object to give to the MONTHLY MIRROR more than ever the preference over all other periodical publications, of a similar nature, in the various departments of Criticism, dramatic and miscellaneous; Pieces original and selected, in prose and verse; News, foreign and domestic, as well as in the rare excellence of our type, paper, and embellishments. At present it is unnecessary to add more on the subject. A *Prospectus* will in due time claim the attention of the Public.

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. RAYMOND.

(*With a Portrait.*)

THAT the charms of Thalia and Melpomene have sometimes proved powerful enough to attract votaries from the substantial allurements of flattering commercial prospects, as well as from the cloistered seclusion of a college, and even in early life from the reverential pursuit of the most hallowed studies, is well known to those who are conversant with the history of the drama. Of this we have been reminded by a circumstance in the younger days of the gentleman who is the subject of the following memoir, and which the reader will find below : and though the connection indeed is but slight, yet it has served to lead us into this train of ideas ; which we shall therefore here pursue a little further, as this may serve as well as any other opportunity for communicating a few thoughts that have arisen in our minds on the present occasion.

On the supposition then of a young man's having, by any motive or accident, been led to quit a course of preparation that was to fit him for the clerical profession, to embrace that of the stage, it may be allowable for us to endeavour to appreciate how far the prospect of his ultimate utility to society may be diminished by such a change. In starting this question, we solemnly protest against being thought guilty of the least intension of profaneness ; or of by any means bringing the pulpit and the stage into an irreverent comparison, or association of ideas : and 'tis we may surely do with safety under a sovereign of admired piety, who has, through his whole reign, been equally conspicuous for his attention and encouragement to both. Sanctioned by so illustrious an example, we live in times when the coarse censures once indiscriminately and ignorantly attached to the very name of an actor are almost forgotten. Of these censures, it must be remembered, the church particularly was the foremost instigator ; which has been ingeniously and satisfactorily accounted for by Mr. Godwin, in his *Life of Chaucer* ; where he shews that this violent antipathy of the clergy to theatrical performers is of so long standing as the time of the holy mumme-



ries of MYSTERY and MIRACLES\* in the middle ages, and was occasioned by the first institution of secular dramatic representations; which the clergy immediately opposed, both with ecclesiastical denunciations, and (by their influence) with civil disabilities and punishments: from sheer *jealousy* of this encroachment on a then established branch of their profession, and "from the desire" (as Mr. Godwin expresses it) "of being themselves the sole source of amusement to the people."

So much for the constant opposition of the clergy to the stage; an opposition which now is perhaps gradually declining among the more liberal-minded, and is taking refuge among the sectaries.—There however it may well be left undisturbed; for before no one rational man would we be afraid of opposing the moral sentiments of our great dramatic bard, to the pestiferous ravings of methodism. On the subject of the positive utility of the theatres, in a moral point of view, Foote's observation is the best that we have seen. Wherever, said he, so many people are crowded together in a high state of civilization and luxury as in this metropolis, a great proportion of them will have many of their evenings unoccupied, listless, and vacant, or fatigued and in want of recreation; and what resource could supply to such numbers an amusement so harmless and so rational as the theatre?—We shall now attend to our memoir.

The northern division of our island gave birth to the gentleman to whom we are now to introduce our readers. Mr. James Grant Raymond was born on the 29th of March, 1771, in Strathspey, in the Highlands of Scotland; within a short distance from Culloden-moor, well known as the scene of the decisive battle between the partisans of the unfortunate house of Stuart, and the English forces under the Duke of Cumberland. His father, a descendant of Lodowick Grant an ancient Highland chieftain (and the head of one of the oldest and most powerful clans in that part of Scotland), was an officer in the army; and lost his life near Charlestown, in South Carolina, during the latter part of the American war. The widow, being left with five children, the eldest of whom (our hero) had not attained his ninth year, removed with her young family from their small paternal residence in the Highlands, to the village of Inverkeithny, in the county of Banff; where James was put to school under the care and tuition of a gentleman who had the reputation of an able teacher and an excellent scholar.

His mother, who was of a religious turn of mind, intended to

\* Dramatic representations of historical passages of scripture; often of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Nativity, Resurrection, Crucifixion, &c. performed generally in churches or convents, by the inferior orders of the clergy or monks.

have him educated for the clerical profession, as a minister not of the *kirk* of Scotland, but of what in that country is called the *chapel*; a sect differing very little in doctrine and ceremonies from the church of England. At a proper age therefore he was sent to King's College, in the university of Aberdeen: but it was probably from possessing a levity of disposition, which did not well accord with a system of theological study and discipline, and not having the authority of a father to controul him, that his stay in this situation was very short; for after passing a single winter there, and in that period gaining a *burse* or *buss*, (as the college prizes are called,) he, with this solitary mark of triumph, took leave of both college and school, and would never afterwards return to either.

Indeed not only a levity, but a fickleness, hardly less common to youth even of the best natural parts,\* seems to have constituted a prominent feature in this gentleman's juvenile character. At an early period after he had left college, he went to sea in the capacity of midshipman; but he soon quitted this way of life also. With his usual inconstancy, however, he frequently afterwards regretted this last change; and at two different times afterwards, actually embraced and again relinquished a similar condition. On one of these latter occasions, by the interest of a friend, he procured an appointment in the *Endeavour*, previous to that ship's setting out on her last voyage round the world; and on another, in his majesty's ship the *Impregnable*. In these instances his resolution held till he had joined each of those ships, at Gravesend and Sheerness; but the same instability which had interrupted his clerical studies, now deprived him of the dignified title of a British sailor.

He had once perseverance enough, however, to accomplish a voyage to the East Indies, but was then too young to estimate justly the value of such a prospect as presented itself to him for the acquirement of independence. In his passage home he contracted an intimate friendship with a gentleman who had acquired a handsome

\* The present Lord Chancellor Erskine, it is well known, was first placed in the situation of a midshipman on board a king's ship, in which capacity he served some time; but afterwards relinquished it for a commission in a Highland regiment: it was not, however, till the growing burden of a large family pressed forcibly upon his mind the consideration of a more adequate means of providing for the wants of the day that was passing over him, that he was led to turn his thoughts to a further change, in embracing a resource so very different as the study of the law. While in the second of these situations, an anecdote is recollected of him by an old friend, which would probably be now heard with only a smile by his lordship himself. His friend helping him one day to put on some part of his military apparel, observed familiarly, "Why, Tommy, you want a new coat."—"Aye," was the reply, "but consider; I have only four and sixpence a day, and there are nine of us: so every morning we divide sixpence a piece." This however was not Mr. Raymond's case, as he was but a very young man.

fortune during a residence of twenty-five years in the East; by whose invitation he visited Ireland, where he enjoyed the attention and kindness of his new friend during the remainder of that gentleman's life. Among the persons of taste and worth to whom he thus became introduced in that country, was the late Edward Tighe, esq. a gentleman of confessedly correct judgment as a critic, particularly in the line of the drama; and to whom the Right Hon. Monck Mason has dedicated his edition of that great but neglected genius Massinger, and paid many just acknowledgments in his preface. Mr. Tighe was the school-fellow and friend of Garrick, and was allowed to be the best reader of plays in his time. Had not Mr. Raymond heard the tragedy of Oroonoko read by this gentleman, it is likely he would never have thought of the stage as his profession: but the distresses of the sable prince were so pathetically delivered by Mr. Tighe, that they took full possession of the mind of his young auditor, who from that moment abandoned the idea of every other pursuit; and, after the interval of a few weeks, our stage-struck hero, under the auspices and instruction of that stern critic, appeared on the stage of Dublin, caparisoned in royal robes; and from his enthusiasm seemed to fancy himself in reality the lover of his faithful Imoinda, though banished from his hereditary domains, and from the idol of his heart. An unlucky accident occurred on his first performance; for during the most interesting part of the concluding act, the misery in which he saw his adored Imoinda fixed itself with such strength in his tortured mind, that, in a frenzy of love and despair, he applied his burnished cheek so closely to that of his unhappy princess, as to leave half of his sooty complexion on her fair face. This awkward blunder convulsed the house with laughter; and it was some minutes before they could be restored to their proper tone of feeling, notwithstanding the solicitude which the embarrassment of the excellent heroine (the late Mrs. Pope) excited in her favour. The play however finished so much to the satisfaction of the young adventurer and his patron, that he repeated the character several times.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE premature death of one who promised, at no distant period, by the ardour of his studies and the fire of his genius, to stand so prominent in the republic of letters, cannot be too deeply regretted. It is a public loss. It becomes us, however, more than others in general, to deplore Mr. White's sudden dissolution, and as much as

possible to do honour to his memory. One gentleman concerned in this work has the additional motive of private friendship, which he entertained with the most sincere regard. In the *Monthly Mirror* many of his lucubrations have appeared, which reflect the highest credit on his talents, and have afforded universal satisfaction to our readers. The tribute we have at present to offer, in remembrance of him, is composed of the effusions of other writers, on the qualities of his mind, and the excellence of his nature. At a future hour, we expect from the able pen of Capel Lofft, Esq. a memoir of Mr. White, with which we shall be proud to oblige the public.

The manuscripts of this admirable youth are preserved, and will, with the assistance of an editor whose spirit is congenial with all that is poetical, hereafter form a posthumous work. Then will the melancholy truth appear, that "time was only wanting to his fame."

*Extract from the Cambridge Chronicle of 25th of October 1806.*

"On Sunday last died, in his apartments in St. John's College, greatly lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, Mr. Henry Kirke White, a student of that society.—He was a native of Nottingham, and the author of a collection of poems, that will endear his memory to all the lovers of poesy—

"And when with time shall wane the vital fire,

"I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,

"And lay me down to rest where the wild wave

"Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave."

*Sonnet II. p. 25.*

*Extract from the Nottingham Journal, Friday October 31st. 1806.*

"DIED, at St. John's College Cambridge, on the 19th instant, aged twenty-one years, Mr. Henry Kirke White, a native of this town, and author of a volume of poems, entitled *Clifton Grove, &c.* He was a youth, whose talents were only surpassed by his habits; his imagination was chaste and brilliant, his judgment sound, his temper meek, but manly; and his manners such as to procure him the esteem of all who knew him; to these qualities he added an unaffected piety, which shewed his heart to be equal to his head."

*Extract from the Nottingham Paper, of the 7th Nov. 1806.*

"We feel pleasure in being able to communicate the following particulars of Mr. Henry Kirke White's character, which have been transmitted to us by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the deceased, whose death was announced in our last.

Henry Kirke White was a youth of extraordinary genius; of unwearied assiduity; and imbued with the most undissembled piety. His genius began to dawn at a very early age; and before he was nineteen, his compositions had introduced him to some of

the first literary characters of the day. The publication of Clifton Grove procured him a considerable addition to the number of literary correspondents. In his prosaic compositions, we are at a loss whether we shall most admire the brilliancy and justness of his ideas, or the chaste, elegant, and forcible language in which those ideas are clothed. A reference to his *Melancholy Hours*, and some other pieces, which were published in the *Monthly Mirror*, will sufficiently justify this assertion. On the merits of his poetical talents the critics have already decided; and (though with some little variation) they have, in the main, agreed, that this little volume was an indication of a surprising genius, and the precursor of future excellence. He has left behind him two poems on sacred subjects, one of which is in an unfinished state: of this however a gentleman well known in the learned world, both for his poetical genius and philosophical researches, has ventured to assert, that many of his ideas are not inferior to those of Milton.

He did not seriously attend to the study of the classics till within the last three years of his life, during two of which he had no other master than his books; and the very great proficiency he made is truly astonishing: in this was manifested not only his great genius, but intense application. To have acquired even a moderate knowledge of the languages in so short a time would have demanded the effort of no common mind; but to understand them critically, so that the beauty and correctness of his Latin and Greek compositions, both in prose and verse, should not only procure him the most flattering distinctions in his own college, but attract the notice of leading men in others, is a circumstance worthy of universal admiration. His disposition was peculiarly endearing, both as a relative and a friend; and as he was, in a great measure, free from those fiery ebullitions, which too generally characterize our younger years, the attachments which he formed seldom knew any abatement on his part. But we see him to the most advantage in his religious pursuits; he did not, like too many of our youths, enter the university without any established principles; or from no other inducement than a thirst for literature; or, what is worse, in quest of intemperate pleasures: his principles were formed on the unerring basis of scripture; and he would not be laughed out of them either by the avowed infidel, or by sceptics of any description.

“He fell at a moment when every eye was fixed upon him—when the greatest expectations were formed concerning him,—and when his too sanguine friends were predicting his future eminence. We see, in his life, an example worthy of imitation; and we read, in his death, an instructive lesson on the precarious tenure of human life, and the frailty of every sublunary expectation.”

SKETCH OF A  
TRIP FROM GLASGOW TO THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

"-----Ego laudo ruris amoeni,  
" Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque."

Hor.

IN a phaeton we left Glasgow, at six o'clock in the morning, on the——day of September, for the purpose of visiting the far-famed falls of the Clyde. As we advanced into the country, our attention was frequently arrested, and our eyes delighted in surveying the beauties of numerous, rich, and extensive fields, where

"Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,"

in the most picturesque and luxuriant manner. The roads were in an excellent state, and the morning uncommonly fine, which greatly augmented the pleasure of the scene; we therefore "took no note of time," but drove rapidly on, and soon reached the Newtown of Wishaw, a thriving village. The few houses which it contains are chiefly occupied by hosiers and cotton weavers. The air here is salubrious, and the few inhabitants which we saw wore much the appearance of industry and frugality. On leaving the village of Wishaw, we enjoyed, *en passant*, a bird's eye view of the town of Hamilton, and the duke's palace, a magnificent building, both of which stand on the opposite banks of the Clyde. Passing through a rather barren track of country, we soon reached Carluke. It was now near eleven o'clock, and the parishioners (it being Sunday,) were collecting in swarms, by the sound of the church bell, for the purpose of attending divine service, or, as it is here more commonly called, the *preaching*. The votaries of superstition, we remarked, with regret, gradually increased the further we advanced from town.

Here we perceived presbyterian gloom and sullen austerity depicted in the faces of many rustics, in strong and glowing colours: indeed so much so, that it left us no doubt but they might have passed muster on a *field day* even with the renowned champions of the "Solemn league and covenants," Donald Cargill, or James Renwick.\*

\* Is it not strange that ignorance uniformly supposes "Secret religion," to consist only in austerity, ceremony, and sully gloom? The stupid zeal of Mr. Renwick

Having taken breakfast, and rested awhile at Carlisle, we then sauntered across the fields, on foot, towards the Clyde. On approaching the banks of that noble river, we beheld

“—Lawns extend, that scorn Arcadian pride,  
“And brighter streams than fam’d Hydaspes glide.”

After feasting our eyes with the delightful view, we descended a steep declivity, the path over-shadowed by choice fruit trees; the apples, pears and plumbs, were suspended over our heads in clusters.

Nature has here scattered her blessings so profusely, that the natives seem insensible of the improvements which art might easily render. A trifling labour and expence would multiply the produce of the soil a thousand fold! No place in Scotland is more capable of improvement, nor looks more neglected. The luxuriant crop which we beheld appeared little more than the efforts of nature! Indeed, from the spontaneous manner in which wild fruit is produced, the soil seems to challenge the husbandman for his apathy and besotted indolence.

The banks of the river Clyde present a continued series of orchards. The sour hullace plumb (*prunus insititia*) grows in the hedge rows in abundance, but never ripens till the frost sets in. The annual produce of the orchards, between Hamilton and Lanark, may be estimated, I believe, *communibus annis*, at 10,000*l*.

On reaching the water’s edge, the scene was picturesque and highly romantic: the river winding beautifully among woods, and, in some places, the sloping sides of the towering hills nearly approaching its borders. It is here pretty broad, but not deep, and a ferry boat supplies the place of a bridge. Having occasion to cross, we saluted old *Charon*, who came paddling immediately with his crazy barge, and transported us to the other side of the river.

Charmed with the romantic grandeur of the scenery, we hastened to “the hazle bank,” called Stonebyres wood. Here grow nuts, raspberries, &c. in abundance. The wood affords an agreeable walk. Having passed it, our ears were saluted with the

(and in this instance he was not singular,) hurried him on so far, as so *debar* from a participation of the Lord’s supper, every one who was *wicked* enough to commit the horrid crime of smoking tobacco! But peace be to the manes of all these gentlemen of conventional memory!

sound of mighty falling waters; and turning from the main road into the footpath, on the left, we reached in a short time, the edge of a tremendous precipice, and beheld the Clyde gushing, furiously,

“—————O'er his rocks,  
“ And roaring cataracts.”

This stupendous water-fall is generally known by the name of Stonebyres Linn: the water descends sixty feet, but it is twice impeded in its progress by projections of rock, before it reaches the bed of the river. The water is so comminuted by the fall, that it rises in fume, like the smoke of a furnace, much higher than the precipice from which it discharges itself, and exhibits an uncommon phenomenon among the woods and rocks. It was now three o'clock P.M. and the sun shined immediately in the face of the cataract, produced, in conjunction with the fume, every two or three seconds, a beautiful rainbow.

Tired of the “dashing surge,” we returned to the road that leads to Lanark, which town we soon reached. Here we enjoyed an excellent dinner, then descended into the vale of Clyde, where we had an exterior view of Lanark cotton mills, which, with the surrounding scenery, is grand and picturesque. We then bent our course up the river side, along a beautiful gravel walk, finely skirted with trees, in order to see the Corra Linn. It is thus described by another pen. “The Corra Linn is composed of two separate falls, at an inconsiderable distance from each other, over which the vast body of water in the Clyde rushes, with impetuous fury, into a deep abyss, eighty feet below its former level. On every side; the course of the river is environed with lofty rocks, of the most romantic forms, and covered with trees of every diversity of foliage. To paint in adequate language the beauties of the scene, is a difficult, if not impossible task. The mighty rolling of the waters, dashing from rock to rock, as if they would pierce the earth to the centre, the thundering noise occasioned by these concussions, the lofty rocks, the ivy-clad and mouldering castle of Corra, shaking from its base,\* and the thick clouds of mist arising from the deep abyss below, and towering towards heaven, the stately woods form such a scene, and

\* In great floods, the castle of Corra is sometimes so violently shaken as to spill water out of a glass.



produce such effects upon the mind, as must certainly baffle the utmost powers of description." Various wild plants adorn the rocks about the Linn, the least common of which is the yellow saxefrage (*saxifraga aizoides*.)

At the distance of about a mile from Lanark is a scene the most picturesque and romantic. The place is called *Moose Water*. Nature seems here to have sported with the water course; instead of taking the slope of the soil, it makes a sweep, and runs through a most tremendous excavation in the rocks, apparently rent asunder by some dreadful although inscrutable elementary convulsion. A chasm, in the most retired place of the rocks, is called the *cave of Wallace*. The rocks themselves are called, by the natives, *Cartland Craigs*. Superstition has not failed to make them (as is usual with all romantic situations) the haunt of the fairy tribes, &c. The following doggerel lines, we were informed, are still current among the country people.

"Cartland Craigs may well be seen,

"Where witches ride at *Hallowe'en*."

On the same side of the Clyde, about a mile from Carluke, stands a finely-wooded vale, in which runs a delightful rivulet. Near its banks, at a place called *Mashok Mill*, we perceived a very strong petrifying spring: and further up, in the same dell, is a farm house called the *chapel*, formerly a place of catholic worship. Near it lies a large stone, "with moss grown gray," which would, no doubt, be a precious morsel for the Royal Society of Antiquarians, being entirely carved on one side with ancient Roman characters, and hieroglyphics. About half a mile north from the chapel stands the castle of *Hall-bar*. The upper flat is in ruins, but the two under ones are occupied by a son of St. Crispin. The difficulties of climbing up and down the rugged roads to this castle, were amply compensated by the romantic prospects which it afforded.

Nearly opposite this tower, on the other side of the Clyde, stands, upon an eminence, the castle of *Craignethan*. It was formerly a place of considerable strength, and anciently a seat of the Hamilton family: their arms are over the gate way. If Buchanan may be credited, it has stood several sieges. Now, however, alas! there is nothing to be seen but

"——— Gaunt ruin, grinning o'er the wreck

"His ruthless arm has made."

By the light of a candle, we visited several subterranean rooms, in one of which is a well, that appears between twenty and thirty feet deep; but the spring having found out another channel, it is at present perfectly dry. Indeed every department is strongly characteristic of the gloomy and turbulent age in which it was built. The scenery around the castle is, on the whole, strikingly beautiful and the view well repays the stranger, whose curiosity may tempt him to pay it a visit.

Our time not permitting us to remain any longer, we were under the necessity of bidding adieu to these delightful scenes, and of returning once more to

“———The town,

“Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps.”

I am yours, &c.

Glasgow, Sept. 1806.

T. F.

## THE MAN IN THE IRON MASQUE.

(THE FACT ELUCIDATED.)

I AM going to state to you a fact, which you may publish, if you think proper, and which, in my opinion, is more extraordinary than Voltaire's story of the Man in the iron Masque; namely, that although the real secret of that story is perfectly known, and with unquestionable certainty, to several persons in France, it has been hitherto kept within that circle, and never yet generally divulged. By one of those persons, it was some years ago communicated to an English gentleman, with such evidence, derived from a clear, uninterrupted tradition, and with such an entire correspondence with the known circumstances and period of the event, as they are stated by Voltaire, as established the truth of the communication beyond the possibility of a question. It would be waste of time to refute the silly, absurd supposition, that the man in the masque was our duke of Monmouth. The story is too absurd to deserve one moment's attention. The idea which generally prevails, at present, in France, that it was the *Comte de Vermandois*, a natural son of Louis the XIVth. and Madame de la Valiere, and that he was punished in this extraordinary manner for having struck the Dauphin, (for which any other person would have

suffered death,) though not quite so extravagant, is nevertheless equally false, and, if compared with the dates, will be found impossible. The man in the masque was sent a prisoner to the island of St. Margaret, a few months after Cardinal Mazarin's death, which happened in March 1661, when Louis XIV. was twenty-three, and the prisoner was then a young man grown up : whereas the Comte de Vermandois was not born until 1667. He was killed at the siege of Courtray, in 1682, or 1683, and whether killed or not, could not have disappeared sooner. But, at that time, the man in the masque had been in prison about twenty years. Chamillart, as Voltaire asserts, was the last of the cabinet ministers, who knew the secret. When he was on his death bed, his nephew, the duke de la Feuillarde, implored him on his knees to tell him who the man in the iron masque was : but Chamillart refused, declaring that it was the secret of the state, which he was bound, by a sacramental oath, never to discover. Now the locking up a young man of sixteen or seventeen, if he was nothing but the natural son of the king, could not, at any time, have been a secret of such essential importance to the state ; and, at the period of Chamillart's death, could have been of no importance at all. The fact itself was indeed a secret of state, and capable of producing great mischief in the kingdom, not only during the life time of Louis XIV. or his immediate successors, but even in future ages. You will soon see the reason why the secret has been so well kept. The truth is this. Anne of Austria, though a devotee towards the end of her life, was a woman of gallantry in the early part of it ; she had many favourites, and our duke of Buckingham among the rest. Her husband, Louis XIII. was notoriously impotent ; they had been married twenty years before the birth of Louis XIV. which happened in 1638. After a long separation, an accident, or rather a contrivance of the queen, brought them together. They met at a house where the king was obliged, by a violent storm, to pass the night, and there was no other bed for him but the queen's. So far the facts are recorded and acknowledged. The meeting was made to correspond with, and account for, the pregnancy, which produced Louis XIV. who succeeded quietly to the crown. A long minority ensued, during which the queen regent, Anne of Austria, was so devoted and enslaved to Cardinal Mazarin, who treated her with the utmost haughtiness and insolence, that it was generally suspected that he had a personal connexion with her. But this was

not the case. His influence over her arose from another source. He was master of the great secret, and had her completely in his power. Very soon after his death, this secret came to the knowledge of Louis XIV. by what means does not certainly appear, but probably by a communication from the Cardinal on his death bed; and material indeed it was that Louis XIV. should be informed of it. He then discovered, for the first time, that he had an elder brother living; that is, a son of his mother, but not of her husband, born at a period when she and Louis XIII. had not cohabited for many years, and when, consequently, it was impossible to palm that child upon her husband, and on the nation, as his son. If Louis XIV. could have had any doubt of the truth of the fact, as stated to him by Mazarin, the resemblance between him and this young man was so striking and so obvious, that the moment he saw him he knew he was his brother. The young man knew it too; and the great question in the cabinet was, in what manner he should be disposed of. Neither the members of the council, nor probably Louis XIV. himself, was wicked enough to murder his brother. He had hitherto been kept in obscurity, which accounts for the existence and extraordinary care taken of a prisoner of state, at a time when, as Voltaire observes, no person of any consequence, or name, in Europe, had disappeared. To acknowledge him as his natural brother, would not only have blasted the reputation of his mother but might have created a general doubt about his own legitimacy, a thing by no means unsuspected, considering the known imbecility of Louis XIII. Anne of Austria declared herself with child. The conclusion of the council was, that the young man must be sacrificed to the safety of the state; and that, if possible, this should be done without putting him to death. Accordingly, they offered him his life on the condition, to which we know he submitted, on pain of instant death, if he discovered who he was. In that species of confinement he consented to remain, above forty years, for the sake of existence. If he had not worn the iron mask, the resemblance between him and Louis XIV. must soon have discovered the secret. This plain narration of the fact clears up all difficulties. The periods correspond; the circumstances tally exactly. There never was, nor can be, another rational conjecture on the subject. Louis XIV. might possibly still think himself the son of Louis XIII., though, at this time of the day, no well-informed person believes it, no more than that Louis XV. was the son of the duke of Burgundy.

No man doubts that Louis XIII. was the son of Harry IV. Though a weak man in other respects, (arising not so much from incapacity as from a bad education, and from the jealousy and suspicions with which the defect in constitution constantly filled his mind, particularly about his wife) he was personally brave, whereas Louis XIV. even when a young man, and though at all times an excellent actor of majesty, was a rank coward, of which indeed I had no doubt, even before I had read the memoirs of St. Simon. But the reputation of this vain man, built up by flattery and falsehood, is falling to pieces every day,\* and I reverence the memory of Harry IV. too sincerely to believe, that his grandson could have wanted personal courage. So much for the great house of Bourbon. You see what it is composed of.—A good lesson to fools, who are proud of their birth, and to the still greater fools, who are awed by names and titles, or who think that there ever was a real filiation and uninterrupted descent, in any family upon earth. \* \*

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## EXTRACTS FROM MILTON, RELATING TO MUSIC.

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### LETTER. II.

MILTON, as I stated in my first letter, was a skilful performer on the organ. The following passage proves how well he understood, and how completely he felt the effects produced by this sublimest of instruments.

\* Louis XIV. dans le cours d'un trop long regne, acheve, par des attentats de toute espece, l'ouvrage du despotisme. Sultan orgueilleux qui ne connaît jamais d'autre regle que sa volonté et ose l'ériger en loi ; qui régit son peuple par des lettres de cachet, & les fit voler au delà des mers ; qui réunit aux folies du pouvoir arbitraire les fureurs de l'intolérance et défendit, sous peine de galeres et de confiscation, à ses sujets, à des François, à des hommes enfin, de sortir du royaume, tandis qu'il en tourmentoit un million avec le glaive du fanatisme ; (S. Barthélemi nouvelle, presque aussi odieuse que la première, et cent fois plus funeste, qui livra trois autres millions de sectaires aux outrages de ses janissaires ;) qui voulut forcer un peuple libre à reprendre un tyran ; qui sacrifia vingt millions d'hommes à ce qu'on n'a pas rougi d'appeler sa *Gloire*, et prit cette devise insensée, *seul contre tous*. Exacteur impitoyable qui dévoua sa nation à toutes les horreurs fiscales que nécessiterent cinquante ans de combats, &c. Administrateur inepte, qui sacrifia les richesses naturelles & presque incalculables de son pays aux illusions ruineuses, &c. Homme enfin en qui tout fut médiocre, excepté son caractère plus singulier que grand, si toutefois il n'y entra pas encore plus d'affectation que de singularité ; & la fortune qui plaça son regne dans l'époque la plus brillante peut-être des révolutions de l'esprit humain.—Voilà le monarque que nous appelons encore LOUIS LE GRAND ! *Mirabeau.*

" But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars, massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light:  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voic'd quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

*Il Penseroso, ver. 155, et seq.*

How forcibly, how eloquently, how completely do these lines describe our feelings on entering one of our venerable cathedrals, while the service of some of our fine church composers is performing, when,

" Swelling organs lift the rising soul."

How accurately is every striking feature in the building depicted, and each part, that tends to inspire the mind with awe and reverence, brought to our recollection. Surely nothing can more elevate the soul above the cares and anxieties of the world, than the impressive and awful solemnity of the cathedral worship when performed in one of those majestic structures with which this kingdom abounds. Milton was early inspired with a reverence for these sublime edifices, and the service performed in them; for while a boy, at St. Paul's school, he constantly attended public worship at the old cathedral, which, so far as we can judge from the plates and descriptions which remain of it, was one of the finest specimens of ancient Gothic architecture in the kingdom. This early impression, not all the fanatical cant and puritanical illiberality of his republican friends could ever efface. Indeed Milton's soul was too great to be cramped and fettered by the narrow prejudices of the bigotted associates of Cromwell. An expression, in the above passage, was afterwards used by Tickell, in his lines on the death of Addison.

" What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir."

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And Pope certainly was indebted to Milton, for the idea of the following lines,

"Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
 "And the dim windows shed a solemn light."  
*Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, v. 143 & 144.*

"Ring out ye chrystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time,  
 And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony."  
*Ode on the morning of Christ's nativity*  
*ver. 125, et seq.*

"In deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial syrens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round;  
 On which the fate of men and Gods is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear."

*Arcades, ver. 61, et seq.*

Milton has here given us Plato's system of the harmony of the spheres. In order to explain the passage, I cannot do better than transcribe Mr. Warton's account of this singular doctrine. "Fate, or Necessity, holds a spindle of adamant, and, with her three daughters, who handle the vital web around the spindle, she conducts or turns the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses, or Syrens, sit on the summit of the spheres, which, in their revolutions, produce the most ravishing musical harmony. To this harmony, the three daughters of Necessity perpetually sing, in correspondent tones. In the mean time, the adamantine spindle is also revolved. This music of the

spheres, proceeding from the rapid motion of the heavens, is so loud, various and sweet, as to exceed all aptitude or proportion of the human ear, and therefore is not heard by men. Moreover, this spherical music consists of eight unisonous melodies; the ninth is a concentration of all the rest, or a diapason of all those eight melodies, which diapason, or *concentus*, the nine Syrens sing or address to the Supreme Being." Milton was probably indebted to Shakespeare for the first idea on this subject :

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim:  
Such harmony is in immortal sounds!  
But whilst his muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

*Merchant of Venice, Act. 5, sc. 1.*

Perhaps the passage above quoted, from the Ode on the Nativity, suggested to Dryden one of the lines in his first Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

"From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony,  
Thro' all the compass of the notes, it ran;  
The diapason closing full in man."

*Dryden's Ode, ver. 10, et seq.*

In an organ, the stop called the \*diapason is the lowest in pitch, and is consequently the base, or foundation, on which the rest of the instrument is built. It serves to bind, unite and close the other stops together, and to give strength and grandeur to the whole. Thus Milton and Dryden, in the following lines, seem to have taken their ideas from the effect or use of this stop.

"And let your silver chime,  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow."  
"Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man."

*Norwich.*

*E. D.*

\* Had Dr. Johnson possessed a little of Milton's musical knowledge, he would have endeavoured to give a more satisfactory definition of this word, than merely saying that, "Diapason is a term in music."

[To be Continued.]



## MISCELLANEA.

No. 1.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF SUPERSTITION IN THE SIXTEENTH  
AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

*Accablement terrible, affreuse situation.  
Digne à la fois d'horreur et de compassion !*     *Voltaire.*

TOWARDS the latter end of the reign of Philip IV. the plague raged with desolating fury along the coasts of Spain, and thence spread to Italy, where it dreadfully depopulated many of its sovereignties, and particularly the land of the church. Symptoms of infection soon began to shew themselves in the populous city of Naples: and the then Spanish Viceroy, Don Garcés de Avellano e Haro, has been accused of introducing this dreadful calamity, with a most diabolical view. Many Neapolitans soon fell the victims of a suspicious death; yet the government adopted no precaution whatever, for arresting the rapid and destructive strides, which the contagion daily made. The physicians themselves, actuated either by their fears, their ignorance, or sordid motives, declared, that it was nothing more than a common putrid fever; but recommended, however, that fires should be burnt in the streets, in order to purify the air, and that the sale of salt fish should be prohibited.

In the mean while, the disorder began to assume a more formidable character, threatening universal destruction, and every precaution that individuals could devise against it, proved unsuccessful. Hundreds perished daily. The air was rent with cries of grief, horror and despair; the streets constantly presented the mournful spectacle of funeral obsequies, performing over the dead—and the incessant passing to and fro of priests, charged with the melancholy office of conveying the sacrament to the dying.

Fear and dismay reigned in every breast. At length, the wretched desponding Neapolitans, blind to the fatal consequences which must inevitably ensue, had recourse to the senseless and delusive ceremonies of a perverted religion for their deliverance.

Numerous processions, of both sexes, clad in habits of penance, and their hair flowing over their shoulders, paraded the streets, from morning to night, calling loudly on God and the saints for succour and rescue. In the midst of these pious devotions, it so happened, that a fanatical priest recollected a saying of the immaculate and

holy sister and hermitess, Ursula Bennicasa, who had died a short time before, and had asserted on her death-bed, 'That if ever any dreadful calamity should threaten Naples, her hermitage would be converted into a palace.' These words, pronounced by one, whose state of mind bordered on insanity, he now circulated as a prophecy immediately proceeding from divine inspiration.

The calamity it alluded to, was now looked upon as arrived; beaming with hope, and pious confidence, every eye was ardently directed towards the hermitage of the holy Ursula, on the summit of mount St. Martin; and their minds became prepossessed with the conviction, that it was only by the restoration of these venerable ruins their deliverance could be effected.

Not a moment was lost in framing the plan of this sacred edifice; the impious viceroy himself carried twelve baskets of earth to the spot where it was to be erected, and, thereby, rendered his infamy immortal. Every inhabitant of Naples, whether old or young, tradesman or grandee, artist or merchant, matron or virgin, vied with each other, in obeying the injunctions of their priests, and imitating (what they esteemed) the pious example of their chief, whilst they thought no sacrifice either of money or labour too great. The vessels, destined to contain donations, soon overflowed with gold, silver, and copper coins of every description; the poorest Neapolitan gloried in surrendering his last soldi, and the gaudiest dame in divesting herself of her finest ornaments, to complete the erection of the sacred structure. Nor was less readiness displayed in respect to manual labour—both nobles and citizens subjected themselves to the most trying exertions. The massy pile, as if by the effect of magic, soon towered aloft in honour of the holy Bennicasa:—but never did insulted reason revenge itself by so speedy and so dreadful a blow, as on this occasion. The very measure, on which these deluded enthusiasts so faithfully relied for their deliverance, most woefully annihilated their hopes, and, at once, became the means of hastening, instead of averting, their destruction. The intense heat which prevailed, and which was rendered still more fatal in its consequences, from the great concourse of people assembled on one spot, together with the harassing exertions which all sustained, necessarily disseminated the poisonous infection through every class, and in every quarter of the city. The physicians, themselves, at length, pronounced it to be the plague: and every precaution that wisdom or experience could dictate, was, alas! too late adopted; vain was

every attempt to stem its desolating progress, which was daily marked by the fall of thousands of victims. In a few days, the church-yards and extensive catacombs round the city were filled with dead bodies. The pestilence soon raged throughout the whole kingdom, and destroyed 400,000 unfortunate beings, martyrs to the superstitious frenzy of the age, of which number 28,000 were inhabitants of the city of Naples.

It is now nearly 150 years since this melancholy event occurred: and, we egotists, casting a retrospect on those times, arrogate to our own, the appellation of 'the enlightened age.' But what right has the present age to this distinguished title? Have the numerous reformers and philosophers, who distinguished that glorious era, *really* accomplished their boasted purpose of ennobling and enlightening the rest of mankind by the propagation of their new systems and dogmas? Has the reign of superstition *really* been succeeded by that of reason and truth? Is mankind *really* become more enlightened? Alas! although we are told that all this has actually come to pass, yet, when we compare the following anecdote of the present times, with what occurred in the sixteenth century, as above-related, I can venture to say, that many doubts will arise in the mind of the reflecting philanthropist, on this point, and that he will be sensibly afflicted at the comparison.

The city of Leghorn was visited, in 1804, by a dreadful contagion, which the physicians asserted to be nothing more than a common putrid fever, notwithstanding its being the received opinion, that it was the same disease as that which raged in the southern provinces of Spain, namely, the yellow fever. The magistrates having resolved not only to call the powers of medicine, but also those of the holy Roman religion, to their aid, it was ordained by the vicar-general, that, on the thirtieth day of October, the miraculous image of the Madonna del Montenero should be conveyed to a meadow adjoining the church of Montenero. The ceremony, accordingly, took place, amid incessant peals of bells, and the sacred benediction, accompanied by discharges of artillery from the fortress, was, at the same time, pronounced over the city of Leghorn. This solemn spectacle was witnessed by, at least, thirty thousand persons, and among them the French general Verdier; they all held lighted tapers in their hands, and loudly implored the intercession of the Madonna. After the benediction, the miraculous image was carried in solemn procession through the city. Wax-tapers, weighing more than thirty pounds, and other costly presents, were offered up to the

mother of Christ. The superstitious minds of the deluded multitude were completely tranquillized by the performance of this absurd ceremony; and, in order to put a finishing stroke to the farce, the bones of the holy Julia, (who had long been the tutelary saint of Leghorn,) were pompously brought forth and carried, with all due solemnity, through the streets, together with the heart of the holy Vigilia, which, for centuries past, had been carefully preserved in the cathedral. Notwithstanding the celebration of these pious solemnities, which were regarded as an *infallible* means of deliverance, the pestilence continued to rage with unremitting fury, daily destroying hundreds of Leghorn's deluded inhabitants: and, yet, the 12th, 13th and 14th of November were appointed for a repetition of these disgraceful absurdities. S. D.

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### THE DYING CHILD.

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THE taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish; she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short, deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment when a sigh or a struggle should announce, that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation: it was the expiring innocent's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and, as the sad presage of his fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn,—the father seized his infant's hand,—the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!

JOHN MORRIS FINDALL.

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 SELECT SENTENCES.
 

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THERE is something extremely flattering to a generous mind, is the idea of administering relief to another's pains, to "explain the thought; *explore the asking eye*." What a delightful employment! and, when crowned with success, by a recovery of our patient, we are conscious of an *exultation* of mind, which can *only* arise from the certainty of having done what nature claims, charity enjoins, and heaven approves.

To a mind not perfectly at ease, there is something extremely pleasing in the *quietness* of the country. It is like that artificial repose, which is acquired by opiates after long watching: like that too, though it neither strengthens nor nourishes, it allows us time to recover our faculties, which are often as much harrassed by living constantly in the midst of crowds, as our nerves are by an acute disease.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the prodigious activity of *some* women at the call of pleasure, with that indolent life to which many confine themselves:—sometimes they seem all fire,—at other times they scarcely breathe.

It is too often the case, that the agreeable qualities of the heart are more attractive than that steady virtue of the soul, which ought ever to form the strongest link of friendship. The easy, cheerful, and entertaining companion, *pleases more* than the determined adherer to reason, virtue, and religion! This is the nature of the human mind—and it is the source of fatal errors.

Q. Z.

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 LONGEVITY OF MUSICIANS.
 

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M. SALPIETRO is another remarkable instance of this. He is an Italian by birth, (I think a Florentine) and is principle second violin at the Opera-House; he is now eighty-seven years of age, forty of which he has played in our opera: he is in the perfect possession of all those faculties which a man of fifty usually possesses. He makes nothing of walking ten or twelve mile a day; he is always lively, his voice is still good and strong, his teeth are undecayed, and his deportment indicates nothing of old age, except by a stoop in the shoulders, probably more owing to the practice of the violin, than any thing else.

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## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Qui manet quasi adjurat.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Some Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio,*  
By Henry Richard Lord Holland. 8vo, pp. 294, Longman  
and Co. 1806. Concluded from p. 241.

It was with no slight degree of pleasure that we perused the following extract, which would seem to promise, from the enlightened mind and able pen of Lord Holland, some further strictures on the drama, and perhaps some still more extensive assistance to polite literature.

"Some scenes," says Lord Holland, "founded on a story similar to that of *The Orphan*, may be compared to the correspondent parts of that tragedy without disparagement to either poet. Pathetic tenderness is not, however, the general character of Lope's productions; and I may have a future opportunity of shewing, that, in that respect, as well as others, Guillen de Castro bears a much stronger resemblance to Otway." P. 177.

To prevent the evil consequence of bad examples in dramatic exhibitions, Lope's plays were for a period prohibited, and he was confined to the production of sacred dramas.

"They are, indeed," says his lordship, "truly ridiculous. In the *Animal Profeta*, St. Julian, after having plotted the murder of his wife, and actually accomplished that of his father and mother, enters into a controversy with the devil, as to the possibility of being saved; and when Jesus Christ descends from heaven to effect a miracle for that purpose in his favour, the devil, with much logical precision, alledges such mercy to be a breach of the original contract between him and the Almighty. He insinuates, indeed, that if he cannot reckon upon a parricide, he may as well give over his business in souls, as there is no appearance of fair dealing in the trade." P. 180.

Besides works of this sort, he composed innumerable "*Entremeses*," in which "there is no deficiency of humour or merriment."

"Humour," his lordship with great truth and judgment observes, "is at best formed of very perishable materials. Some author remarks, that mankind laugh in various ways, but always cry in the same. The truth of that observation is strongly illustrated in the history of the theatre. Scarce a season passes without producing several successful pieces of humour; yet, after some years are gone by, how few bear a revival!" P. 184.

Here immediately follows a luminous and just exposition of the merits of Lope as a writer of plays. This we are reluctantly obliged to omit, to come to some observations made by his lordship

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on Voltaire, in which the French wit is strenuously defended against his detractors.

"Spaniards, Englishmen, and Italians," we are told, "vie with each other in inveighing against his occasional exaggeration of faulty passages; the authors of which, till he pointed out their beauties, were scarce known beyond the country in which their language was spoken. Those who feel such indignation at his misrepresentations and mistakes, would find it difficult to produce a critic, in any modern language, who, in speaking of foreign literature, is better informed or more candid than Voltaire; and they certainly never would be able to discover one, who to those qualities unites so much sagacity and liveliness. His enemies would fain persuade us that such exuberance of wit implies a want of information; but they only succeed in shewing that a want of wit by no means implies an exuberance of information." P. 192.

To this number of plaintiffs might have been added the Portuguese. Thomas Joseph de Aquino, the editor of the works of Camoens, 1782, in his address to the reader, has brought an action against him for defamation, and to his own satisfaction clearly proved "*as calumnias e falsidades do insolente e petulante Voltaire.*" V. I. p. 14. Here too it is but fair to allow, that the Portuguese has justice on his side, for nothing can be imagined more disingenuous than the criticism of Voltaire on the *Lusiad*, which was written with no other light than that afforded to him by the bald and ridiculous version of Fanshawe. With regard to the character of the mind of this extraordinary French writer, a very accurate notion may be formed from these words of Dr. Young.

"Voltaire had a great, but a general capacity, and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind concentrated and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart."

We must indeed confess that we differ from his lordship materially in respect to the *candour* of Voltaire. Without understanding more of English than might enable him to read a newspaper, he undertook to criticise Shakspeare and Otway, with a mixture of ignorance, malice, and buffoonery, with which the multitude of vulgar readers on the continent could not fail to be gratified. If any one wishes to have an exact idea of his qualifications as a critic of English poetry, he should read Mrs. Mountague's Essay on Shakspeare. She has fairly brought him down, and a great portion of the French drama along with him. Her criticism of the *Cinna* is perfect and unanswerable. In our opinion, Voltaire's eminence was in his dramatic pieces,

particularly the Mahomet and Alzire. But he was determined to be universal, and that was enough to make him superficial. His prose writings are always bitter and malignant, and sometimes witty. This makes his historical pieces entertaining, without dignity, moral, or character. If his levities had been tedious, they would soon have sunk into oblivion with his serious discourses in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. But his style is sharp and quick, and you lose no time with him. *His Siècle de Louis XIV.* seems to have been written on purpose to keep the true character of that vain, ignorant, cruel despot out of sight. The ostentatious actor of majesty, the perpetual warrior without personal courage, the formalities of religion without piety or morality, and the dupe of the Jesuits, who made him believe that the persecution of the innocent Protestants was the right road to his own salvation. These are the true features of the character of Lewis the Fourteenth;\* but they are not to be found in the *Siècle* of Voltaire. It is true, he condemns Charles the Twelfth for the death of Patkul; but he takes no pains to excite the horror and detestation due to that infernal act of cruelty; and still less for the wanton and barbarous sacrifice of his friends at Bender. As to science, he has just ventured far enough to shew his ignorance. In his *Candide*, he seems to have intended to try his strength against Gulliver, and he perishes in the attempt. Yet caricature, burlesque, and buffoonery, will carry it with the vulgar, because at first impression they always excite laughter. No man of taste can read such trash twice, and still less *Tristram Shandy*, which once was in vogue, and now forgotten. But Gulliver and Don Quixote are immortal. Voltaire knew very well that religion was one of the weapons, with which it was intended that the few should govern the many; but he forgot that the many, even for their own sake, must be governed by the few: therefore he made a perpetual mockery of religion, without being in earnest. For that a man of his sagacity could contemplate the system of the world, or even his own body, so wonderful in its contrivance, and *bonâ fide* exclude design from the construction of it, we believe to be impossible. But we lose sight of our subject. Lord Holland's remarks on the services which Voltaire rendered to literature, and the commendations which he bestows on his wit, possess an abundance of taste and discrimination; and if we differ from his lordship in one particular, it is far from an impeachment of that judgment, which we have had such constant occasion to admire.

\* See Mirabeau des lettres de cachet, et des prisons d'état, p. 298, for a full confirmation of these assertions.



The plots of Lope's plays have proved a rich storehouse to the dramatic freebooters of other nations. On this subject it is well observed :

"Sophocles modestly asserted that his most finished pieces were composed of the crumbs that had fallen from the table of Homer; but those, (and they are not few) who have fed on the leavings of Spanish writers, have run away with the most valuable part of the feast, and profited as much from the bad taste as from the profusion of their masters." P. 207.

With relation to this point, we shall give a pleasant extract from p. 212.

"Dryden's Almanzor, from which character that writer's acquaintance with Castilian poetry is manifest, is meek and humble in comparison of the *Bernardos* and *Mudarras* of the Spanish author; and if, as Johnson says, the English poet hovers on the confines of nonsense, Lope must be acknowledged to have frequently invaded the territory. *Bernardo*, for instance, is not contented with being a noble savage, as free as nature first made man, and with having neither lord nor parent, but he goes so far as to declare himself his own :

"Since my high birth is by my valour shown,

"And yet my parents are till now unknown,

"Methinks Bernardo needs must be his own."

P. 212.

"*Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*

"*Inciderit.*"

Lope knew that he must not introduce a God to untie his knots, therefore he introduces a fool. The ancients had their *God*, the Italians their *Arlequino*,<sup>5</sup> and the Spaniards their *Gracioso*,\* or buffoon. "At the conclusion of a complicated plot, when the author is unable to extricate himself from the embarrassments he has created, in any probable manner, the buffoon steps forward, cuts the Gordian knot, explains away the difficulty, discloses the secret, and decides upon the fate and marriages of all who are present." P. 193.

In addition to this merit, he gives Lope a frequent opportunity of displaying his talents for sprightly and burlesque poetry, of which his lordship has given us a lively specimen, turned with great ease, point, and neatness. "I subjoin," says he, "Julio's defence of his master, who, in the *Hermosa* fea, had affected to be insensible to the charms of the duchess of Lorraine :

"*JULIO y CELIA.*

"*Jul. Un mal gusto, &c.*

"*Jul. Bad taste—but 'twas allow'd long since,*

"*That tastes of no dispute admit,*

\* El que en las Comedias y Autos tiene el papel festivo y chistoso, con que divierte y entretiene. Rev.

- " *Cel.* But, when so bad as in your prince,  
 " The want of taste shews want of wit.
- " *Jul.* Why men there are in cloudy days,  
 " Who, spite of rain, abroad will roam ;  
 " Who hate the sun's all-cheering rays,  
 " And when 'tis fine will mope at home ;  
 " Men too there are who loath what's sweet,  
 " What we like most they relish least,  
 " They without bread their onions eat,  
 " And deem the sorry meal a feast ;  
 " Spaniards in India there have been,  
 " Who to their wives extremely slack ;  
 " Have loath'd a fair and snowy skin,  
 " And sigh'd in secret for a black ;  
 " Some without cause their substance give,  
 " Squander away their time and pence ;  
 " Others give nothing while they live,  
 " But trouble, umbrage, and offence ;  
 " Some sleep by day, and watch by night ;  
 " Some to one nymph their life devote ;  
 " Others their faith and duty plight  
 " To all who wear the petticoat.  
 " Then that one man her charms decries,  
 " Should give the beauteous dame no care ;  
 " Because my master wants his eyes,  
 " Your mistress sure is not less fair."

P. 195.

The noble author of this learned, elegant, and amusing work, has, in his walks through "Vega's garden," (often to *himself* tedious and unprofitable) imitated, in some degree, the bees of Lucretius, and might say:

" *Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant—*

" *Omnia nos.*"

The agreeable fruits of his labour are here before the public; and while his lordship's judicious extracts, accompanied by translations full of merit, afford us a just idea of the genius of the Spanish poet, his criticisms either teach us all that it is necessary to know about him, or point out the avenues, which best lead to a more enlarged gratification.

With these sensible observations his lordship terminates\* this ingenious publication:

\* An Appendix is added, which, amongst other desirable information, contains a list of Lope's works, and an admirable treatise by Don Gaspar, with a version, which we shall give next month in our miscellany.

"But the effect of Lope's labours must not be considered by a reference to language alone. For the general interest of dramatic productions, for the variety and spirit of the dialogue, as well as for some particular plays, all modern theatres are indebted to him. Perfection in any art is only to be attained by successive improvement; and though the last polish often effaces the marks of the preceding workman, his skill was not less necessary to the accomplishment of the work, than the hand of his more-celebrated successor. This consideration will, I hope, excuse the length of this treatise. Had Lope never written, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe.

"It seems but an act of justice to pay some honour to the memory of men, whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their own reputation. Such was Lope de Vega; once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who, in their literary as well as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered religions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe, but their own." P. 232.

The style of Lord Holland's writing is correct and elegant; and there is an *agrément* in his manner, which of itself would give an attraction to a less entertaining subject, and to less interesting materials.

*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.* By Alexander Molleson. 3s. 1806.

MR. MOLLESON is what we may call a good sort of man, and there are ten thousand readers who would do well to prefer his "Miscellanies" to most of the books on which they waste their time. To promise any thing extraordinary, however, whether he moves on foot or on the wing, would be to pave the way to disappointment. We can admire the expressive and touching simplicity of melody as well as Mr. M. but not to the exclusion of harmony. Thomson has this verse:

"The mazy, running soul of melody."—

For melody, we would read harmony.

*A Walk through Leeds, or Stranger's Guide to every Thing worth Notice, in that ancient and populous Town, with an Account of the Woollen Manufacture of the West-Riding of Yorkshire. With Plates.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. Crosby and Co. 1806.

THIS guide will be found to be a convenient and intelligent companion in a walk through Leeds. Those who walk any other way, will of course leave it at home.

*The Wood Nymph, a Novel; By the Author of Ariel, &c. 3 Vols. 12s. Chapple. 1806.*

A wood nymph indeed; and one more fond of "brown horrors" and frightful rambles, we never met with—Heaven be praised! These laborious attempts to surprise, perpetually commence and terminate with absurdities, which excite a smile by no means flattering to the author.

*A Letter to a Country Gentleman, containing some Remarks on the Principles and Conduct of those Ministers of the Church of England, who exclusively style themselves Evangelical Preachers. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dutton. 1806.*

If, instead of the next set of charges, our bishops would take the pains to correct a few misstatements in this letter, and then address it to their respective dioceses, they would shew their wisdom; and, if their lordships would further take an active part in producing the desired reformation, they would evince a respect for their duty, which would be highly to their credit.

*Miscellaneous Poetical Translations, to which is added a Latin Prize Essay. By the Rev. F. Howes, A. M. pp. 148. 4s. 6d. Mawman. 1806.*

THIS is the production of a scholar and elegant versifier. His version of the battle of the frogs and the mice, is rendered more humorous than it appears in any other English dress, by the names of the heroes, composed of two or more Greek words, being translated.

This is the most creditable piece in the collection. The work is elegant, but by no means wonderful, unless it be so that an A. M. should trouble himself to read any thing beyond a newspaper, or to write any thing more important than a receipt.

*Biographical Memoirs of the late Rev. J. Warton, D. D. to which are added, a Selection from his Works, and a Literary Correspondence between Eminent Persons, reserved by him for Publication. By the Rev. J. Woolh, A. M. Master of the Free Grammar School of Midhurst, &c. Vol. 1. 4to. pp. 407. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

THE writings of Joseph Warton are admired by every man of taste, and his severer labours, as master of St. Mary Winton College, were abundantly useful to the rising generation of his day. Nothing therefore belonging to him in this volume is without some

degree of interest; but our business is on this occasion more particularly to dilate on the merits of Mr. Wooll the editor, who has to these selections prefixed a biographical memoir of their author.

In the capacity of a school master, Mr. Wooll may, in proportion to his sphere of action, share in that peculiar sort of praise which is due to his illustrious friend Dr. Warton, but as a writer he will partake in no degree of the admiration which the doctor excites. Mr. Wooll is, we are ready to believe, a well-meaning, honest man, but when he took up his pen for any purpose beyond the correction of an exercise, he should have listened to prudence, in preference to vanity, and learnt that in writing for the public eye, "*Il ne s'agit point d'honnêtes gens, mais de gens de bon sens.*" If we were able for a moment to suppose the most egregious vanity out of the question, we could guess but one reason that could have induced Mr. Wooll, to attempt the writing of Dr. W's. life, and this we are ashamed to mention. However, on a silly subject, we may be allowed to be absurd. On the principle of "*He that drives fat bullocks, should himself be fat,*" he probably thought that he who writes the life of a schoolmaster, should himself be a schoolmaster. Ridiculous as this may appear, Mr. Wooll has really, and in truth, no other qualification! The error of this gentleman's judgment is not uncommon. Schoolmasters, like naval officers, imagine, because every thing is referred to them, and at their bidding in their respective situations, that they may come forth into the world, and lead the way there as well as amongst the little boys of the former, or the obedient tars of the latter. The mistake however is soon discovered, and the affair terminates, in general, with a few affected grimaces on the one hand, and a hearty laugh of contempt on the other.

These *memoirs* are comprised in 103 pages, and in his *preface* the writer tells us, with ineffable complacency, that he "feels himself acquitted of presumption" in this attempt, because "six years" have elapsed, and no other person has undertaken to "rescue from oblivion, the excellence of Dr. W's. moral and intellectual attainments!" He then adds, with a very natural *presentiment* of the consequence, that "in a word, if he has not tarnished the reputation, or lowered the name of Warton, he *will* quietly submit to the imputation of *not having exalted his own.*" P. v.

In the next page we learn that many family letters were suppressed, out of the abundant delicacy of the editor. However, p.

4. of the "Memoirs," produces a very silly one to Dr. W's sister, which, as Mr. Wooll prefers the approbation of the family, to what he calls "the incidental deprivation of fame," should have been omitted. Its occupying two and a half pages, quarto, seems to be the only sensible reason for its insertion. Still as the whole of the letter treats of *vanity*, it does not appear how Mr. Wooll can be said to have consulted *his interest* when he gave it a place. These patches are frequent, and in this interesting way runs the thread of Mr. Wool's Memoirs—Born 1732—goes to school—writes a letter to his sister—subject for verse, two and a half pages; Wooll in raptures, p. 13—the doctor has the small pox—is "tenderly nursed by the mother he idolized," recovers, obtains a living, and "immediately marries Miss Daman." After "a heart-wounding separation from the wife of his unabating tenderness," he visits the continent with the duke of Bolton. Not understanding French, he had recourse to Latin—upon which Mr. Wooll, with exquisite feeling, exclaims alas! "alas! the bald, unclassical, and monkish style in which a few, and very few Irish friars in the convents were enabled to converse, imparted but at best *disjointed* information, and furnished a very broken and imperfect *correspondence*." The "alas" is uncommonly pretty, and introduced with great taste, but the cause of it is admirable—Irish friars talking to an *English* doctor in bald *Latin*! The doctor's impatience to be with his wife (more *natural* than any thing else) "induced him to wave," says his biographer, anxious not to *tarnish his reputation*, "every consideration of intellectual improvement," and return to England.

Now he is the editor of Virgil, and, in consequence of his preference of Pitt to Dryden, some pages are wasted on quotations from Dryden, Johnson, &c. We are then favoured with several erudite criticisms on Virgil, by Mr. Wooll himself, who, it seems, is a great reader of *translations*, and *boasts* of the use they have been to him in school "as a professional man." P. 28. Warton, to his mind, is better than Dryden—he admires "his *every* opinion." The doctor becomes a writer in the *Adventurer*, and, by the way of novelty, his twenty-four papers are described. His Essay on Pope also introduces a tedious, idle, and extraneous investigation of Pope's merits. Not content with telling us what Warton wrote, he must do more, and with him "it would be injustice not to give it in his own words," consequently we have it, and it certainly does fill up and swell out most effectually. It is unnecessary to go on with a recapitulation of the trifling information and *crambe repetita*

of these "*Memoirs*." We need not eat the whole of a haunch to know that it is unfit to bring to table. We shall now make two or three remarks, and then leave this ungrateful dish to be relished by stomachs to which coarse food is agreeable. Having been disappointed of our meal, we shall endeavour to make ourselves merry over our misfortunes.

Instinct is that which acts without the direction of choice or reason, and then we hear of a learned doctor's "*instinctive love of literature*." P. 29. We are also told that the eagerness of an editor to insert every unknown production of his author is a "*generally venial desire*." P. 83. Would it not come nearer the mark to read "*venal desire*?" At p. 88, on a late edition of Gray's works, in which there is an "*indecent copy of verses*," is this elegant and well-written remark: "In this case a poet is become objectionable, through whose whole volume was not, *ere this*, one line which could raise the slightest blush on the cheek of *virginity*. The publisher will, it is hoped, see the propriety of *castigating* the edition." *Castrating*, Mr. Wooll, would render the naughty book a more fit companion for *virginity*! After a period by no means singular, (see p. 19 & *passim*) though utterly void of sense, we have this shrewd sentence: "In every sense of the word there is something *avidious*, if not despicable, in *secret violence*." P. 85. Yet, after all, in a note at the end of the volume, we learnt, to our great surprise, (for who could have guessed it,) that the *especial imperfection* of the work is in the *punctuation*!

As a critic, this Wooll is not the staple commodity, but the "*lana caprina*" of Horace. What has proceeded, (to use his new, but not insignificant term) from his "*closet of criticism*," p. 79, appears to be written in one *closet*, to be read shortly and finally in another. As a writer, generally speaking, he is contemptible.

If it should be thought that we have shorn Mr. Wooll rather cruelly, we desire no other revenge for the injustice done us than that he who thinks so should be condemned to read the writings of our memorialist;—he will then be both convinced and punished.

The public is threatened with a second volume, which, if it contain none of Mr. Wooll's wit, may be acceptable. However, we cannot doubt that if his friend, the doctor, could speak from the grave, he would, varying a single term, exclaim with Othello to Cassio—

"I love thee,  
"But never more be *editor* of mine!"

*Horace, translated by the Rev. Philip Francis, and revised by H. J. Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat to His Majesty. 18mo., pp. 452. 4s. Crosby and Co. 1806.*

WE have a respect for Mr. Pye, as a scholar, but we are far from being pleased with the use which he has made of his name, on this occasion. Francis's Horace has hitherto been published, with notes to the Latin and English text collaterally printed. Here the translation appears without either the original or notes, and the poet laureat's name has been obtained, to figure away as a *reviser*, on the title page, when we verily believe that he knows nothing of the work, beyond the sum which he received for the permission granted to the publisher of using these five letters, *H. J. Pye*. This is a practice, borrowed from eminent engravers, and still more deserving of reprobation in literature, than in the graphic art. Our reasons for this opinion are simply these.—The text, which is said to have been *revised* by Mr. Pye, has most of the errors of the early editions, and the seventh, which was *revised and corrected materially* by the translator, has never been consulted. Many proofs of this fact might be adduced: two will suffice. The text, corrected for the last time by the author, with an *improved preface*, appeared in 1765, where, to take the first page, it runs thus:

Mæcenæ, whose high lineage springs  
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,  
O thou, my patron and my friend,  
On whom my life, my fame depend;  
In clouds the olympic dust to roll, &c.

According to Mr. Pye's revising, thus:

O thou, whose birth illustrious springs  
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,  
Mæcenæ, to whose guardian name  
I owe my fortune and my fame;  
There are, who round the olympic goal, &c.

which is the reading of former uncorrected copies. Is it to be believed, that if Mr. Pye had actively undertaken the office of editor, he would not have looked to this? That the editor, whoever he was, knew nothing of it, is manifestly clear, and his ignorance



with regard to the translator is not less apparent, since he is here styled, "*the Rev. Philip Francis,*" when, previous to the seventh edition of his work, he had taken his degree of Doctor of Divinity. This is an insult to the public, and a disgrace to literature, which cannot be too much reprehended or reprobated. That a scholar and a gentleman should have implicated himself in such a transaction is altogether unpardonable.

As to the publication of Horace, in this condition, even if the English text were correct, it would, without explanatory notes, be the idlest thing that ever dropt from the press. Such a work could only be addressed to the mere English reader, who would, in every page, meet with such difficulties, as must, in the end, induce him to pronounce the wisest and wittiest poet of the Augustan age, one of nearly the dullest and most unintelligible writers of his acquaintance.

*A new Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages; wherein the Words are explained agreeable to their different Meanings, and a great Variety of Terms, relating to the Arts, Sciences, Trade and Navigation, carefully elucidated. Compiled from the best Authority, by Henry Neuman. In two Parts. 8vo. Verner and Hood.*

At a period like the present, when the elegant criticisms of Lord Holland, on the writings of Lope de Vega, are likely to create a taste for Spanish literature, and when the capture of Buenos Ayres must make the study of that noble language, in many cases, necessary, it is with peculiar satisfaction that we see this desirable acquisition facilitated, by the possession of a copious and excellent dictionary. Mr. Neuman has, in this compilation, consulted the best sources, and we have here, without the inaccuracies and misconceptions of the Madrid quarto, of the Rev. Fathers Connelly and Higgins, all that is requisite, in a convenient form, to promote the study of the Castilian language.

*More Miseries, by Sir Fretful Murmur, Knt. Symonds, and Mathews and Leigh. 5s. boards.*

We thrice welcome this little volume, which will no doubt prove a cordial to the morbid, the melancholy, and the irritable, to whom it is addressed. The dedication, to Mr. Coleman, which is full of eccentricity, contains a very elegant compliment to that delightful author. The memoir of Sir Fretful Murmur is perfectly original,

and contains many masterly touches. More Miseries are introduced in a correspondence between Sir F. M. and his friend Giles Whimble, in the course of which, some very natural and whimsical anecdotes are related of Sir Fretful's sister, and her spouse Mr. Debit, which made us laugh most heartily. The description of a botanical lecture, at the institute in Albermarle-street, is very happy and ludicrous. The Miseries contain a fresh catalogue, of those petty vexations, which so often fret and fidget us into ill humour: they are all original, well worded, and possess much epigrammatic point. In short, we strongly recommend this production to all our sensitive readers, who love a laugh. The name of the real author is not mentioned, but we suspect, from the style, that he is well known to the public.

*The present State of Peru: Comprising its Geography, Topography, Natural History, Mineralogy, Commerce, &c. &c. The whole drawn from original and authentic Documents, chiefly written and compiled in the Peruvian Capital; and embellished by Engravings. 4to. pp. 487. 2l. 2s. Phillips. 1805.*

THIS expensive work is little better than a loose translation, without judgment or discrimination, of *El Mercurio Peruano*, The Peruvian Mercury, a paper published periodically at Lima. It certainly contains some information, but it is bought at a great charge, both in the purchase in the first instance, and the patience exhausted in hunting for it in the second.

Lord Chesterfield, writing to Faulkner, hopes that he prints and sells a great number of books, whether they are read or not. "If they become but fashionable furniture," says his lordship, "it will serve your purpose as well, or it may be better; for if people bought no more books than they intended to read, and no more swords than they intended to use, the two worst trades in Europe would be a bookseller's and a sword-cutler's; but luckily for both they are reckoned genteel ornaments." This splendid quarto comes precisely within the description of, "fashionable furniture," or "genteel ornaments," and will be found very useful and ornamental to those who buy books to please the eye! But for the superscription and anachronism, one would swear that the letter above quoted had been written, within the last few years, to that great Coryphæus of booksellers, Mr. Phillips himself.

*The Works of Virgil, translated into English by John Dryden. A new Edition, with Remarks on the Corrections of Dr. Carey. 12mo. 4 Vols. Johnson, &c. 1806.*

THE principal excellence of this edition of Dryden's Virgil is its accuracy; and the novelty of it the judicious correction of what Dr. Carey calls his "*corrections*." It appears that Dr. Carey published an addition of these works in 1803, when he rashly presumed, under the title of "*corrections*," unsupported by manuscript authority, to meddle with Dryden's text, and to disturb the common readings by innovations, made according to his own judgment, to which he seems to have paid far too much respect. With a "*certainty*," "*undoubtedly*," "*unquestionably*," the Doctor had inserted in his edition whatever pleased his fancy, but, as the present editor truly observes, "*it by no means follows, because a commentator hits upon a better word, or phrase, or more sense, or what ought to be written, that the translator therefore unquestionably wrote so.*" Rem. vi. Dr. C. is, throughout these *remarks*, treated with great candour, and his error so fairly exposed, with regard to the vitiating of Dryden's text, by his *corrections*, that he cannot but be convinced of his fault, and lament the mistaken judgment on which he has acted. By the way of affording a "*taste of the quality*" of our author, in the trimming which he has given Dr. Carey, we shall transcribe several of his *remarks on the corrections*, or rather corruptions, of the latter.

"Georgic, iv. line 591.

Break out in crackling flames to shun thy *snare*,  
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger *stare*.

Dr. Carey, having found "*snares*" and "*stares*," in the 1st and 2d editions, says, 'I have printed *snare* and *stare*, according to the poet's intention.' He might have said according to Dr. Johnson's Edit. vol. xxii. p. 195, where this reading obtains. So also in Martin and Bain's Edit. 1795; and so even in Anderson's very incorrect edition of the poets, vol. xii. This, we must observe, is amongst the errors of the first and second editions, which Dr. Carey somewhat hastily affirms, 'have been copied in *all* the others hitherto published.'

Line 776.

The soft Napæan race will soon *repent*  
Their anger, and remit the punishment.

Dr. Carey asserts, rather hardily, that the Printer, '*not dream-*

ing,'—of we know not what—corrected '*relent*,' the word '*no doubt*,' used by Dryden, to '*repent*.' We, however, are satisfied with '*repent*,' conceiving it to afford us, even without, but certainly with, the subsequent member, '*and remit the punishment*,' a very fair and intelligible translation of *irasque remittent*. In this sense, the Lord says, in Jeremiah, 'I will *repent* of the evil that I thought to do unto them.'

Line 787.

To appease the manes of the *poets* king.

Dr. Carey prints '*poet* king,' with his usual '*I doubt not*, Dryden wrote as I have printed; Orpheus having, according to some accounts, been *king* of the Cicones.'

'*Poets* king' may stand. It is at least as probable as the former conjecture, and preferable, as it does not disturb the text, that Dryden meant, in consequence of the wonders related of his lyre, to distinguish Orpheus as the *king of Poets*. And, granting any moderate share of his history to be true, he was indeed '*princeps poetarum*,' or '*poetarum rex*,' as Homer has been called by Xylander and Heurnius. P. ix. x.

*Eneis*, ix. Line 796.

*Him*, when he spy'd from far the Tuscan king,  
Laid by the lance, &c.

'Any school boy might at once,' says Dr. C. 'have discovered that Dryden had written,—

*Him when he sp'd from far*, the Tuscan king  
Laid by the lance, &c.

Yet—strange to relate,—the absurd punctuation of the first edition has never till now been corrected.'

Dr. Johnson's edition of the English Poets, vol. xxii. p. 296, and Dr. Anderson's—*strange to relate*!—Dr. Carey never saw. P. xviii.

The whole of these remarks are written with learning, taste, and good sense. All the suggestions of Dr. Carey, refuted or confirmed, are here preserved, while the text of Dryden is treated with that respect, which the writings of every author are entitled to, from the care of an editor. This edition possesses many claims to the preference of the public.

*Peace with France and Catholic Emancipation repugnant to the Command of God.* By L. Mayer. 8vo. 1s. Williams and Smith, 1866.

If Mr. Mayer were not "as mad as a March hare," we would condescend to reason with him; but reason is out of the question here,

and we "war not with Bedlam." The indecency (to use a gentle term) of applying Scriptural prophecies to every passing occurrence is highly reprehensible, and the title of this work falls very little short of blasphemy.

*The Battle of Armageddon, or a final Triumph of the Protestant Cause.* 12mo. 1s. Hatchard.

THIS author is, without delay, to be put in the same cell with Mr. Mayer, the unhappy enthusiast just noticed. The nature of his work may be gathered from one piece of information in it.—In sixty years (according to the fullest calculation) the Millennium is to commence.

*The young Person's Assistant, in reading the old Testament. In a Series of Letters from a Mother to her Children, relative to Divine Truth.* By Mrs. Drawbarn. 8vo. pp. 79. 2s. 6d. bds. White, Wisbech. 1806.

It is acknowledged, that "nearly the whole of these letters have been collected from Prideaux, Collyer, Brown, Scripture Dictionaries, &c." and their object is to point out "a connected form of the Old Testament and its inseparable connection with the New." Those for whom the work is designed, will find it equal to its pretensions.

*Nugæ Poeticæ. Consisting of a serio-comic Poem, on the Pursuits of Mankind: with several original Pieces, on various Subjects.* By W. A. Hails, Writing Master, and Teacher of various Branches of the Mathematics. 8vo. pp. 88. 3s. Longman, 1806.

Mr. Hails has not been happy in his title. It would seem, that "a paraphrase on the song of Moses," with notes hebraically critical, and "elegiac verses," ought not to be called "*Nugæ*," if any poetry deserves a more serious denomination. We are told of *comic*, we allow, but it is truly "*serio-comic*." The elegiac strains possess the most poetical merit, and the learning acquired by the author, notwithstanding his early apprenticeship to a shipwright, and many other obstacles, is very creditable to his perseverance, which will, we hope, be ultimately rewarded.

*Brookiana. 2 Vols.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Phillips. 1806.

MR. Brooke, the author of the "Fool of Quality, Gustavus Vasa, &c." is well known, and his merits suffer no neglect. What we have here before us is an *ana*, a thing of very easy formation, and, in most cases, neither creditable to the writer, nor to the reader. The custom, too prevalent, of picking all the *plums* out of an author's pud-

ding should be discontempered. It may answer the mercenary purposes of booksellers, to tempt the idle with these *Spectationiana*, but their publication is injurious to the mental pursuits of youth.

*The Pilgrim of the Cross, or the Chronicles of Christabelle de Mowbray. An ancient Legend. By E. Hehne. 4 Vols. 18s. Octob.*

If this novel were compressed into a single volume, it would possess claims of no very ordinary kind. At present, it is insufferably tedious; for the reader, being let into the secret, through the writer's want of art, the reading is as great a waste of patience, as the writing was of paper.

*The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight. By Arthur Cayley, Junr. Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Cadell and Davies. 1806.*

To write an interesting and satisfactory life of Sir Walter Raleigh,\* who figured so actively on the stage at a remarkable period of our history, required not the "occasional leisure" of an inexperienced hand, but the undiverted attention of a writer of mature judgment and various and profound research. Mr. Cayley, though not without his merit, has paid too little respect to this excellent precept:

*" Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam  
" Viribus."*

His precipitancy has undone him; and instead of an ample and philosophical life of the great Sir Walter, with allowable digressions relating to his contemporaries, and the annals of his times, we have a jejune memoir of the knight, and a heavy make-weight of stale documents. "Once for all," (to use Mr C's. language) this will not satisfy the judicious, nor reflect credit on the compiler. After these remarks, severe but just, we may add that though the work is by no means equal to what we expected, and do still expect when the burthen shall be taken up on stronger shoulders, it contains much information which, from the fruitfulness of the soil, it would have been difficult not to have collected. Many questions concerning Sir Walter are not ably met, but some are well discussed. From the latter we shall, with pleasure, make an extract. His History of the World was published in 1614.

"Beginning," says Mr. C. "with the creation, Sir Walter has, in this work, given us the flower of recorded story to the end of the second Macedonian war; and having reviewed the three first monarchies of the world, he leaves Rome triumphant in the fourth, about

\* Mr. C. spells his name without the i, in conformity to the orthography of his own letters.

a century and a half before the birth of our Saviour, comprehending a period of nearly four thousand years. Ranking in that class of historians who prefer the exercise of judgment in selection to that of genius in adorning, his industry and penetration are highly conspicuous, and his style is the best model of his age. His superior manner of treating Greek and Roman story has justly excited regret that he has devoted so many pages to Jewish and Rabbinical learning, and that he has not permitted himself a greater latitude in those more fascinating subjects. If, in this great work, he has, to use the words of an eminent critic, 'Produced an historical dissertation, but seldom risen to the majesty of history,' still the variety of its learning, and the elegance of its style, are sufficient to secure him a distinguished rank among the benefactors to our literature."

Hereafter Mr. Cayley will probably think with us on this subject, and he may then be better qualified to undertake a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, with a due regard for the interest of letters, and his own reputation.

#### DRAMATIC.

*Catch him who can? A musical Farce, in two Acts. By T. E. Hook. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Baldwin. 1806.*

THIS farce was produced at the Haymarket theatre, and ran through the last season with great éclat. The perusal of such a *petite piece* as "Catch him who can," is not very different from the reading of a pantomime: therefore, we shall say nothing of its literary merits. It proposed to excite a hearty laugh, and what it proposed it effected, through the versatile and diverting powers of that promising young comedian Mr. Matthews.

*We fly by Night, or long Stories. A Farce, as performed at the Théâtre Royal, Covent Garden, with unbounded Applause. By Arthur Griffinhoofe, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Ridgway. 1806.*

UNDER the disguise of Mr. Griffinhoofe we see the cloven foot of that merry devil George Colman, to whom the stage is indebted for so many excellent scenes in comedy, and so much ludicrous nonsense in farce. For its effect in acting, we refer the reader to our *Memoranda Dramatica*.—As to its effect in reading, the less said the better. These funny farces are as dull to read, as some comedies are to act.

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

*Imitatio vite; speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.* Ciceron.  
 The imitation of Life--The Mirror of Manners--The Representation of Truth.

## THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. XIV.

## THE ORIGIN OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

EVERY art, that tends to the comfort or ornament of human life, took its first rise either from necessity or convenience. It often happens that chance sketches out the rude design, which is afterwards improved, matured, and polished by reflection. That this was eminently the case in the origin of theatrical representations is agreed on all hands. Tragedy and comedy were nothing more, in their beginnings, than hymns to Bacchus. Some of his followers, one day, accidentally found a goat browsing in their vine-yard. They sacrificed it to their dead (and, perhaps, deified) master, from motives of gratitude, as well as interest. The neighbours were called in, who joined with them in songs and dances; and the revelling being approved of by the company, was, probably, soon converted into an annual solemnity. The persons who performed these extemporal hymns, either alternately or altogether, were, in succeeding times, called the chorus. This custom was transferred into their cities, and the subject of it was much altered: for the composers of the songs, having almost exhausted their imagination, by constantly exercising it on the same argument, recited the actions of some illustrious hero, with the praises of Bacchus. Thus the thing continued till the days of Thespis, who is allowed to have been the first, who enlarged the scheme, and abolishing these rough and uncouth dithyrambs (as the Greeks called them) introduced just and regular entertainments of written poems. In aid of the chorus, he brought a single actor upon the stage, who, at fit intervals, came out from the rest, and amused the audience with an account of some exploits of famous men; then retired again; when the chorus had taken breath, which was still the most considerable part of the performance. However, by this means, a new turn was given to it; the business of the chorus was lessened; and something like a plot or fable was introduced. Thespis went about the villages in carts, daubed the faces of his actors with the lees of wine,



and contended for the premium of tragedy, a goat; while others vied for the premium of comedy, a basket of figs and a vessel of wine.

He lived about the time of Solon, who, by procuring an order from the court of Areopagus, obliged him to lay down an employment so unprofitable to the state. That acute and penetrating law-giver foresaw the consequences that would ensue, and (the Athenians say) in the spirit of divination, foretold them.

Eschylus improved upon this model, by adding a second actor, and diversifying the fable. As he was extremely diligent in the study of Homer, he set the Iliad before his eyes as the standard of poetry. He observed the vivacity of the dialogues introduced there, and considered how much more agreeable they would appear, if exhibited in such a manner as to seem real, and to flow naturally from the passions, sentiments, and behaviour of common life. Hence he thought of casting his plays into the form of conversation. By this time the chorus which was at first the principal part of tragedy, was only an accessory ornament of it, and employed to relieve the actors, as the actors were before admitted to relieve that. Nay, the chorus, which was anciently the play itself, now served only to express the sentiments of the by-standers, to take the side of injured innocence and virtue, and to suggest such reflections as the well-minded part of the audience might reasonably be supposed to make. Eschylus taught the persons concerned in it to make those movements in their dances, which are called the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*. The first of them is from east to west, and intended to signify the course of the sun, the second is the reverse of that motion. After some time they sung the epode, in concert with the musical instruments, and stood still in the middle of the stage, intimating, by a quaint conceit, the stability of the earth in the centre. While Thespis lived, the players had no regular place of representation, but contented themselves with the moveable stage before mentioned. Eschylus, as he was received with public honours and encouragement in Athens, after the death of Solon, employed Agatharchus, a skilful architect, to build a theatre, at the expence of the state, and to contrive the decorations and scenery. He furnished his actors with masks, dressed in flowing robes, agreeably to the characters they sustained on different occasions, and, by the assistance of buskins, advanced them to the fancied tallness of heroes. In this he accommodated himself to the prejudices of the multitude, who entertained a notion, that all the ancient warriors were of a size beyond the common standard of nature.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

**THE CUCKOLD IN CONCEIT**, a comedy, by *Moliere*, of three acts, in verse, acted at Paris, at the Little Bouillon Theatre, March 22, 1669.

This little comedy is taken from an Italian piece called *Il Corsaro per Opinione*. The title of the piece, the principal character, the nature of the plot, and the kind of comic humour which prevails in it, seem to declare that it was intended more to make the vulgar laugh than to afford amusement to people of delicacy; notwithstanding this the moral intention of it is very laudable: it is to shew us the danger of judging with too much precipitation, especially when our passions are concerned. This truth, supported by a fund of gay humour, and the subject not being uninteresting, drew a great number of spectators for forty nights together, although it was in the summer time, and the marriage of the king kept the court from Paris.

A tradesman of Paris, who considered himself a man of great importance, imagined that *Moliere* had taken him for the original of his "*Cuckold in Conceit*." Addressing himself to a friend "How dare an actor," said he, "have the impudence to introduce a man of my consequence upon the stage?" "Why should you complain?" replied his friend. "He has treated you very leniently, by only making you a '*Cuckold in Conceit*;' you ought to feel yourself happy at having come off so well."

**CADMUS AND HERMIONE**, a tragic opera, by *Quinault*, the music by *Lully*, 1673.

This opera is the first musical tragedy composed by *Lully*; it was, at first, acted in a tennis-court, when *Moliere* and his company occupied the theatre of the *Palais Royale*. *Moliere* died soon after; *Lully*, always attentive to his interest, petitioned for the theatre, and the king granted his request on the 28th of April following; there he continued to act *Cadmus and Hermione*, which was the first opera performed at the theatre of the *Palais Royale*.

**HAREQUIN FARMER GENERAL**. A comic opera, in three acts, in prose, by *Orneval*, 1716.

This piece was written in consequence of "The Chamber of

Justice" being established to try some *exciseman*. In the second act, the scene is laid in *Tartarus*, where the criminals pass in review before Harlequin. He orders the punishment of Sysiphus to be inflicted on a dramatic poet for having written a number of bad plays, at the same time he pointed with his finger to a person among the spectators, as much as to say, that he was deserving of the same fate: the person so pointed at, rose up, apparently in a great passion, and addressed the audience, which created a considerable disturbance; the guards came into the theatre,—very serious consequences were expected, but the business terminated pleasantly. The supposed offended poet was an actor placed there on purpose; which, when known, caused the audience to laugh heartily at the deception.

## ANECDOTES OF FOOTE.

### GRECIAN DRAMA.

FOOTE told Lord Carlisle, that he once had it in contemplation to bring out a piece, in order to ridicule the absurdities of the Grecian drama.

His plan was as follows:—He was to introduce but one personage, who was to be a mock despotic monarch, attended by a chorus of tinkers, taylors, blacksmiths, musicians, bakers, &c. This character was to strut about the stage, boast of the unlimited extent of his imperial power, threaten all with fire and sword, take the city of London, storm the tower, and even threaten to dethrone the sovereign himself.

The chorus, terrified at these exploits and menaces, were then to fall upon their knees, tear their hair, beat their breasts, and supplicate his imperial highness to spare the effusion of so much human blood; to which, after a conflict of contending passions, during the course of five acts, the hero was to agree, and the piece was then to conclude, with a full hymn of thanksgiving for the deliverance of so many individuals.

### GARRICK.

*The Lying Valet* being one night added as an after-piece to the admirable comedy of *The Devil upon two Sticks*, Garrick coming into the green-room, cried out to Foote, "Well Sam! I see, after all, you are glad to take up with one of my farces."—"Why yes.

David," said the other, "what could I do better? I must have some *ventilator* for this excessive hot weather."

#### THE BATH APOTHECARY.

FOOTE riding out on the Downs near Bath, in company with a friend, they observed, at some distance, a person coming towards them, who appeared to be dressed out in gold lace. "What beau on horseback is this?" said the friend: "Psha!" (on his coming a little closer) "'tis nobody; after all, but the little quicksilver apothecary, with his tawdry waistcoat."—"Be a little more circum-spect for the future," said Foote, "as you see it is not *all gold that glisters*."

#### FOOTE AND MACKLIN.

FOOTE, who was ever in the extremes of fortune, now at the top, now at the bottom of her wheel, happened to be in the *latter condition*, when Macklin and he happened to meet. They were both at the Bedford coffee-house together, when Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a fine gold repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand, or up to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch is *stopt*!"—"Poh! Poh!" said Macklin, "never mind that Sam, you may depend upon it, it will soon go."

#### GARRICK.

PREVIOUSLY to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet-Show*, at the Haymarket theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"—"Oh dear Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick!"

#### IRISH HOSPITALITY.

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No Sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

#### DIBBLE DAVIS.

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's *butts* in ordinary, dining one day with him at North-end, observed that "well as he loved porter, he could never drink it *without a head*."—"That must be a mistake Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

[8ra,

*I have found, with great satisfaction, that the opinions of my friends in Kent are in unison with the sentiment expressed in the following lines; a sentiment which surely no Englishman can conceive to be derogatory either to his courage or his patriotism.*

Yours,

ROB. BUCHFIELD.]

## ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

ROLL, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam  
 Pour thy tides round the echoing shore,  
 Thou guard of Old England, my country, my home,  
 And my soul shall rejoice in the roar.

Though high-fronted valour may scowl at the foe,  
 And with eyes of defiance advance;  
 'Tis thou hast repell'd desolation and woe,  
 And the conquering legions of France.

'Tis good to exult in the strength of the land,  
 That the flow'r of her youth are in arms,  
 That her lightning is pointed, her jav'lin in hand,  
 And arous'd the rough spirit that warms;

But never may that day of horror be known,  
 When these hills and these vallies shall feel  
 The rush of the phalanx by phalanx o'erthrowa,  
 And the bound of the thundering wheel.

The dread chance of battle, its blood, and its roar,  
 Who can wish in his senses to prove?  
 To plant the foul fiend on Britannia's own shore,  
 All sacred to peace and to love?

Hail! glory of Albion! ye fleets, and ye hosts,  
 I breathe not the tones of dismay;  
 In valour unquestion'd still cover your coasts,  
 But may Heav'n keep the slaughter away!

Thou gem of the ocean, that smil'st in thy power,  
 May thy sons prove too strong to be slaves;  
 Yet, let them not scorn in the dark-fated hour,  
 But exult in their rampart of waves.

The nations have trembled, have cowl'd in the dust,  
 E'en the Alps heard the conqueror's song,  
 When the genius of Gaul with unquenchable thirst  
 Push'd her eagles resistless along,

And still they advance; and the nations must bleed;  
 Then sing, O my country, for joy;  
 Thy girdle of ocean by Heav'n was decreed  
 To protect what the sword would destroy.

Roll, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam  
 Pour thy tides round the echoing shore;  
 Thou guard of Old England, my country, my home,  
 And my soul shall rejoice in the roar.

*Ramsgate, Nov. 2, 1806.*

ON  
 HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONNET.

MASTER so early of the various LYRE  
 Energetic, pure, sublime!—Thus art thou gone?  
 In it's bright Dawn of Fame that Spirit flown  
 Which breath'd such sweetness, tenderness and fire!  
 Wert thou but shewn to win us to admire  
 And veil in Death thy Splendor?—But unknown  
 Their Destination who least time have shone  
 And brightest beam'd.—When these the ETERNAL SIRE

II.

—Righteous and wise and good are all his ways—  
 Eclipses, as their Sun begins to rise:  
 Can mortal judge, for their dimmish'd Days  
 What blest Equivalent in changeless skies  
 What sacred Glory waits them?—His the praise;  
 Gracious, whate'er he gives, whate'er denies.

24 Oct. 1806.

C. L.

[MR. EDITOR,

REVERTING, in an idle moment, to papers which I had blotted in moments still more idle, I find one that no suggestions of vanity would have drawn forth from the seclusion wherein it was reposing, if I did not perceive in it a passage which appears to derive consequence from some recent observations of a distinguished orator, whose manly eloquence is always exerted in behalf of the oppressed, and from whose patriotic energies, a hope arises, that the attention of the legislature will at length be directed towards an object, the neglect of which has hitherto been a singular reproach to British gallantry, British justice, British humanity, and even British policy. I mean the condition of the industrious female portion of the community. A prospect is now presented, that measures will be taken to prevent, or check at least, the monstrous practice of employing and retaining men in offices only proper for women; that the distaff so ingloriously usurped, will be consigned to its proper hand, and that, while the state will derive benefit from the limbs, sinews, and activity of those, who may thus be compelled to assert, in their country's defence, their dubious manhood; a multitude of innocent females will not only be rescued from penury, distress, and almost unavoidable prostitution, but be restored to the comforts of salutary and productive industry, and reputable social enjoyments.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

EDW. H. SEYMOUR.]

### EUPHRONIA.

*A Monody on the Death of a Lady, whose exemplary and genuine Piety was chiefly conspicuous in the Practice of all the moral and social Virtues, and in the Exercise of an expansive Benevolence, embracing every Species of Charity; among which was remarkable, a favourite and munificent Establishment, for the Reception, Comfort, and Reformation of unfortunate Young Women.*

WHENCE was that doleful sound,  
That deep convulsive sigh,  
Which shook my couch, and rous'd me ere the light,  
As startled nature felt a ruffling wound,  
And, to my wild distemper'd eye,  
Appear'd some hideous phantom of the night.

And lo! where grief and pale dejection wait,  
 And horror, rapt in silent state,  
 Upon each faded cheek!  
 Has sanguine war, with ruthless hand,  
 Or pestilence, laid waste the land?  
 That orphans, fathers, widows mourn,  
 From parents, children, husbands, timeless torn?  
 Or, O! for giant tyranny too weak,  
 Ye guardian saints forefend,  
 That o'er Ierne, your own clime, preside,  
 And still on virtue's cause attend!  
 Has blooming freedom immaturely died?

But hark! the solemn bell  
 Sends forth, with hallow'd knell,  
 Some way-worn mortal to his lasting rest:  
 What means this rising tumult in my breast?  
 Why strikes each burthen'd toll  
 Unwonted terror to mine ear?  
 And, as the black'ning crowd draws near,  
 Ah me! what boding cares oppress my soul!  
 Yes, 'tis Euphronia's bier, O, seraph bright!  
 O, spirit most belov'd!  
 Our daily theme! blest vision of our night!  
 And would not heaven, by suppliant anguish mov'd,  
 Prolong, in pity to mankind,  
 The energies of thy rare mind,  
 To rouse, reform, and bless  
 An indolent corrupted age,  
 Turn error's glance to truth's clear page,  
 And bid, to gild this gloom below,  
 An antedated ray to glow,  
 Of pure celestial happiness?

Well may ye weep divine Euphronia dead,  
 For ah! with her are fled,  
 Forth from Ierne, to their native seat,  
 The pensive virtues sweet;  
 Sincerity, with open face,  
 And piety's inspiring grace,

*Insula Sanctorum.*

¶ Ireland had recently obtained some important political immunities.



And candour too, that heal'd distraction's wound,  
 O, where shall now be found  
 Compassion, pleas'd the soothing tear to fall!  
 Benevolence, that shone serene on all!  
 Meek resignation, with uplifted eye!  
 Staid fortitude and ever-giving charity!

Well may ye weep, and nature's self put on,  
 For her Euphronia gone,  
 A garb of sablest hue;  
 For all the social ties  
 That through creation's range extend,  
 The glowing sympathies,  
 She felt, to noblest instinct true,  
 Sister, philosopher and friend.

To help the peasant, and relieve his toil,  
 Still was out-stretch'd thy open hand;  
 The peasant's grateful heart the boon repaid,  
 And, as his furrows op'd the mellow land,  
 Where'er the pregnant seed was laid,  
 Sow'd fertile blessings in the accordant soil.

The guileless herds, that crop the verdant food,  
 The feather'd race aloft, that buoyant ride,  
 The timid tenants of the flood  
 Have shar'd thy bounties wide:  
 Nor didst thou scorn with fostering skill,  
 The laughing flowers to rear;  
 All emulous to greet thy will,  
 Thy myrtle higher rais'd his fragrant head,  
 The roses brighten'd with a richer bloom,  
 The violet cast a more refin'd perfume,  
 By the glad hours each willing day was led,  
 Plenty the seasons crown'd, and happiness the year,

How oft, in winter's rigid reign,  
 Hast thou unbound the icy chain!  
 And when, with all his hardy brood,  
 Unactive labour shivering stood,

Or, 'gainst th' assailing rage  
 Of cold, the puny war to wage,  
 About his useless arms wou'd fling,  
 Then eye his children with a piteous gaze,  
 While sallow famine scowl'd around.  
 Then to his joyless cot wou'dst comfort bring,  
 Bid, on his hearth, the crackling faggot blaze,  
 And with the copious meal his humble board be crown'd.

And still where languid age, and haggard woe,  
 And wan distemper drooping sat,  
 And helpless infancy, that mocks at fate,  
 And, smiling, meets th' inexorable blow,  
 And blank misfortune, "fall'n on evil days,"  
 While busy memory, musing on the ground,  
 Harrows, preposterous his own wound,  
 Where'er calamity was wont to dwell,  
 Thou, with benignant care, her head wouldst raise,  
 And like a radiant angel, cheer her gloomy cell.

But O ye hapless tribe, whom cruel laws,  
 "The whips and scorns o' the time,"  
 And an unfeeling world, oppress,  
 Whose weakness is your crime,  
 Whose beauty kills your happiness,  
 And odium on the boast of nature draws.  
 Form'd to be woo'd, and gentle to be won,  
 And kind, O foul ingratitude! to be undone!

Ye houseless wanderers of th' unwholesome night,  
 In folly's ruefull hour,  
 By fatal love betray'd,  
 And to necessity, relentless power!  
 That sways in virtue's spight,  
 Devoted captives made,  
 Disgrac'd, dejected, and forlorn,  
 By friends and kindred left,  
 Of hope itself bereft—  
 No more to find a parent's sheltering home,  
 But, spleenful, from his alien threshold hurl'd,  
 To infamy a prey, and public scorn;  
 With vagrant feet condemn'd to roam,

And the drear mazes try,  
Of unknown stern calamity,  
Amid the wide unfathomable world.

Compell'd the tortur'd face to dress  
In looks that mock an aching heart ;  
Joyless yourselves a sullen joy t' impart,  
And still, by want's fell counsel led  
To barter modesty for bread ;  
The witless jest obscene, t' abide,  
And shame's indignant blushes hide,  
To meet in smiles the loath'd caress  
Of ignorance, deformity, disease,  
Or, rage of savage hunger to appease,  
And shock recoiling sense,  
Bend to the palsied clasp of hoary impotence.

O deeply wretched, deeply injur'd race !  
Assail'd by barbarous art,  
With only innocence to shield the heart ;  
And when of fame despoil'd, and virgin grace,  
From social cheer, like pestilence forth-cast,  
To cope with scandal's blast.  
The taunts of envy, the malignant sneer,  
Without the balmy solace of a tear,  
Without, of kindness, even the dubious shew,  
From him, deserter base ! fell source of all your woe.

Thus helpless, hopeless, wreck'd, abandon'd, lost,  
Euphronia, heaven-suggested dame,  
Heard the keen accents of your grief,  
And, ardent to afford relief,  
With all the charities embosom'd, came,  
While pious zeal, whose force she felt the most,  
Pure, gentle, holy, unalied  
To sour austersty or pride,  
Misfortune, as a sister to her press'd,  
And warm'd desponding frailty on her genial breast.

Far hence, she cried, in accents half divine,  
Far hence be rigour's iron hand !

Them let th' abhorrent frown oppress,  
 On them the biting scourge vindictive, ply,  
 Th' unfeeling and ferocious band,  
 The authors, not the victims of distress;  
 Too much, alas! of misery  
 Already, hapless penitent, is thine.

And then with sweet assiduous zeal she tried  
 The lost-one's griefs to know,  
 Bade her disclose the wrongs, the pangs, the cares,  
 That her sad heart engag'd;  
 When, each warm pulse dilating as she hears,  
 And the frank tale at once believ'd,  
 Bleak poverty was soon reliev'd,  
 And every modest want supplied,  
 And each corroding thought assuag'd,  
 Save those that from a bleeding conscience flow.

Blithe innocence was fled;  
 Fled far, alas! and never to return:  
 And what, O innocence! might here assume  
 Thy radiant station? Ah! what grace supply  
 The roses of thy fadeless youth,  
 And fresh cherubic bloom?  
 Pure emanation of unspotted truth!  
 Not that archangel potent, from on high,  
 When, heaven-deputed, forth he led  
 Through Paradise, the first transgressing pair,  
 And learn'd, as far as spirits may, to mourn,  
 The fatal forfeit could repair.

Yet all that might, by thee was done,  
 And innocence for ever flown;  
 Thou bad'st repentance raise her humid eyes,  
 And with a slow, serene, and steady pace  
 The beatific vision trace:  
 And rapt, behold her in the empyreal skies.

In those bright regions of eternal love,  
 Where, sainted, thou, methinks, the saints among;  
 In glory eminent dost move,

The holiest of the hallow'd throng  
 And heart, in thousand ecstasies  
 And thousand choral symphonies,  
 Thy varied virtue's praise,  
 Bat of those chaste immortal lays  
 None touch so sweet thy ravish'd ear  
 None to thy answering bosom strike so dear  
 As those that, from an humble band retir'd,  
 Breathe soft and plaintive, only heard awhile,  
 By thee & till Mary meek, inspir'd  
 With hallow'd fervour by his radiant smile,  
 Who died for erring man, comes forth  
 And sings aloud in numbers full acclaim'd,  
 Celestial concord ! thy exalted worth :  
 And charity, as now new-nam'd,  
 Such grace to thee is given ;  
 While angels joyous catch the sound,  
 Euphronia is—Euphronia rings around,  
 Echoed by all the sanctities of heaven.

### THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

*Composed by Mr. BESCOE for his Children, and ordered to be  
 set to Music by her MAJESTY.*

Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste  
 To the Butterfly's ball, and the Grasshopper's feast ;  
 The trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,  
 And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,  
 Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,  
 See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,  
 To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,  
 Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back ;  
 And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,  
 With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Meth, with her plumage of down,  
 And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,  
 Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,  
 But they promis'd, that ev'ning, to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,  
 And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;  
 And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,  
 Came, fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread  
 A water dock leaf, which their table-cloth made.  
 The viands were various, to each of their taste,  
 And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast.

With steps more majestic the Snail did advance,  
 And he promised the gazer a minuet to dance;  
 But they all laugh'd so loud, that he drew in his head,  
 And went, in his own little chamber, to bed.

Then, as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,  
 'Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:  
 So haste let us hasten, while yet we can see,  
 For no watchman is waiting for you, or for me!

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

OCT 28. *Love in a Village*. Miss Bolton's *Rosetta*, as we rather expected would be the case, did not prove so attractive as her *Polly*. Two reasons may be assigned for this. The Beggar's Opera is a more popular entertainment, and *Rosetta* requires stronger acting, and more scientific singing than *Polly*. Several of the *airs*, however, were given with much taste and sweetness; some were *encored*, and her exertions throughout the evening were honoured with very general applause. In the acting scenes we thought there was a little affectation, and a degree of confidence perhaps more than enough. Bellamy sung the songs of *Hawthorn* in a fine manly style, and confirmed our opinion of his merit; but the character itself he misconceived, and converted it into a *Boniface*.

31. MELVIN played *Bob Handy*, in *Speed the Plough*, with great spirit; he has not appeared in any character to so much advantage.

Nov. 3. *Coriolanus*—revived with prodigious pomp and expence. Kemble's *Caius Marcius* is a *chef d'œuvre*. He might build his fame on this character, if he had never played any other. Let it be admitted, as probably it must, that Garrick excelled him in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*; Barry in *Othello*; Moesop in *Zanga*; and that Cooke bears away the palm from him in *Richard*. Here he is "HIMSELF ALONE." If there is a sublime in acting, as there is in poetry, Kemble's *Coriolanus* certainly merits that epithet; but for the sake of propriety, of Shakspeare, and all who have ears, let him no longer persist in the obstinacy of pronouncing it *Co-ri-olanus*.

4. *Humours of an Election*. A farce written by Pilon, at the general election in 1780, and revived, in the hope of attracting to the theatre some of the "swinish multitude" assembled before the hustings at Covent Garden. The experiment was not so successful as to carry the piece on to a second night.

15. ADRIAN AND ORRILA, or a *Mother's Vengeance*. This drama is from the pen of young Mr. Dimond, the author of the *Hero of the North*, and the *Huster of the Alps*. In its structure it is German, and may be called a modern romance put into dialogue.

The story is certainly improbable, but the plot is skilfully conducted; the interest well supported; and the mystery, which creates that interest, artfully concealed till the last scene of the play. To detail the fable would require more room than we can spare. The *mother's vengeance* consists in stealing the *legitimate* infant son of her betrayer (her own child by the same man having died) and conveying him to a remote spot, where she brings him up as her own. The father, a powerful prince, after many years, arrives at the place of her residence, and offers his hand to *Orrila*, the daughter of a Saxon nobleman, his friend. The terrified *mother*, (if so we may call her) dreading a discovery, determines to escape with the youth, to whom she had given the name of *Adrian*, and whom she loves with the tenderness of a real parent. But *Adrian* was in love with *Orrila*, and *Orrila* shrunk from the addresses of the prince, whom her father nevertheless commanded her to marry. The young lovers elope, but are overtaken, and it is death by the Saxon laws to carry away an heiress. Distracted at this intelligence, the mother flies to the count, and in vain implores him to save *Adrian's* life. But the prince, whom *Adrian* had previously rescued from great peril, enters with him at this moment, having solicited and obtained his pardon, in requital for the signal service he had received from the young man. The mother's feelings overcome by this kindness, she discovers herself to the prince, and confesses the crime she had committed. The objections to the union of *Adrian* and *Orrila* are thus removed, and the prince, having long been released from his matrimonial fetters, is happy to be reconciled to his first love, and the *mother's vengeance* is forgiven.

From this sketch it must appear that there is at least some novelty in the subject Mr. Dimond has selected for his drama; and we may add that the author has done perfect justice to his materials, from whatever quarter he may have gathered them. The character of the heroine is drawn with great force, and early fixes the attention. The other personages are cast in the common mould. The principal fault of the piece is, that the scenes are tediously spun out, and there is too little comic relief. In some parts we were strongly remind-

ed of the *Stranger*, in others of *Lovers' Vows*. Much attention has been paid to the diction, but though greatly superior to most of his brother dramatists in this respect, there is much redundancy, and some puerile conceits, such as we pointed out in our review of Mr. Dimond's *Petrarchal Sonnets*, [vol. X, p. 92.] He is too fond of glitter and gaud, but his faults, which we notice only that they may be avoided, are still the faults of a poet. He will discard them as he grows older, and exchange his tinsel for the more substantial ornaments of poetry.

Whatever may be the attraction of this play, the author has every right to take the credit of it to himself, for in point of scenery and decorations little or no help has been afforded it.

In the acting, Miss Smith and Charles Kemble particularly distinguished themselves. COOK had a character in the piece, and MUNDEN, but there was little opportunity for either of them to exert their powers.

In the epilogue, written by Mr. Walsh Porter, Miss Brenton and Mrs. Mattocks successfully canvassed the house for their votes, in favour of the young candidate for a seat in the *parliament of wit*, who was returned duly elected by a great majority of voices.

90. *Deserts of Arabia*.—If the play we have just noticed had to boast but little splendour, it was, perhaps, that this *grand operatic entertainment* might have the greater share of it. The machinist, the painter, and the *decorateur*, have bestowed all their care upon it, and we doubt if Mr. Reynolds, whose battling the faerie is, can recognize his child in the fine cloaths in which they have dressed it up.

The dialogue is marked with the eccentricity of Mr. Reynolds's Muse, which, even in the *Deserts of Arabia*, is a merry one. Much pains he has not taken with the story, but he has done all that was necessary; and we suppose will be content with the profit of the undertaking, without expecting any addition to his fame from this—*splendid desert*.

The music, by Lanza, is scientific, but not well calculated for an English theatre. The representation of a *caravan*, as crossing the desert, with which the entertainment concludes, forms a most brilliant and interesting *coup d'œil*, and the illuminated tomb presents a very beautiful scene, upon a principle rather new to the stage.

The dresses are of the most tasteful and superb description, and the performances, &c. are admirably conducted.

#### DRURY LANE.

Nov. 4. *The Cabinet* introduced Mr. Braham for the first time this season, but not Madame Stokor, whose character was ably filled by Mrs. Mountain. The former lady, however, appeared a few nights after, (having settled, we presume, her terms with the manager) and was received with the customary applause.

20. *The Vindictive Man*, a comedy by Mr. Holcroft, felt all the rage of a vindictive audience. The design of the author was to show in comedy, what Young had exemplified in his *Revenge*; how deeply the disgrace of a blow may be felt by a sensitive mind; and how long the desire of revenge may live unimpaired in a breast, in every other respect the seat of the most amiable quali-



ties. But a blow received by an African prince, (a "child of the sun, with whom revenge is virtue,") from the hand of the enemy of his country, and his conqueror, may be allowed to nourish in him this implacable hatred, without exciting either surprise or detestation. A passion of this nature, felt in all its extravagance by a merchant, against a brother who in a boyish tiff had struck him, appears both improbable and abominable. *Voilà la différence.* The principle of the comedy was therefore a bad one, but it did not fail only here; the rest of the materials were either coarse, or trite and insipid. A second Goldfinch from the Road to Ruin, made his appearance *avec cérémonie.* This was not to be endured, and precipitated the fate of the piece, which from the first augured but unfavourably.

Mr. Holcroft has done so much for the stage, and so well, that we lament the failure of his comedy, while we cannot but applaud the judgment of the audience which condemned it.

24. *Tekeli, or the Castle of Montgatz.* We have just time and room to say, that this melo drama has been received with great applause, is uncommonly interesting, and if it meets with what it merits, will be attractive in a very powerful degree. A more particular account next month. It is the production of Mr. Theodore Hook, and is taken from the French.

#### ROYALTY THEATRE, WELCLOSE-SQUARE.

NEITHER the exertion of the talents of Mr. Astley, junr. to put into the most desirable action the company behind the curtain, nor his attention to the comfort of that before it, suffers any abatement. Other geniuses may, as we hear, have their wits weather-bound, but Mr. Astley's are equally on the alert, both winter and summer. The excellence of the corps, and the perpetual variety and ingenuity of the performances, are justly rewarded with the greatest public support.

#### OLYMPIC PAVILION, WYCH-STREET.

THE attraction of this amusing spot increases nightly as the winter season advances. Our hint (probably unnecessary,) in recommendation of a harlequinade has been adopted, and the production of *The Hags of Mischief* greatly improves the entertainment of the hour. Miss Taylor's Columbine is light, airy, and agreeable. The clown of *Du Bois, séné.* needs no eulogium. — It is as effectual as ever. Mr. H. Bryson's Harlequin is heavy beyond the heaviness of any Harlequin we ever saw in any place, if we except a *séquestrate.* From such a body of active fellows, as we here see performing surprising exercises of agility, some one more nimble might be easily chosen. *The Blacksmith of Gretna Green* is a very pretty operatical dance, in which Mrs. Parker steps into public favour, with exceeding ease and neatness. To the *Redoubtable Charger*, who officiates as a waiter, we may truly say, with Libanius in *Plantus*, "*te equo magis est equus nullus sapiens.*" The house is constantly full, and the success of the undertaking admits of no doubt.

## PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

**NORTH SHIELDS THEATRICALS.**---On seeing Messrs. Anderson and Faulkner's company at North Shields, I was led to some reflections as to the intent of the remarks signed Vindex, in your Mirror for August or September. I now join the general opinion, that it proceeded from a disappointed performer to injure, if possible, the successors of Mr. Kemble. Great changes have taken place; among others, Mr. Terry is no longer a member, but as he never exhibited (in the language of Vindex,) "any felicitous irregularity of peculiar talent," we cannot regret his loss. "Only on the stage he fill'd up a place, which was better supplied when he had made it empty."

Mr. Bellamy has restored the few prominent parts Mr. Terry assumed to their original importance. To those who could for a moment imagine the strictures of Vindex unbiassed, I say in the language of *Shylock*, "Are ye answer'd."

Mr. Faulkner, who was so pointedly and personally attacked, has evinced his judgment as a manager as well as an actor, in assembling to his aid the most valuable performers ever seen in this part of the country---foreknowledge of this event might have levelled the shaft of envy, "Is it answer'd yet."

I can, Mr. Editor, readily enter into the merits of the present company, without resorting, as Vindex does, to *fire-side qualifications* to be worn in commendation.---Space I know is valuable to you, and brevity no less with me. Therefore to the point. Mrs. Kniveton and Miss Johnson are the heroines, each possessing every natural requisite for characters, to which their mental pretensions are well founded. Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Darley are singers, that, in a provincial theatre, are not likely to be surpassed.---The merits of Mr. Noble have often exercised your pen, and I doubt not you would greatly partake of the pleasure his acting affords, where his powers have full scope. ---With us "i' th' north," he was ever a great favourite, and we view him now with undiminished satisfaction.---Mrs. Noble pleases by her correctness, neatness of dress, and "graceful motion to harmonious sounds." Mr. Carr evidently possesses much intelligence: he always speaks sense, and though the observation may excite a smile, "there be players I have seen play, and heard others praise," to whom it would be no trifling eulogium. Mrs. Carr is a lively, pleasant little actress in the *country girls*, and Mrs. Tayleure truly excellent in the *old women*. Mr. Tayleure displays much talent in the characters of our favourite Emery.---I say our favourite, as "he is native here, and to the manner born." Mr. Walcot possesses the advantages of a good face and person, and would be entitled to honourable mention, if, where the sense of his author requires it, he would assume a little more rapidity and spirit in his utterance.

Mr. Lindoe, Mr. Darby, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. and Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Pitt, form the rest of a company which, viewed individually and collectively, augurs much in favour of the new managers, and there can be little doubt of the public liberality keeping pace with private spirit.

Sunderland, Nov. 17, 1806,

JUSTUS.

**THE NORWICH COMPANY.**---A paragraph was lately inserted in the Mirror, reflecting on the conduct of Mr. Hindes, the manager of the Norwich company. It runs thus, "Mr. Tompson, a very clever performer, has left the company. Perhaps it were better the public were ignorant of the true cause of this gentleman's bidding adieu to the theatre, which, if we are rightly informed, reflects a shameful disgrace on the manager, or his advisers."

Probably, Sir, you are not aware of the situation of the manager of a provincial company, where the company is not so numerous as at either of the houses of the Metropolis; he has not the same opportunity of filling up a part, if refused, at an hour's or even at a week's notice.---The fact is, Mr. Tompson refused to perform the part of Torrent, in the play of, "Who wants a Guinea," the part he had filled, without any objection to it, till this time, and insisted upon playing Solomon Gundy, which he had never played, accompanying his refusal with a notice that he should leave the company in two months:---to which the manager replied, "that unless he took his share in the performances, even during the two months, he was no longer useful to the company; and, of course, persisting in his refusal, he was immediately discharged.---It is suspected that one of the performers, who has been many years in the company, has been taking some pains in keeping up a party in opposition to the manager, and that Tompson has been led on, by him, to behave thus improperly.

W. W.

### CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD THURLOW.

**EDWARD THURLOW** is said to have derived his descent from the famous secretary of that name to Oliver Cromwell. His father was an obscure clergyman, possessed of an inconsiderable living at Ashfield, in Suffolk. It is a saying of him, upon record, that he could give his children nothing more than education, and that Ned would fight his way in the world. This fortunate son, however, discovered no very early proofs of distinguished genius, but possessed, even in infancy, the assumed manners of the man, and was haughty, pre-suming, churlish, and overbearing. At the usual period, he was admitted of Peterhouse, Cambridge, where the hopes entertained of his future progress in life were far from being sanguine: his general deportment was rude and boisterous, little calculated (says one of his biographers) to conciliate the respect of the world, and apparently without any wish to obtain it. The early part of his life was marked with many irregularities, exceeding even the bounds of the most dissipated of the day: his difficulties were of course, great, and he is remembered to have extricated himself with great address and wonderful confidence. His natural powers were always viewed with respect, to which indeed they were intitled.\* Devoted to a life of pleasure

sure

\* The following account of his lordship was transmitted by a very learned and respectable member of the church, who is intimately informed of his lordship's character, family, and early incidents of life, and one of his most zealous advocates and admirers;

sure and dissipation, report imputed to him not only a contempt of literature, but almost a total neglect of it, at least a degree of indolence in the pursuit, inconsistent with the attainments of even necessary knowledge; but common fame in this instance added nothing to her reputation for veracity: his lordship was an admirable classical scholar, and attained his knowledge by the only means knowledge is accessible---study and application. He differed from others only in the mode of acquiring it. He who was every where seen the picture of indolence, loling on the noon-day bench, and considered, almost as the fixture of a coffee-house in the day, regularly retired to the most intense application at night.

“—————His learned toil

“O'er books consum'd the midnight oil.”

From Cambridge he removed to the Inner Temple, where the same apparent indolence of temper and disposition marked his conduct.

He attended the bar several years unnoticed and unknown. The first cause in which he is said to have distinguished himself, was that between

“His superiority of abilities (says he) was discovered very early, both at school and college; they extorted submission from his equals, and impressed his seniors with awe.—The following anecdote is told of him: Having been absent from chapel, or committed some other offence which came under the cognizance of the dean of the college, the dean, who, though a man of wit, was not remarkable for his learning, set Thurlow, as a punishment, a paper in the Spectator to translate into Greek. This he performed extremely well, and in a very little time; but, instead of carrying it up to the dean, as he ought to have done, he carried it to the tutor, who was a good scholar, and a very respectable character. At this the dean was exceedingly wroth, and complained to the fellows of the insult, and insisted that Mr. Thurlow should be convened before the masters and fellows, and receive a severe reprimand. They were convened accordingly, and the master of the college accused him of the insult above stated; to which Thurlow coolly replied, That what he had done proceeded not from disrespect to the dean, but merely from motives of pity, an unwillingness to puzzle him. The irritated dean ordered him immediately out of the room, and then insisted that the masters and fellows ought immediately to expel or rusticate him. This request was nearly complied with, when two of the fellows, wiser than the rest, observed, that expelling or rusticating a young man for such an offence, would perhaps do much injury to the college, and expose it to ridicule; and, that as he would soon quit the college of his own accord to attend the Temple, it would be better to let the matter rest, than irritate him by such severe measures; which advice, was at length adopted.—One of the gentlemen who recommended lenient measures, was the present master, for whom Lord Thurlow procured the chancellorship of the diocese of Lincoln.”

As a proof of the consciousness which the chancellor felt of his abilities, long before he was called to the bar, he often declared to his friends, that he would one day be chancellor of England, and that the title he would take for his peerage would be Lord Thurlow of Thurlow.

Luke Robinson and Lord Winchelsea, which at once gave him reputation and business. He was soon after pitched upon as managing counsel in the great Douglas Cause, in which he discovered ability and address. It was always his aim, in practice, to give his oratorical productions more the air of genius than industry, and they often carried the appearance of spontaneous effusion, although the effort of much premeditation and previous labour.

His arrival at professional honours was first announced in 1762, when he was appointed king's counsel, thus emerging at once from legal obscurity, his abilities being so little known as a barrister, that the appointment excited universal astonishment. Impelled by the most restless ardour, he rushed intrepidly, and almost immediately, to the summit of legal fame; for in the year 1770, we find him advanced, under the patronage of the house of Bedford, to the post of Solicitor General, on the resignation of Mr. Dunning; and succeeding Sir William de Grey as Attorney General in 1771.

He was twice elected into parliament for the borough of Stafford.

This is the proper place to review his lordship's pretensions to the rank he held as a first-rate orator and lawyer.

He was a powerful and uniform supporter of the measures of government. It cannot be denied but he possessed strong natural talents, and quickness of apprehension:—His eloquence partook of his character; it was bold, explicit, decisive, and inflexible:—he delivered his arguments as Jove directed his bolts, in tones of thunder: confident and daring, he rushed like Achilles into the field, and dealt destruction around his adversaries more by the strength of his arm, the deep tones of his voice, and the lightning of his eye, than by any peculiar felicities of genius, or elevated powers of oratory.---He at times combated his opponents with every species of argument, from the naked, unqualified, unsupported flat assertion, down to the sarcastic joke. His style, however, was often petulant and warm; neither remarkable for its neatness, nor offensive for its vulgarity.---His attempts at ridicule and humour were mean and disagreeable; but his words were generally well chosen, and his voice clear and strong.---His replies were constantly acrimonious; he exercised all the figures of his profession: his constructions of the law were artful and malignant, and he became gradually vehement and furious.\*

His manner had an assumed dignity, and an affected impression of awe, which, however decorous upon some occasions, is certainly improper upon all. Perhaps the natural sable of his face---that dull, dismal, dark, disastrous countenance, threw an involuntary horror round him.---Menace and terror sat enthroned upon his brow---his whole aspect was repellant, and conveyed an idea of outrage.---He affected to disdain the aid of the Graces, and to command alone by the energy of expression, and force, both in manner and expression, was undoubtedly his lordship's forte, but every qualification should be judged by comparison.---As a speaker in the House of Commons, many were far above him. That force, on which so much has been said by his panegyrists, compared with the fire and energy of Fox,

\* See preface to Bellendenus.

was like Satan's contest with Omnipotence, and like the allusion, left comparison behind it. Where, in the best of his speeches, is the information, the design, the genius, the splendid conflagration of Burke? Where the wit, the classic taste and correctness of Sheridan? The records of parliament will place him, as an orator, far below any of these.

As a professional man, he was not heard of, by the side of Yorke, De Grey, and Grantley; and was always, with great propriety, considered inferior, both in and out of parliament, to his official competitors Ashburton and Loughborough.

In 1778, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Thurlow, Baron of Ashfield, in Suffolk, and advanced to the high dignity of Lord Chancellor, the place best calculated for the display of his abilities.

As a Speaker of the house of Lords, he had that intrepidity and firmness that commanded order and regularity in their proceedings, and confined debate to the point in agitation. His lordship very properly felt the dignity of his situation, and would not suffer the pride of peerage to invade its rights. His spirited and manly reply to the Duke of Grafton did him honour.\* However the ancient and hereditary nobles may feel on the ascent of lawyers to the peerage, it must be remembered, that they only rise by desert. The man who earns his honours, has the best right to wear them; and they certainly sit upon him with a grace seldom observed in the passive inheritor.

He was not an example of mean insinuation, but stood (says an elegant diurnal writer) amidst the warring factions of the times, like the Chan of the Usbecs, too formidable to be visited by contumely, tho' too savage to create esteem.

The remaining part of his character, as given in a very excellent periodical publication, is so accurate and just, or at least so exactly coincides with our ideas, that we shall conclude our sketch of his Lordship with a transcript of it.

"The world has done sufficient justice to the character of Lord Thurlow, which being examined in the detail, may perhaps rather call for some abatement to the extravagant applause given it, than to any additional eulogium. As a politician, he seems to stand the fairest chance of descending to posterity with reputation, though he probably possesses little more than the usual narrow information belonging to those of his profession. In his conduct as a senator, he has distinguished himself by so decided, so confident a degree of superiority, that he has received credit for abilities, the existence of which may be questioned without the smallest indecency.

"It is certain, that little advantage has arisen to the public from any of his political exertions; and we are yet to learn wherein his talents, as a legislator, are to be discovered. He had, however, a quickness of parts well suited to public debate, and a cool determined manner, well adapted to obtain an ascendancy over imbecility, to push boldly all advantages, and to secure a re-

\* See Parliamentary Debates.

treat with credit, when opposed by superior powers. As a lawyer, his knowledge is inferior to many; and had his rise depended on his professional advantages, another must have now presided in the court of Chancery.

"It has been the misfortune of this country, that the legal and political character have been lately so blended, that more attention has been paid to the latter than the former, and often at the expence of it. This was not formerly the case; and we pronounce, without hesitation, that the public suffer, by the unnatural union. Let those who have been long anxiously looking for decrees in the court of Chancery, be asked their sentiments of a political chancellor: They will paint their misery in such colours, as must convince every impartial person that the supremacy in the house of lords, and in the first court of equity, should not be in the same person.---Many lawyers have suggested the prevalence of a species of indecision totally inconsistent with any very comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence, and totally different from the general mode of proceeding in all other situations. The practisers complain of the petulance and illiberal treatment they frequently meet with, and the surliness and ill-nature which is often to be seen in public; and those who remember the patience, the good humour, and politeness of the Lords Hardwicke and Camden, are perpetually drawing comparisons by no means favourable to Thurlow."

The ingenious and learned author of the Preface to Bellendenus having very happily portrayed several striking features in his Lordship's character, has the following conclusion, which, from an entire coincidence of sentiment and opinion, is here transcribed:

"If he should ever peruse my sentiments of his character, I would desire him not to shake his tremendous head at me;---the severe and forbidding manner with which he ever addressed himself to others, will probably excite his indignation when directed against himself: I care not if he shall think me to have spoken of him with too much bitterness; it is the fair and reasonable consequence of the conduct that provoked it."

Another of his lordship's biographers has portrayed him as follows:

"In times less favourable to genius and freedom, the haughty barons, and still more haughty bishops, administered justice to their trembling vassals. Nobility and priesthood were the only criterions of merit, and high birth and the ecclesiastical tonsure seem to have assumed a prescriptive right over the noble science of jurisprudence.---In this more liberal age, hereditary pretensions are forced to give way to personal worth, while the fortuitous advantages arising from fortune and descent, maintain but a feeble competition with the nobler endowments of the mind. This position is no where better illustrated than in the profession of the law, as several of its members, unsupported by any other claim than those of their own merit and abilities, have, during the present century, ennobled themselves and their posterity.

"Let it be recorded, to their honour, that within this period, two of the greatest characters in this kingdom have risen from the desks of attorneys; while, if we believe common report, a third may be literally said to have jumped from the loom to the woolstack.

"Edward Thurlow, the son of a manufacturer of the city of Norwich, like his great predecessors Somers and Hardwicke, bursting from obscurity by the strength of his own genius, like them too, overcame the obstacles of birth and fortune, and suddenly rose to the first honours of his profession. The finger of the House of Bedford pointed the road to preferment; and at a time when his contemporaries were struggling with mediocrity, and a stuff gown, the sliken robes of king's counsel, and the patronage of that illustrious family, inspired him with no common ambition. The powers of his mind expanding with his hopes, the high offices of solicitor and attorney-general, which bound the views of some men, seemed to him but as legal apprenticeships, imposed by custom, before he could attain to that dignity, which was to give him precedence of every lay-subject in the kingdom, not of the blood royal.

"The people beheld with pleasure a man suddenly emerging from among themselves, and enjoying the highest offices of the state; his triumph seemed to be their own. It flattered their passion to see plebeian merit coping with aristocratical pride, and united, but acknowledged worth, conferring, by its participation, lustre on degenerate nobility. When they saw him, too, supporting his newly acquired honours with a dignity which they imagined had only appertained to hereditary grandeur, and beheld him in his contest with the head of the house of Grafton, stating his own merits in competition with ducal honours, and weighing the fair claims of genius and learning, in opposing the meretricious, though royal descent, every good citizen partook of his honest pride, and participated in his victory.

"Seated on the Chancery bench, the eyes of mankind were fixed upon him. The iron days of equity were thought to be passed; and it was fondly expected, that the epoch of his advancement would be the commencement of a golden age. The nation felt that they had long groaned under the dominion of their own chancellors. The slowness of their proceedings had mouldered insensibly away, in the pleadings of two centuries, some of the fairest fortunes in the kingdom; and the subtleties of the civil law had involved, in the voluminous mazes of a Chancery bill, rights and claims, which the municipal courts would have immediately recognized.

"At once haughty and indolent by nature; attached to a party, and distracted by politics; with a mind fitted to discountenance, abuse, and appeal oppression, Lord Thurlow disappointed their expectations; and, by his conduct, forcibly illustrated that great legal axiom, that the duties of the Wool-sack and the Chancery are incompatible.

"A change of ministry taking place, the chancellor was suddenly dismissed; and the man who had risen with the approbation of mankind, retired amidst the clamours of the nation.

"Restored to his high office by another change, as sudden as his dismissal had been precipitated, if his inactivity had been still the same, yet his personal conduct seemed to be greatly altered. Exiled from power, he had



been taught by retirement what other men have not learned by adversity ; and his present attention to business, and politeness to the gentlemen at the bar, afforded a happy contrast to his former behaviour.

" The character of the chancellor seems to be developed in his countenance, by an outline at once bold, haughty, and commanding. Like Hale, he is negligent of his person ; like Yorke, he has swerved from his party ; but like himself alone, he has ever remained true to his own principles.

" As an orator, his manner is dignified, his periods are short, and his voice at once sonorous and commanding. More nervous than Camden, more eloquent than Richmond, more masculine than Sydney, he is the sole support of the minister in the house of peers. Like an insulated rock, he opposes his sullen and rugged front to the storm of debate, and remains unshaken by the whirlwind of opposition.

" Better acquainted with books than with men, as a politician, his knowledge of foreign affairs is narrow and confined ; he is, however, well informed of the domestic and immediate concerns of the empire. Warmly attached to the prerogative, he brands reform with the name of innovation ; and is fond of urging the wholesome regulations of our ancient laws, in opposition to the improvements of modern projectors.

" His attachment to his Sovereign is personal, and at least equals his attachment to prerogative. Take his own words on a recent and important occasion : -- ' When I forget my king (says he) may God forget me ! ' The sentiment was strongly expressive of the feeling of gratitude. It did honour to his heart, and certainly will not injure his preferment.

" As a judge, his researches are deep, and his decisions are confessedly impartial : none of them, however, have procured him celebrity.

" As a legislator, he has as yet acquired no reputation ; and notwithstanding a voluntary proffer of his services, has made no alteration in the laws respecting the imprisonment of insolvent debtors, whom he has treated with a violence that savours of the rigour of justice rather than the mildness of humanity.

" His enemies, who hate him with rancour rather than enmity, dare not question his integrity, nor can they charge him with any action deserving of reproach. His friends, who love him from esteem rather than affection, avow the greatness of his deserts, yet find it difficult to fix his particular merits. In fine, his character is still negative and undetermined : with powers fitted for any thing, he has as yet done nothing, and although he seems the wonder of the present age, will, perhaps, scarce meet with the notice of posterity.

" His great predecessors have erected the noblest monuments to their fame, by attention to the happiness, the interests, and the welfare of their fellow-citizens. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke planned the bill for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions in Scotland ! Lord Keeper Guildford had a principal hand in the statute of frauds and perjuries, of which the Lord Nottingham observed, ' That every line was worth a subsidy.' Lord Chancellor Somers projected the act of union betwixt England and Scotland, and a bill to correct some proceedings, both in common law and equity, that were dilatory and chargeable.

"These were services that at once claimed and secured immortality.

"The life, however, of the present Chancellor, if it is destitute of eulogium, is yet not without its moral, as his success will naturally stimulate the exertions of industry, and invigorate the efforts of genius. But let this character teach those who dare to consider successful ambition, not as the end, but as the road only to true greatness, that nothing but active worth can form the good citizen, and the great lawyer."

## DOMESTIC EVENTS.

### MR. FOX'S WILL.

PROVED AT DOCTOR'S COMMONS.

THIS is the Will and Testament of the Hon. Charles James Fox, of St. Anne's Hill, in the parish of Chertsey, in the county of Surrey.

Whereas the late Mr. Herdman, of Hatton Garden, did by his will give and bequeath unto me my legacy of 500 guineas, which sum I shall be entitled, at some future time, to receive, together with the interest that will become due for the same; now, I do hereby give and bequeath one moiety or equal part of all such monies unto my nephew, Henry Fox, son of General Fox; and the other moiety or equal half part thereof unto Robert Stephen, a youth, now living with Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, in America.

And whereas, I am entitled to one annuity, or clear yearly sum of one hundred pounds, lately granted to me by his Grace John Duke of Bedford, for and during the term of the natural life of Harriot Willoughby, in the grant thereof named; now, I do hereby give and bequeath the same annuity unto my wife, Elizabeth Bridget, for and during the term of her natural life, if she, the said Harriot Willoughby, shall so long live; and from and after the decease of my said wife, unto the said Harriot Willoughby, for her own use and benefit.

I give, devise, and bequeath all the rest and residue of my personal estate, of what nature or kind soever, not by me before disposed of, and also all and singular my real estates, whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my said wife, Elizabeth Bridget, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns for ever; only I wish her to make presents in my name of any books, pictures, or marble she thinks fit, as remembrances of me to the following friends:—Lord Holland, General Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Hare, the Bishop of Down, Lord John Townshend, Miss Fox, and Mr. Bouverie. There are many others whom I love and value to the greatest degree, but these are my oldest connections.

I nominate, constitute, and appoint my said wife, Elizabeth Bridget, sole Executrix of this my will; and revoking all former wills by me made, do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of July, 1802.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Charles James Fox, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in his pre-

senec, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereof.

(Signed)

C. J. FOX.

EDWARD KENT.

CHARLES PEMBROKE.

ROBERT GILES.

Parliament was dissolved by the Privy Council, on the 24th of October, the writs for the New Parliament are returnable on the 15th of December.

The royal crown of England has lately undergone considerable repairs, and was deposited in the Tower a few days ago. It is valued at 1,000,000l.

It has been erroneously stated, that peers, as well as members of the House of Commons, are deprived of the privilege of franking or receiving letters free during the dissolution of parliament. The fact is, that peers' letters are only charged with postage from the dissolution until forty days previous to the assembling the new parliament, when their franking recommences; and such members as are returned to the new parliament then begin to send and receive letters free of postage.

Mr. J. Hume, younger brother of Joseph Hume, Esq. of Nine Wells, Berwickshire, and nephew of David Hume, the celebrated historian, has put an end to his existence, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, in a field on his brother's estate.

The report of the death of Mungo Park, who was said to have fallen a victim in the interior of Africa, is now found untrue. Accounts have been received of him at Cambridge, which stated his arrival at Tombactoo, and that he is on his return home.

The following list of *errata* lately appeared at the end of a political work:—

For the *Potentates* of the Continent, read *Potatoes*.

For Buonaparte's Gallic *Dukes*, read *Ducks*.

For some of our church *Incumbents*, read *Incumbrance*.

For Jerry *Sneak*, read *Jerome Napoleon*.

For French *Vessels*, read French *Vassals*.

Mr. Mills is appointed Chief Judge of the South Wales circuit, in the room of Mr. Lloyd, deceased.

The following is a statement of the operation of the Sinking Fund, up to November 1, 1806.

Redeemed by annual million	- - - - -	61,668,168
Ditto by the 1 per Cent. per ann. upon all loans	- - -	52,156,490
Ditto by land tax	- - - - -	22,645,280
Ditto by 1 per Cent. per ann. on Imperial loan	- - -	719,016

Total - - - - - £ 137,188,884

The sum to be expended in the ensuing quarter, 2,267,171l. 17s.

Curious Duel.—The following singular duel lately took place at Bayran Sarah.—Two Negroe wenches, (the property of Mr. Bailey Chaney)

quarrelled during the absence of the family---a challenge was immediately given and accepted, they found means to procure their master's pistols, and repaired to an appointed spot, where they measured off the ground, and proceeded to obtain satisfaction from each other for the affront given. At the first fire, one of the sable heroines received a ball in the shoulder---and after ineffectually endeavouring to discharge her pistol, threw it contemptuously away, and the affair ended.---(New York Paper.)

William Fletcher, Esq. has been appointed to a seat in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, in the room of Judge Johnson.

PRUSSIAN JEWS.---It is confidently reported that the Jews of Prussia have declined sending any of their rabbies to the grand sanhedrim convoked by the French government, and now actually sitting at Paris. In consequence of the invitation sent to them, the rulers and heads of tribes among the Prussian Jews have assembled, and declared in the most unequivocal, clear, and solemn manner, that Prussia is their country, that they never wish for a better, and that it is not a point in their religion to prefer the Holy Land to any other, as has been supposed by the Christian divines. Conformable to this doctrine, they have notified, in the most public and authentic manner, this declaration, and have invited his Prussian majesty to receive their homage and oath of fealty, before the altar, at the grand synagogue at Potsdam. It is said that his majesty has expressed much satisfaction at this declaration, and has given the Jews to understand, that he will attend at their place of worship on his return from the army. The voluntary subscriptions of the Jews at Berlin are without example, some of them having subscribed 1000 guineas, and none under 100l. sterling.

FAMILY EMOLUMENT.---The following estimate of the sums paid out of the public money to the Grenville family, is, we understand, rather under than over the actual receipts of the emoluments and salaries attached to their respective places:

The Marquis of Buckingham, Teller of the Exchequer, nearly  
about per year - - - - - £.30,000

The profits many years ago were 24,0000l. and they increase  
annually, as the public revenue becomes heavier.

Mr. Thomas Grenville, C. J. of Forests South of Trent, per  
year - - - - - 3,500

First Lord of the Admiralty, supposed about - - - - - 4,000

7,500

Lord Grenville, Auditor of the Exchequer - - - - - 4,000

First Lord of the Treasury - - - - - 7,000

11,000

Lord Temple, Paymaster General - - - - - 4,000

Lord Cary-fort, his brother-in-law, Postmaster General - - - 2,500

Total, per year 55,000

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**MURDER.**—Lately was apprehended, in Carlisle, by Spence, a messenger from Paisley, Matthew Smith, accused of the murder of a female child, about three months old, in Paisley. The infant was the illegitimate offspring of a writer, in Paisley, who had given the mother of the child (Aghes Kelly) the sum of 3l. to assist in maintaining her offspring, which was consumed in drink, between her and Matthew Smith, with whom, it appears, she had some connection. Not knowing where to get a fresh supply, Smith strangled the innocent, and laid it beneath the root of an old tree in the garden, and sent for the apprentice of a doctor in Paisley, it is supposed, with a view of selling the body for the purpose of dissection!—When they had arrived at the spot, the child having somewhat recovered, was crying. The monster, Smith, then took it by the heels, and dashed its head against the ground with all his force, five or six times; but the mould being soft, this experiment was not sufficient to terminate the existence of the poor little sufferer. The child still breathing, the doctor's apprentice tied a handkerchief, as tight as possible, round the stomach, to prevent the playing of the lungs. Notwithstanding these various devices, life was not yet totally extinct. In order to complete their hellish intent, Smith held the child's head in a bucket of water, which terminated its sufferings. The child was then put into a rag cellar, and was discovered shortly after, by the numerous smell, with one of the feet, and part of the leg, eaten away by rats. Such complicated barbarity could not escape the all-seeing eye of a just Providence. The very means which were used for the accomplishment of this most strange and most unnatural murder, were the means of its discovery. The handkerchief which was tied round the infant's body belonged to the master of the apprentice, and was marked with his name. Accordingly he was suspected; he owned the handkerchief, but denied any knowledge of the transaction. The apprentice then confessed, and turned evidence for the crown; whereupon messengers were dispatched in every direction; and Smith was discovered as above related. He was next morning sent off to take his trial.

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#### BIRTH.

In Cumberland Place, the Lady of Sir Wm. Blackett, Bart. of a daughter.

#### DIED.

In the 26th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Elis. Digby, daughter of the late and sister to the present Earl of Digby. Lord Ponsonby, father-in-law to Viscount Howick, at his house in Seymour place. Topham, Devon, General Simcoe. In Cavendish-street, Lady Alva, aged about 90 years. In Brook-street, H. Hayes, Esq. one of the commissioners for the affairs of taxes.

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# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

*Embellished with*

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. MATHEWS, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE.

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1806.

### ERRATUM.

In our last, p. 303, after "the known imbecility of Louis XIII." insert "*and the number of years that had elapsed before*" Anne, &c. This curious paper was written Oct. 17, 1789.







*Ridley & Co. So.*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Matthews  
of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.*

*Published by Verner Hood & Co. Printers 31 Dec. 1806.*

# THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MRS. MATHEWS.

[With a Portrait.]

THE lady whose portrait accompanies this brief memoir, is the daughter of Mr. Jackson, who had the honour to be a pupil of the celebrated FOOTE; but his professional efforts were of short duration. He died at Bath, while our heroine was an infant. On the stage of that city Miss Jackson made her first appearance. One of her earliest performances was the *Page*, in the musical farce of the *Purse*; a character which, with the *person* of a child, requires more than a child's *capacity* to do justice to it in the representation. The infant *débütante* acquitted herself to the perfect satisfaction of her audience, and afterwards rendered herself acceptable in some other parts of a similar description.

At a very early age she indicated a partiality to MUSIC, and her voice affording every promise that with proper cultivation it might prove the means of obtaining for her both profit and distinction, she was articled to Mr. KELLY of Drury-Lane theatre. The tuition of that gentleman and Mrs. Crouch, assisted by a good ear and correct taste on the part of the pupil, effected so rapid an improvement, that she was very soon introduced on the boards of Drury-Lane theatre, and performed *Juba* in the *Prize*, *Dick* in the *Shipwreck*, and other juvenile parts, which had previously been in the possession of young Welsh. She also played *Ghita*, in the *Siège of Belgrade*, for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch. Such was her proficiency, that, at the expiration of three years only of her article, she accepted a regular engagement in the York company, where she appeared in the winter of 1799, in the characters of *Amanthis* and *Rosina*. Here she immediately became a favourite, and sustained all the principal operatic characters, as well as the heroines in sentimental comedy, for which the delicacy of her form, her youth, and a pleasing style of delivery, peculiarly qualified her.

In this company, besides the advantage of professional practice, Miss Jackson found in TATE WILKINSON, the manager, a friend who was always ready to afford her the best advice and assistance. That

respectable veteran treated her with the indulgence which her sex and youth required, and, considering her as an innocent and unprotected female confided to his care, his conduct to her in all respects was that of an affectionate parent to his child.

In this circuit Miss Jackson received the most signal marks of attention and regard from the natives of Yorkshire, whom she never mentions without expressing the most lively and grateful sense of their kindnesses.

In March 1803 Mr. Mathews had the happiness of receiving her hand in marriage. She of course accompanied him to the Haymarket, when Mr. COLMAN, resolved on establishing a company independent of the winter houses, invited her husband, who had acquired considerable reputation as an actor, to take the lead in comedy at the LITTLE THEATRE.

From this period, the progress of Mrs. Mathews on the stage is well known to our readers. At Drury-Lane she has lately been brought forward in several very difficult characters, and, in all, her vocal efforts have been honoured with the most encouraging and unanimous plaudits of the audience. In a few seasons she will probably hold a very distinguished rank on that stage. Her voice is daily improving in sweetness and strength of tone, in flexibility, and in compass.

Her figure is symmetrically proportioned, her features interesting and expressive, and her deportment easy and graceful.

For her domestic character, we refer the reader to the biographical sketch of her husband, inserted in a former number of this work.

### ANECDOTE OF A CORNISH BOROUGH.

FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

A LAUGHABLE story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments, but, it was his ten-

dancy to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, by *well-applied arguments*, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman he recommended gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, as *things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound so render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant."—"But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."—"The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedom of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a wish or a design of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years. But the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; for with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour. The porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."—"God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise; "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;" repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgher of \*\*\*\*\* was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?"—"The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctors' stuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid, in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk or mad. Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized, at the bed side, the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law, at the last election at \*\*\*\*\*."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes with observing, "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his catholic majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honourable*, he made him an exciseman."

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### OLIVER CROMWELL.

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THE following extract, from Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs, p. 247, is very curious. "The first time that ever I took notice of Cromwell, was in the beginning of the parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers value ourselves much upon our good cloaths). I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country taylor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor. Yet I lived to see this very gentleman, by multiplied and good successes, and by real (but usurpt) power,

(having had a better taylor and more converse among good company) in my own eye appear of a great and majestic deportment, and comely presence."

And in Bulstrode's Memoirs, p. 192.—"This conference puts me in mind of what Mr. Hampden said to the Lord Digby, in the beginning of the war. As they were going down the parliament stairs, Cromwell just going before them, the Lord Digby (who was then a great man in the house of commons) asked Hampden 'Who that man was? For I see,' saith the Lord Digby, 'he is of our side, by his speaking so warmly this day.' Upon which Mr. Hampden replied, 'That slovenly fellow which you see before us, if we should ever come to have a breach with the king (which God forbid!) I say that sloven, in such case, will be one of the greatest men of England;' which was a prophetic speech. But Hampden knew him well, and was intimately acquainted with him."

"Some years after this, about December 1644, Charles I. sent for Archbishop Williams to Oxford, to take his opinion upon the situation of his affairs at that time: in the course of their conversation, speaking of Cromwell, the archbishop said, 'That Cromwell, taken into the rebels' army by his cousin Hampden, is the most dangerous enemy your majesty has; for though he is, at this time, of mean rank and use amongst them, yet he will climb higher. I knew him at Bugden, but never knew his religion. He was then a common spokesman for sectaries; and maintained their post with stubbornness. He never discoursed, as if he were pleased with your majesty and your great officers; and indeed he loves none, that are more than his equals. Your majesty did him but justice, in repulsing a petition put up by him, against Sir Thomas Steward, of the Isle of Ely; but he takes all those for his enemies, that would not let him undo his best friend; and above all that live, I think he is the most mindful of an injury. His fortunes are broken, that it is impossible for him to subsist, much less to be what he aspires to, but by your majesty's bounty, or by the ruin of us all, and a common confusion. In short, every beast hath some evil properties; but Cromwell hath the properties of all evil beasts. My humble motion to your majesty therefore is, that either you would win him to you by promises of fair treatment, or catch him by some stratagem, and then cut him short.' All which the king received with a smile, and said nothing."—*Philip's Life of Archbishop Williams*, p. 290.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

M R. R A Y M O N D.

(Concluded from page 294.)

MR. RAYMOND'S next performances were the parts of Jaffier and Castalio; which also were repeated, and procured him a permanent engagement in the Dublin theatre. Soon after this he became its acting-manager, under the direction of Mr. Daly (deputy master of the revels, and patentee): a situation neither enviable in point of ease, nor of profit, at that period; when the public mind was so little disposed to theatrical entertainments, that the best performers whom the proprietor could procure, with their utmost exertions, were insufficient to bring into the house even the ordinary expences of the night. Such a circumstance must ever have a most powerful tendency to make the existing direction of a theatre unpopular among the company and with the town; and it appears that, in the present instance, Mr. Daly was often censured on subjects, which should alone have been placed to the account of the bad taste or political agitation of the times. Mr. Raymond is known however to give unqualified praise to the liberality and general conduct of Mr. Daly, as the conductor of a national theatre, notwithstanding the outcry, that has been so frequently heard against that gentleman; and he remained with him till his abdication of the theatrical throne, in the year 1797.

Mr. Jones, the new Dublin manager and patentee, having engaged Mr. Cooke from Manchester, Mr. Raymond accepted an invitation to fill the cast of characters thus left vacant in the theatre of the latter town; where he continued two seasons, a general favourite in the higher walks of the drama. During the summer vacation of the Manchester company, Mr. Raymond performed a few nights at Lancaster: where Mr. Grub, one of the proprietors of Old Drury, happening to stop in an excursion to the Lakes, saw him act; and engaged him for our elder metropolitan theatre, on the boards of which he made his first appearance early in the season of 1799, in the part of Osmond, in the *Castle Spectre*, and was received with the most flattering marks of approbation! Since that period, Mr. Raymond, in his performance of the *Stranger*, *Penruddock*, *Rolla*, *Osmond*, *Octavian*, *Gloster*, *Macduff*, and in the general line of characters which call forth the stronger passions in

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their full extent, has displayed talents sufficiently prominent to place him in a distinguished rank in his profession. Yet it is certain that he is allowed to appear but comparatively seldom before the public. On such a subject as this, we wish to speak impartially, and without giving offence: therefore we shall only observe, that those who are in the least conversant with the history of the stage, and the state of it in their own times, must have found many occasions of lamenting instances in which, from whatever motives in the administration of theatrical affairs, performers of acknowledged and even eminent merit have been withheld from the due opportunities of exerting their abilities, while others with far less pretensions have been thrust before the public to almost a disgusting frequency; a conduct which surely cannot tend to the amusement of the towns, or the real advantage of the proprietors.

In his literary character, Mr. Raymond has produced two tragedies: one is founded on the death of the unfortunate Lewis the Sixteenth; the other, taken from an incident in the history of Hindostan, and entitled the Indian Captive, has been performed at Dublin. He has also lately published the Life of Dermody, in two volumes, which has been deservedly noticed in terms of very high approbation by most of the critical journals. It is indeed not only an amusing, but an extremely interesting and instructive work. The flashes of that brilliant and wonderful, but eccentric genius, have often illumined the poetic pages of the MONTHLY MIRROR; and as we are in possession of an effusion of gratitude addressed by him, in his misfortune, to Mr. Raymond, we conceive it but a justice to that gentleman to insert, and now make public for the first time, the following lines:

Friend of the Muse, whose feeling heart  
Can animate her silent art;  
Whose tender hand her woes can tame,  
And lend to fancy's spark a flame;  
Start not, in all your well-earn'd pride  
To find us very close allied;  
For, trust me, without mutual aid,  
E'en both our kindred charms would fade.  
Without your tongue, my feeble strain  
Would flow but musically vain;  
And your tongue, though its boast is bigger,  
Without my verse would cut no figure.

The actor owes much praise, indeed,  
To the poor poets' ragged breed;  
Which debt that you full clearly know,  
Your oft-repeated favours shew,  
When to the humblest of its heirs  
You more than pay the whole arrears.

O tried in every turn of fate  
Dark-gloomed on my wayward state;  
In every turn, when great folks frown'd,  
Still generous and faithful found!  
How can I form a pray'r to pay  
The goodness of each rolling day?  
How call down blessings on that head  
That sooth'd, admonish'd, guarded, *fed*;  
And, while fantastic Fashion veers,  
Or Dulness mocks poetic tears,  
In each disastrous crisis nigh,  
Still views me with *unalter'd* eye!

May all that purest bliss below  
A parent's swelling breast can know,  
When dear affection joys to trace  
Its features in the filial face,  
With every pleasing grace conspire  
To bid thee and the world admire!  
May none but *feign'd* misfortunes share  
That breast, and *visionary* care!  
And when from life's tumultuous stage,  
Slow warn'd by healthy virtuous age,  
Thy step to calmer transport bends,  
With worthy men alone its friends,  
May, stooping at retirement's call,  
Angels attend the curtain's fall;  
And, after Sorrow's grateful pause,  
Crown thy last exit with applause!

Mr. Raymond has, both in his public and private character, the satisfaction of being highly respected by his professional brethren, and enjoys an intimacy with many of the most eminent literary men

of the present day. He has been happily a stranger to the disappointments and mortifications so often experienced by the professors of the stage in the earlier part of their career; having never been engaged in any theatre except those of Dublin and Manchester, previous to his settlement in London. By possessing a strong spirit of independence, and adhering strictly to the rules of prudence and economy, he has, with the assistance of an amiable wife, been enabled, though still young, to support with decent pride, with comfort and respectability, a very large family. To such a reputation as is to be attained by prizing domestic felicity, by fulfilling the moral obligations towards society, and by pursuing a conduct guided by reason and opposite to that which is deemed irregular, Mr. Raymond has as fair a claim as any one whom we know; and while habits like these attract the respect of the world, he will not live altogether unnoticed by it, nor without satisfaction to himself.

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## MISCELLANEA.

### No. II.

#### ANÉCDOTE OF ALEXANDER THE FIRST,

*The present Emperor of Russia.*

THE laws of Russia enact that one youth out of every peasant's family shall be liable to serve as a soldier, and, in case there should be but one son only in a family, that *that* son shall be exempt from the operation of military conscription. Notwithstanding this, a peasant, whose eldest son was slain in battle, saw, not only his second son torn from his home, but his third also, who was compelled to join the new levy ordained in the autumn of 1804; so that himself, (an old man,) with his disconsolate wife) a daughter, who was both diseased and blind, and his youngest son, a little deformed being, were left forlorn and helpless. Their remonstrances and entreaties being disregarded, himself and his unfortunate family were at once consigned to a life of penury and wretchedness. The mother died shortly after of a broken heart, and thus was the period of her sufferings soon closed; but what pen shall describe the melancholy situation of the unhappy group she left behind to bewail her loss? a poor old man—

“ Whose hoary locks proclaim'd his lengthen'd years,”  
 reproaching himself loudly with having given his offspring existence

without the means of preserving it; his daughter, blind and helpless, bewailing the loss of a mother, whose tender care might have preserved her father and brother, whilst she is left to add to their load of misery; and his son, a poor unhappy cripple, exclaiming, in an agony of grief—"I ought now to work for you—I ought to support you—but, alas! I have not the power to do so. Oh! why was I not made like other men?" Can a more deplorable spectacle of accumulated misery than this be conceived? What heart is there but will bleed at the bare mention of such a scene of suffering innocence?

Possessed with the idea that it was to him the task of supporting his hoary parent and his unfortunate sister had devolved, the noble-minded cripple conceived the heroic resolution of encountering every danger to save *them* from destruction. Unmindful of his infirmities, this generous youth enquired the road to the metropolis, and travelled five hundred wersts,\* subsisting merely on the scanty pittance which his pitiable state extorted from the poor peasants, whose humble dwellings are thinly scattered over the deserts of northern Russia, and at length, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, he arrived at the imperial capital. What a novel sight there presented itself to his astonished faculties!—the gilded steeples, the noble palaces, the incessant rumbling of carriages, the tumult which constantly pervades the streets, and the consciousness of his own helpless condition, all conspired to dishearten him. Is it then to be wondered at, that he should shudder at the idea of imploring succour from the lord of all these prodigies, and, perhaps, of even conversing with him? Under these discouraging circumstances, how few would have remained steadfast to such a purpose as his!—Heaven only knows in what manner he procured his tale of woe to be committed to paper: he repaired with it to the parade, where the emperor daily reviews the troops; but, alas! he arrived too late. He went there again the next day; but, at the sight of the troops, and the pomp which surrounds the emperor's person, his courage utterly forsook him. Resolving that filial duty should no longer be overawed by the fear of ~~any being mortal as himself~~, on the third day he threw himself on his knees before the emperor, and presented his sad memorial. Alexander immediately ordered one of his attendants to take charge of it, and as his looks rested on the emaciated cripple, whose whole appearance bore testimony to the truth of his tale, a tear started in his eye. As soon as the parade was over, and the Emperor had returned to his palace, he requested

\* The Russian werst contains 3500 feet, about three quarters of an English mile.

to see the memorial: it was brought to him, and, as he perused it, his generous feelings revolted at such an instance of inhuman oppression. He immediately sent it to the minister of justice, Prince Lapuchin, whom he directed to enquire minutely into the affair, and, if he found it authenticated by facts, to give the poor cripple's brother his dismissal without delay, and to consign the governor, and all others who were concerned in the commission of this barbarous act of tyranny, to the punishment awarded by those laws which they had so glaringly violated. Prince Lapuchin, who was fortunately a man of the most humane and benevolent disposition, immediately caused the affair to be investigated, and found it but too well grounded. On receiving the minister's report, Alexander generously ordered the peasant's son to be set at liberty, and five hundred roubles to be paid to his poor brother, as a small indemnification for the suffering which the family had endured. Lapuchin could not forbear being an eye-witness to the joy, which the unfortunate young man would naturally testify, on receiving such unexpected intelligence, and ordered him into his presence. Trembling with anxiety, the poor cripple accordingly repaired to the prince's palace, to receive life or death from his communication. The antichamber was crowded with persons of every rank and description, some of whom, having heard the young man's story, endeavoured to bereave him of all hopes of a successful issue to his petition. At length Prince Lapuchin appeared, with the Emperor's order in his hand. "Go," said he to him, "go and fetch your brother; a kибитка is waiting for you below." The poor cripple, frantic with joy, uttered a loud cry, fell down, and embraced the knees of the worthy Prince, who raised him up again. In the ecstasy of the moment, he laughed—he wept—all earthly grandeur vanished from his mind, and he forgot that he stood surrounded by a crowd of Russian nobles. He asked, again and again, whether it were really true that his dear brother was to be restored to the embraces of his grey-headed father and his poor blind sister? The Prince assured him that it was, shewed him his sovereign's signature, and ordered the money to be paid to him. He now knew no bounds for his joy, and it was long before his mind regained even a moderate degree of composure.

Every spectator was affected to behold so much sensibility and feeling inherent in the breast of one who scarcely bore the semblance of a human being—and all participated in his rejoicing. What a gratifying sight must it not have been for the generous Lapuchin!

The happy youth hurried down to the kибитка, and hastened to release his brother, who was stationed at Gatschina, about forty wersts from St. Petersburg. He soon conducted him back, in triumph, to the arms of his now-happy family, whom their beneficent sovereign had rescued from misery and starvation. The inhuman author of all their calamities was shortly after dismissed, with infamy, from the emperor's service.

Alexander! thou best of monarchs!—

“How could my tongue

“Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!

“How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!

“Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,

“And inborn truth!”

### EXTRACT

From a Paper, never printed, on

### THE GAMES, EXHIBITIONS, AND PUBLIC DIVERSIONS OF SPAIN.

*Written in 1790, at the Request of the Royal Academy at Madrid, by Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY LORD HOLLAND.

LORD HOLLAND, before his translation of the *Extract*, observes that the former parts of this treatise are occupied in giving a rapid historical sketch of the Roman exhibitions in Spain, and in vindicating, from the imputations of the clergy, the rational use of theatrical representations. The whole of his Lordship's prefatory remarks we have not room to quote. The gloomy appearance, so often objected to in Spaniards, is ascribed to the perverse spirit of their municipal laws, which observation introduces the *extract*.

“The labouring class of society require diversions, but not exhibitions; the government is not called upon to divert them, but to permit them to divert themselves. For the few days, the short moments which they can devote to recreation and entertainment, they will naturally seek, and easily find amusements for themselves. Let them merely be unmolested, and protected in the enjoyment of them. A bright sky and fine weather, on a holiday, which will leave them at liberty to walk, run, throw the bar, to play at ball,

coits, or skittles, or to junket, drink, dance and caper on the grass, will fill all their desires, and yield them complete gratification and contentment. At so cheap a rate may a whole people, however numerous, be delighted and amused.

“How happens it then, that the majority of the people of Spain have no diversion at all? For every one who has travelled through our provinces must have made this melancholy remark. Even on the greatest festivals, instead of that boisterous merriment and noise which should bespeak the joy of the inhabitants, there reigns throughout the market-places and streets, a slothful inactivity, a gloomy stillness, which cannot be remarked without the mingled emotions of surprise and pity. The few persons who leave their houses, seem to be driven from them by listlessness, and dragged as far as the threshold, the market, or the church-door. There, muffled in their cloaks, leaning against some corner, seated on some bench, or lounging backwards and forwards, without object, aim, or purpose, they pass their hours, aye, I may say their whole evenings, without mirth, recreation, or amusement. When you add to this picture, the dreariness and filth of the villages, the poor and slovenly dress of the inhabitants, the gloominess and silence of their air, the laziness, the want of concert and union so striking every where, who but would be astonished; who but would be afflicted by so mournful a phenomenon? This is not indeed the place to expose the errors which conspire to produce it; but whatever those errors may be, one point is clear—that they are all to be found in the laws. Without wandering from my subject, I may be permitted to observe, that the chief mistake lies in the faulty police of our villages. Many magistrates are misled by an ill-judged zeal, to suppose that the perfection of municipal government consists in the subjection of the people; they imagine that the great object of subordination is accomplished, if the inhabitants tremble at the voice of Justice, and no one ventures to move, or even to breathe, at the very sound of her name. Hence any mob, any noise or disturbance, is termed a riot or a tumult; and every little dispute or scuffle becomes the subject of a criminal proceeding, involving in its consequences examinations and arrests, imprisonments and fines, with all the train of legal persecutions and vexations. Under such an oppressive police, the people grow dispirited and disheartened; and sacrificing their inclinations to their security, they abjure diversions, which, though public and innocent, are replete with embarrassments, and have recourse to solitude and

inaction, dull and painful indeed to their feelings, but at least unmolested by law, and unattended with danger.

"The same system has occasioned numberless regulations of police, not only injurious to the liberties, but prejudicial to the welfare and prosperity of the villages, yet not less harshly or less rigorously enforced on that account. There are some places where music and ringing of bells,\* others where balls and marriage suppers are prohibited. In one village the inhabitants must retire to their houses at the *curfew*, in another they must not appear in the streets without a light; they must not loiter about the corners, or stop in the porches; and in all they are subject to similar restraints and privations.

"The rage for governing, in some cases perhaps the avarice of the magistrates, has extended to the most miserable hamlets, regulations which would hardly be necessary in all the confusion of a metropolis; and the wretched husbandman who has watered the earth with the sweat of his brow, and slept on the ground throughout the week, cannot on Saturday night bawl at his will in the streets of his village, or chaunt his ballad at the door of his sweetheart.

"Even the province in which I live (*Asturias*), remarkable for the natural cheerfulness and innocent manners of its inhabitants, is not exempt from the hardship of similar regulations. Indeed the discontent which they produce, and which I have frequently witnessed, has suggested many of these reflections on the subject. The dispersion of its population fortunately prevents that municipal police, which has been contrived for regular villages and towns; but the cottagers assemble for their diversions at a sort of wake, called *Romerias*, or *Pilgrimages*. And there it is that the regulations of the police pursue and molest them. Sticks, which are used more on account of the inequality of the country, than as a precaution for self-defence, are prohibited in these wakes. Men dances are forbidden; those of women must close early in the evening; and the wakes themselves, the sole diversion of these innocent and laborious villagers, must break up at the hour of evening prayer. How can they reconcile themselves with any cheerfulness to such vexatious interference? It may indeed be said "*they bear it all*." Yes, it is true, they do bear it all; but they bear it with an ill will;

\* There is a custom in Spanish villages of parading the streets on holiday nights with the bells taken from the mules and wethers. The rude kind of music they produce is called *cencerreda*.



and who is blind to the consequences of long and reluctant submission? The state of freedom is a state of peace and cheerfulness; a state of subjection is a state of uneasiness and discontent. The former then is permanent and durable, the latter unstable and changeable.

"All, therefore, is not accomplished when the people are quiet; they should also be contented; and it is only a heart devoid of feeling, or a head unacquainted with the principles of government, that can harbour a notion of securing the first of these objects without obtaining the second. They who disregard it, either do not see the necessary connexion between liberty and prosperity; or, if they see it, they neglect it. The error in either case is equally mischievous. For surely this connexion deserves the attention of every just and mild government. A free and cheerful people are always active and laborious; and an active and laborious people are always attentive to morals, and observant of the laws. The greater their enjoyments, the more they love the government under which they live, the better they obey it, and the more cheerfully and willingly do they contribute to its maintenance and support. The greater their enjoyments, the more they have to lose; and the more therefore they fear any disturbance, and the more they respect the authorities intended to repress it. Such a people feel more anxiety to enrich themselves, because they must be conscious that the increase of their pleasures will keep pace with the improvement of their fortunes. In a word, they strive more ardently to better their condition, because they are certain of enjoying the fruits of their exertion. If such then be one of the chief objects of a good government, why is it so disregarded among us? Even public prosperity, as it is called, if it be any thing but the aggregate of individual happiness, depends upon the attainment of the object in question; for the power and strength of a state do not consist entirely in multitudes or riches, but in the moral character of its inhabitants. In point of fact, can any nation be strong whose subjects are weak, corrupt, harsh, unfeeling, and strangers to all sentiment of public spirit and patriotism? On the other hand, a people who meet often, and in security, in public, for the purposes of diversion, must necessarily become an united and affectionate people; they can feel what a common interest is, and are consequently less likely to sacrifice it to their own personal views and individual advantage. They have a higher spirit, because they are freer; a consciousness of which improves their notions of rectitude, and exalts their senti-

ments of honour and courage. Every individual respects his own class in such a society, because he respects himself ; and he respects that of others, as the best mode of ensuring respect for his own. If once the people respect the government, and the subordination established by law, they regulate their conduct by it, they grow attached to the institutions of their country, and defend them with spirit ; because, in so doing, they are convinced that they are defending themselves. So clear is it that freedom and cheerfulness are greater enemies of disorder than subjection and melancholy.

“ Let me not, however, be suspected of considering a magistracy or police, appointed to preserve the public peace, as in itself either useless or oppressive. On the contrary, it is my firm persuasion, that, without such an institution, without its unremitting vigilance, neither tranquillity nor subordination can be preserved. I am well aware that license hovers on the very confines of liberty, and that some restraint must be devised to keep in those who would pass the limits. This is indeed the most delicate point in civil jurisprudence ; and it is this, that so many injudicious magistrates mistake, by confounding vigilance with oppression. Hence, at every festival, at every public diversion, or harmless amusement, they obtrude upon the people the insignia of magistracy and power. To judge by appearances, one should suppose that their aim was to build their authority on the fears of the subject, and to purchase their own convenience at the expence of the freedom and pleasure of the public. In every other view, such precautions are idle. For the people never divert themselves without complete exemption from restraint in their diversions. Freedom is scared away by watchmen and patrols, constables and soldiers ; and at the sight of staves and bayonets, harmless and timorous mirth takes the alarm, and disappears. This is surely not the method of accomplishing the purposes for which magistracy was established ; whose vigilance, if I may be permitted so awful a comparison, should resemble that of a Supreme Being, should be perpetual and certain, but invisible ; should be acknowledged by every body, but seen by nobody ; should watch license, in order to repress it, and liberty, in order to protect it. In one word, it should operate as a restraint on the bad, as a shield and protection to the good. The awful insignia of justice are otherwise the mere symbols of oppression and tyranny ; and the police, in direct opposition to the views of its institution, only vexes and molests the persons whom it is bound to shelter, comfort, and protect.

"Such are my ideas upon popular diversions. There is neither province nor district, town nor village, but has particular usages in its amusements, practised either habitually, or at particular periods of the year; various exercises of strength, for instance, or feats of agility; balls too, and junketings, walks, holidays, disguises, maskings, and mummeries. Whatever their diversions may be, if they are public they must be innocent. It is the duty then of the good magistrate to protect the people in these simple pastimes, to lay out and keep in order the places destined for them, to remove all obstacles, and to leave the inhabitants at full liberty to abandon themselves to their boisterous merriment, their rude but harmless effusions of joy. If he appear sometimes among them, it should be to encourage, not to intimidate them; it should be like a father, gratified at the mirth of his children; not like a tyrant, envious of the gaiety of his slaves.

"In short, to return to our former remark, the people do not call upon the government to divert them, but merely to permit them to divert themselves."

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### CIVILIZED AND BARBAROUS NATIONS.

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MUCH of the European cruelty, perhaps the greater part, which, to the disgrace of human nature, hath been practised in the East and West Indies, originated doubtless from the *auri sacra fames*, the accursed passion for gold: but much, I am persuaded, proceeded also from men's having considered the natives of those distant countries, as barbarians, savages, and greatly below the standard of our humanity. This hath been a fatal error; and I call it an error, because, from all the information I have been able to acquire, the inhabitants of England, whether regard be had to either *knowledge* or *manners*, may be deemed as much barbarians and savages, as those of any other country in the world.\* And here I shall not instance from the coasts, where the christian people of

\* Individuals in England may be, and certainly are, more polite and knowing, than can be found in the countries alluded to: but *individuals* do not stamp the *general* character of a nation: this must be determined by the *commonalty*, or people at large.

good Old England consider the distresses of seamen and the plunder of a wreck as a *blessing*, and, says Fielding,\* *blasphemously* call it such; but will refer to the inland, and, nearly central parts, where civilization and knowledge may be supposed to prevail the most.

I have spent some years in a village of about two hundred families, consisting of farmers, manufacturers, and labouring men; and which hath a parson, a free-school, and the usual ways and means of improving and adorning human nature. Meeting one day a farmer, an intelligent skilful man in his way, and observing him as it were superstitiously attentive to a very small sprig of eldar, I accosted him upon the subject. "Perhaps, sir," says Ruff, "I can now tell you something, that may hereafter be of use to you. Sir, I rode above thirty years to L—— market, yet never without *losing leather*, as the saying is; but, sir, since I have put this bit of eldar in my breeches-pocket, to which I was advised by my neighbour P—, and which with God's leave I will never go without, far from being blistered, I have not been even chafed or heated." Upon my smiling, as if I did not conceive how this could be—"Sir," says he, "perhaps you may not believe another thing. John H.'s pig got lamed the other day: and how do you think he cured him? By nothing in the world, but only boring a little hole in his ear, and putting in a small peg about as big as my eldar." I told him, that these things were perfectly above my comprehension; and endeavoured to shew him, in language he understood, that there could be no connexion between the causes and effects, in either case. He was much disconcerted with my spirit of unbelief; and seemed to think me a person, whom nothing could convince.

A few years ago, in this same village, the women *in labour* used to drink the urine of their husbands; who were all the while stationed, as I have seen the cows in St. James's Park, and straining themselves to *give* as much as they could. The rationale of this custom (that is, the why and the wherefore) I never could get rightly explained: it is however become obsolete, if not exploded; the patroness of it, who was a superior person in the parish, having some time since departed this foolish world. I will mention but one instance more; only begging the reader not to consider the above as fictitious, but as matters of fact, that may be ascertained even by legal evidence.

\* Voyage to Lisbon.

A young woman in the neighbourhood was subject to fits, and, during the paroxysms, was so unruly, that there was a necessity of holding her down by force. To do this more effectually, a very well meaning young man once spread himself upon her, in the presence of many attendants: to whom he soon and suddenly exclaimed, as if compelled by inspiration,\* that "the Lord had spoken to him, and that it was the Lord's will he should marry the patient." Now what emotions the young man felt within, during this tender and delicate situation, I am unable to say: but, whether from natural or supernatural impulse, he speedily married the woman; and the whole affair, at this present writing, is not two months old. Having this only from rumour, I cannot affirm that all the circumstances were exactly as I have related: however, a divine interposition is believed upon the whole, and the hand of the Lord to be plainly visible.

These few specimens may serve to shew the superiority of *knowledge* in us enlightened civilized people, to that of Hottentots and other barbarians. How stands the comparison with regard to *manners*? Do the former equally transcend the latter in *manners* also? Let us hear those, who seem to have had better opportunities of being informed than ourselves. For my part, says a sensible writer, and as should seem traveller, "I have met with people as polite, ingenious, and humane, whom we have been taught to look upon as cannibals, as ever I conversed with in Europe; and from my own experience am convinced, that human nature is every where the same, allowances being made for unavoidable prejudices, instilled in their infancy by ignorance and superstition. And nothing has contributed more to render the world barbarous, than men's having been taught, from their cradles, that every nation almost but their own are barbarians: they first imagine the people of distant nations to be monsters of cruelty and barbarity, and then prepare to invade and extirpate them, exercising greater cruelties than ever such nations were charged with. This was exactly the case of the Spaniards and the natives of America:† and would to heaven the case could suit no other people and country!

An ancient writer, who lived when the Romans were the most polite and knowing, clearly gives the preference to those they

\* There is no interior movement of either body or mind, but, with weak and enthusiastic persons, may pass for a divine impulse: this should put us upon our guard against delusion, or rather madness.

† Salmon's Geograph. Grammar, in pref.

called barbarians, in point of *manners*. He is speaking of the Scythians; and, after describing their way of life, observes, that "justice was cultivated and preserved among them, not by laws, but by the spirit and temper of the people; that they held no crime more atrocious than theft; that they had not the same passion for gold and silver with other nations; and that a moderation, contentedness, and sobriety of manners, laid them under no temptation of invading what was not their own. And I wish," says the historian, that the rest of the world possessed the same spirit of moderation, the same justice in abstaining from what belongs to others: arms would not then commit the ravages they do; nor mankind perish more by the sword than from the natural lot of mortality.—And it may seem altogether wonderful, that nature grants to savages, what the Greeks cannot attain with all their refinement and parade of philosophy; and that civilized and polished manners are exceeded by those of uncultivated barbarism. So much more advantageous to the one is an ignorance of what is wrong, than to the other a knowledge of what is right."\*

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### CONFERRING AND RECEIVING FAVOURS.

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SOCRATES, though importuned, refused to go to the court of Archelaus, King of Macedonia. Seneca, who has recorded the fact, says that his ostensible reason was, "not to receive favours which he could not return,"—*nolle se ad eum venire, a quo acciperet beneficia, cum reddere illi paria non posset*: his real one, "not to go into voluntary servitude,"—*noluit ire ad voluntariam servitutem*.† This

\* *Justitia gentis ingeniis culta, non legibus. Nullum scelus apud eos furto gravius: aurum et argentum non perinde, ac reliqui mortales, appetunt. Lacte & melle vescuntur, &c. Hæc continentia illis morum quoque justitiam edidit, nihil alienum concupiscentibus: quippe ibidem divitiarum cupido est, ubi et usus. Atque utinam reliquis mortalibus similis moderatio et abstinencia alieni foret! profectò non tantum bellorum per omnia secula terris omnibus continuaretur; neque plus hominum ferrum et arma, quam naturalis fatorum conditio, raperet. Prorsus, ut admirabile videatur, hoc illis naturam dare, quod Græci longâ sapientium doctrinâ præceptisque philosophorum consequi nequeunt; cultosque mores incultæ barbariæ collatione superari. Tanto plus in illis proficit vitiorum ignoratio, quam in his cognitio virtutis. Justin II. 2.*

† De Benefic. V. 6.

real one, certainly : for Archelaus was a bad prince ; and courts are not places of freedom and independence, even under good ones.—Besides, the former reason would, I should think, have been unworthy of Socrates. What ! is no man to receive a benefit, but who is able to return it ? If so, then (as Aristotle makes him reply upon this occasion, but surely unphilosophically) “ it must be as great an affront to confer a benefit upon a person who cannot return it, as to injure a person who cannot redress himself :” \* and then all acts of kindness, generosity, and charity, must be banished from among men ; since one party is no more at liberty to confer, than the other to receive a favour.

How is it, I wonder, that we hear so many exclaiming loudly against receiving favours ? “ I think nothing so dear as what is given me,” says Montaigne ; “ and that because my will lies at pawn under the title of ingratitude. I more willingly accept of offices to be sold ; being of opinion, that for the last I give nothing but money, but for the first I give myself :” † as if, according to ancient language, “ to receive a favour was to sell our liberty,”—*beneficium accipere est libertatem vendere*. It may be so in some cases, and with some persons ; and I shall so far compromise the matter with Montaigne, that we ought to be careful, and perhaps somewhat nice, from whom we receive favours. But to lay down the proposition universally, and with respect to all manner of persons : to spurn the very idea of receiving a favour from, or being obliged to, any one ; to think and reason, as if services conferred and received ought, like other trading commodities, to be weighed as in a scale ; to keep an account as of creditor and debtor ; and to dread a balance against us as much, as if loss of liberty and imprisonment were the consequence—all this is wretched ; it is all fastidious *hauteur*, pride, insolence, denoting a spirit and temper certainly unchristian, but unphilosophical also and impolitic in the highest degree. And why ? because it would greatly weaken, if not destroy, all that mutual affection, all that intercourse of kindness and good offices, so by nature necessary to the helpless, dependant state of man, and so contributing (if not essential) to his happiness in society.

\* Rhetor. II. 23.

† Essais, III. 9.

## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*Qui monet quasi adiuvat.*

*The Lay of the last Minstrel, a Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq.  
Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 334. Longman and Co.*

If there ever was a poem undertaken with a perfect knowledge of the customs and manners of those who figure in it, and written *con amore*, with an ardent love of the subject, it is the one now before us. A composition more excellent in the terrific, in some of its parts, and in the sweetest simplicity in others, has been rarely, if ever, produced. If this is to be called "*The Lay of the last Minstrel*," "not to be prophane," we do affirm that the last is the first. An analysis will perhaps be the most agreeable method of proceeding with a work of this description.

The introduction describes the last minstrel, "infirm and old," as arriving at "Newark's stately tower," where he is charitably received by Anne Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. His wants being relieved—

"—he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode :  
And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warrior of Buccleuch ;  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak  
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she lov'd the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear." P. 14.

The boon was granted, and now—

"While his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung." P. 16.

The *Lay* begins with representing the Lady of Lord Walter retired to—

"Her bower, that was guarded by wood and by spell,  
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell." P. 17.

The feast was over, and her numerous knights loitered through the lofty hall of Branksome, sheathed in steel. Their

"—steeds both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night." P. 19.



The reason of this is—

“ They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying ;  
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying ;  
 To see St. George's red cross streaming,  
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;  
 They watch against southern force and guile  
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.” P. 20.

Their chieftain, Lord Walter, had fallen in the Border war :

“ In sorrow, o'er Lord Walter's bier  
 The warlike foresters had bent ;  
 And many a flower, and many a tear,  
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :  
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
 The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !  
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
 Had locked the source of softer woe ;  
 And burning pride, and high disdain,  
 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;  
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
 Her son hied from the nurse's knee—  
 ‘ And, if I live to be a man,  
 ‘ My father's death revenged shall be.’ ” P. 22.

Being skilled in “ magic mystery,” he had taught his art to his “ lady fair.” Their daughter Margaret loves Lord Cranstoun, the foeman of her family. The mountain spirit informs the mother of the stars that—

“ —no kind influence deign they shower  
 On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,  
 Till pride be quelled, and love be free.” P. 28.

At which she is very indignant, and seeks amongst her knights for William of Deloraine, “ a stark moss-trooping Scot, steady of heart and stout of hand.” She bids him hie to fair Tweedside, and in Melrose's holy pile seek the monk of St. Mary's aisle. To tell him that the fated hour is come, and to bring back what he shall give to him, “ be it scroll or be it book,” and solemnly cautions him not to attempt to read it. The warrior cheerfully undertakes to fulfil her command, and to return ere break of day—adding, that the book will be very safe with him, since, says he, “ Letter nor line know I never a one.”\* Away went Deloraine, on his dapple grey, and,

\* “ *No la leyò, porque dixò, que no sabia leer, ni escribir,*” was the conclusive reasoning of Sancho, when he accounts for the Dulcinea del Toboso's not reading Don Quixote's letter.

after some toil and danger, reached the convent. Here ends the first canto. The minstrel seems dejected; the duchess encourages him, and he proceeds.

He finds the monk, and unfolds his commission.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;  
Says that the fated hour is come,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb." P. 46.

The monk would divert him from his purpose. The book was in the tomb of Michael Scott, "a wizard of dreaded fame." The monk had known him, and when he died, says he,

"I swore to bury his mighty book,  
That never mortal might therein look:  
And never to tell where it was hid,  
Save at his chief of Branksome's need;  
And when that need was past and o'er.  
Again the volume to restore." P. 53.

This time is come. The knight persists. A finely terrific scene ensues. The tomb is opened, and he obtains the book. The monk suddenly expires, and Deloraine departs with "the mystic book to bosom press'd." He approaches Branksome towers:

"The wild birds told their warbling tale,  
And wakened every flower that blows;  
And peeped forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose:  
And lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale." P. 61.

This was Margaret of Branksome keeping an assignation with her lover, Henry of Cranstoun. Here is introduced Lord Cranstoun's goblin dwarf, who attends him faithfully, but is always treacherous to others;

"—for at a word be it understood,  
He was always for ill and never for good."

As he held the baron's courser beneath an oak, he espies Deloraine, and gives the lovers a signal that "no time was then to vow and sigh." Their separation terminates the second canto. In this canto the minstrel supposes the duchess and her daughters expect to hear a melting tale of love, and exclaims,

" Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !  
 My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;  
 Its lightness would my age reprove :  
 My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,  
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold—  
 I may not, must not, sing of love." P. 64.

But when he rests, the page swells his old veins, and cheers his soul  
 with mighty wine, and he thus beautifully begins the third canto.

" And said I that my limbs were old ;  
 And said I that my blood was cold,  
 And that my kindly fire was fled,  
 And my poor withered heart was dead,  
 And that I might not sing of love ?—  
 How could I to the dearest theme,  
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,  
 So foul so false a recreant prove !  
 How could I name love's very name,  
 Nor wake my harp to notes of flame.

## II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
 In halls in gay attire is seen :  
 In hamlets, dances on the green ;  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below, and saints above ;  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

## III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
 While pondering deep the tender scene,  
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.  
 But the page shouted wild and shrill—  
 And scarce his helmet could he don,  
 When downward from the shady hill  
 A stately knight came pricking on.  
 That warrior's steed, so dapple grey,  
 Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay ;  
 His armour red with many a stain ;  
 He seemed in such a weary plight,  
 As if he had ridden the live-long night ;  
 For it was William of Deloraine." P. 73---75.

" In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
 He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer ;  
 The prayer was to his patron saint,  
 The sigh was to his ladye fair." P. 76:

Then comes the onset—Deloraine's spear

“ Into a thousand flinders flew.  
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
Pierced through like silk the borderer's mail;  
Through shield, and jack, and acorn, past,  
Deep in his bosom broke at last.” P. 76—77.

As he lies “ senseless as the bloody clay,” the baron orders his page to stanch the wound, and then take him to Branksome castle gate. He was compelled to depart, but

“ His noble mind was inly moved  
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.”

The goblin stayed,

“ His lord's command he ne'er withstood,  
Though small his pleasure to do good.”

He soon espies the “ mighty book,” and neglects Deloraine to examine it, marvelling “ that a knight of pride, like a book-bosomed priest should ride.” Smearing it over with the knight's “ curdled gore,” he succeeds in opening its clasps, and reads one of the spells. As he is reading a second, he receives, from an invisible hand, a buffet on his cheek, which stretches him on the plain, and the clasps shut faster than before.

“ No more the elfin page durst try  
Into the wondrous book to pry.”

He now takes the warrior to Branksome hall, and flings him on the ground. As he repasses the outer court, he sees “ the fair young child,” and, assuming the shape of a play-fellow, decoys him o'er bank and fell, till they come to a woodland brook. Here he takes his own elvish form again, and scowling on the startled child, darts away. He would have strangled him, but his power was limited. Now the boy, “ the more he sought his way, the farther still he went astray,” till he is met by an English yeoman and his fellow, who make him prisoner :

“ ‘ Now, by St. George,’ the archer cries,  
‘ Edward, methinks we have a prize !  
‘ This boy's fair face, and courage free,  
‘ Shews he is come of high degree.’

#### XIX.

‘ Yes ! I am come of high degree,  
‘ For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;  
‘ And if thou dost not set me free,  
‘ False Suthren, thou shalt dearly rue.

' For Walter of Arden shall come with speed,  
 ' And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 ' And every Scot from Esk to Tweed;  
 ' And if thou dost not let me go,  
 ' Despite thy arrows and thy bow,  
 ' I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow.' P. 86---87.

They bear him to Lord Dacre, his enemy.

The dwarf still remains at the castle, in the shape of the boy, and makes all kinds of mischief :

" Well I ween the charm he held  
 The noble Ladye had soon dispelled;  
 But she was deeply busied then  
 To tend the wounded Deloraine." P. 89.

" In a night and a day" she expects his cure.

The evening falls, when suddenly, from Branksome's towers, they behold " the beacon blaze of war." "*Mount for Branksome!*" the gathering word of the Scots is given, and all the allied clans are warned. This canto closes, leaving them uncertain of the cause of alarm.

In the fourth canto we learn that " the southern ravage was begun," and these are the tidings of the English foe :

" Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,  
 And all the German hagbut-men,  
 Who have long lain at Askerten." P. 105---106.

Three hours would bring the English, three thousand strong, to Teviot's strand. The Scotch clans assemble, "*Ready, aye ready*" for the field :

" The Ladye marked the aide come in,  
 And high her heart of pride arose;  
 She bade her youthful son attend,  
 That he might know his father's friend,  
 And learn to face his father's foes.  
 ' The boy is ripe to look on war;  
 ' I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,  
 ' And his true arrow struck afar  
 ' The raven's nest upon the cliff;  
 ' The Red Cross on a southern breast,  
 ' Is broader than the raven's nest;  
 Thou, Whitslade, halt teach him his weapon to wield,  
 ' And o'er him hold his father's shield.'  
 Well may you think the wily Page  
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.

He counterfelted childish fear,  
 And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,  
 And moaned and pined in manner wild.  
 The attendants to the Ladye told,  
 Some fairy sure had changed the child,  
 That wot to be so free and bold." P. 110---111.

Consequently, "ere the clan his faintness view," Watt Tinlinn is commissioned to bear him away to Rangleburn. Watt and his pal-frey were sorely troubled with him.

"It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil,  
 To drive him but a scottish mile."

Crossing a running stream, according to the superstitious notion, the charm was dissolved, and in his own form the goblin fled. The English by this time approach the wall, when the hoary seneschal comes forth, and is met by Lords Howard and Dacre. He thus addresses them:

"Ye English warden lords, of you  
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
 Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,  
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,  
 And all yon mercenary band,  
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?  
 My Ladye reads you swith return;  
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
 Or do our towers so much molest,  
 As scare one swallow from her nest,  
 St. Mary! but we'll light a brand,  
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.  
 A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
 But calmer Howard took the word." P. 118.

He desires that his mistress may appear on the walls, then—

"Our pursuivant-at-arms shall shew,  
 Both why we came, and when we go."

The pursuivant now calls out a boy—

"O slight to meet a mother's view!  
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch."

Lord Howard then makes his complaint, demanding that William of Deloraine shall suffer for plundering the lands of Richard Musgrave, and making his brother's wife a widow—and further that two hundred of his master's men shall be permitted to enter the towers. On the refusal of this, he threatens to storm the garrison, and then,

"———this fair boy, to London led,  
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

She bids them defiance. At this moment a horseman arrives with news of the coming of Douglas and Lord Maxwell, ten thousand strong. Lord Howard, seeing they are but three thousand, advises that, before the Scots are aware of the advancing aid, they agree to let Musgrave meet Deloraine in single fight. This proposal is acceded to. The terms, if Musgrave conquered, the boy to remain an hostage for his clan—if Deloraine, to have his liberty. The minstrel finishes this canto amidst the applauses of his noble hearers.

The fifth canto opens with this delightful stanza:

"Call it not vain—they do not err,  
Who say, that, when the poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distill;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply.  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave." P. 135—136.

The hardy clans approach. The lady informs them of what has happened, and invites the chiefs to

"———stay the fight to see,  
And deign, in love and courtesy,  
To taste of Branksome cheer."

The foes meet each other with social good humour, all but one, for

"——angry Dacre rather chose  
In his pavilion to repose."

During their conviviality, the lovers, Margaret and Cranstoun, have another interview, with the assistance of the spell of the goblin page. Now the combat draws near, and Harden and Thuglastaine contend, which shall fight for the wounded Deloraine:

"But yet not long the strife—for lo!  
Himself, the knight of Deloraine,  
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,  
In armour sheathed him up to toe!" P. 149.

They enter the lists. Margaret's great alarm—

"But cause of terror, all unguessed,  
Was fluttering in her gentle breast."

Musgrave is overthrown and killed. While the conquering knight seemed insensible to the grasp of gratulating hands, strange cries of wild surprise are heard, when,

“ ——— the throng’d array,  
In panic haste gave open way  
To a half-naked ghastly man,  
Who downward from the castle ran;  
He crossed the barriers at a bound,  
And wild and haggard looked around,  
As dizzy, and in pain;  
And all, upon the armed ground,  
Knew William of Deloraine!  
Each ladie sprang from seat with speed;  
Vaulted each marshall from his steed;  
‘ And who art thou,’ they cried,  
‘ Who hast this battle fought and won?’  
His plumed helm was soon undone --  
‘ Cranstoun of Teviotside!  
‘ For this fair prize I’ve fought and won,’  
And to the ladie led her son.” P. 157.

The clans united prayed the lady to forego her feud,

“ And deign to bless the nuptial hour  
Of Cranstoun’s lord and Teviot’s flower.”

She thought on the spirit’s prophecy, and exclaimed—

“ Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me!”

Deloraine, like a generous foe, mourns over the body of Musgrave, who is, with honours, buried in his father’s grave.

Ovid’s

*Nescio quæ natale sohum dulcedine cunctos  
Ducit,*

awakens the minstrel’s harp to sing the last canto of his last lay.

“ Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth; as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentr’d all in self,

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Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

P. 169—170.

The nuptials are celebrated with "a gorgeous festival." The goblin page plays his tricks in the buttery. The minstrels attend, and harmonize the feast. First Albert Græme sings "his simple song;" next Fitztraver; and then Harold sing of Rosabelle. As Harold ends his "piteous lay," a dark fog involves them all—

"—— the high dame stood aghast;  
 She knew some evil on the blast!"

And the elvish page fell to the ground, and he who had hitherto continually repeated "*lost, lost, lost!*" now, "shuddering muttered '*found, found, found!*'" A flash of lightning comes, and Gyllyn the elvish dwarf is seen no more.

"Some heard a voice in Branksome hall,  
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all."

"But none of all the astonished train  
 Was so dismayed as Deloraine;  
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
 'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return;  
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
 Like him, of whom the story ran,  
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in man.  
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,  
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold——  
 That he had seen, right certainly,  
 A shape with amice wrapped around,  
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;  
 And knew---but how it mattered not——  
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

P. 195—196.

They all agree to make a pilgrimage to Melrose abbey, "for the sake of Michael's restless sprite," and the *Lay*, finally closes with this solemn procession beautifully described. Then follows the happy fate of the tuneful minstrel.

Hushed is the harp---the minstrel gone,  
 And did he wander forth alone?  
 Alone, in indigence and age,  
 To linger out his pilgrimage?

No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
 Arose the minstrel's lowly bower;  
 A simple hut; but there was seen  
 The little garden hedged with green,  
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.  
 There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,  
 Of beech the tale of other days;  
 For much he loved to ope his door,  
 And give the aid he begged before.  
 So passed the winter's day—but still,  
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;  
 When throbbles sung on Hare-head shaw,  
 And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,  
 And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
 The aged harper's soul awoke!  
 Then would he sing achievements high,  
 And circumstance of chivalry,  
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
 Forgetful of the closing day;  
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,  
 Forsook the hunting of the deer;  
 And Yarrow, as he rolled along,  
 Bore burden to the minstrel's song.

P. 201—202.

We make no apology for treating the work before us in this manner. We could not, unless we transcribed the whole, do more justice to Mr. Scott, nor could we afford more satisfaction to the reader at present, or give a greater zest to his pleasure in future, when he comes to read the poem itself, than by the detailed account which we have submitted to his attention. We state this from experience, having ourselves perused the poem twice.

The *Notes* are very desirable; and we have now merely room to add, that the whole forms a wreath which promises fair "to flourish and look green" on the poet's brow for ages.

Mr. Farley, so ingenious in the composition of ballets of action, has, we understand, turned his thoughts to this excellent plot for a spectacle of that description.

*An Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language.* By J. Odell, M. A. pp. 205. 3s. 6d. Lackington and Co. 1806.

This essay was, we are told, intended to have been printed as an introduction to Mr. Boucher's supplement to Dr. Johnson's

Dictionary, the loss of which work, if at all likely to fulfil the promises held out in the prospectus, the republic of letters cannot too deeply deplore. The death of Mr. Boucher, whose indefatigable research we have, of late, respected, appears to have put an end to the sanguine hopes entertained on this subject. We regret that we have, latterly, been taught to respect Mr. B.'s researches, but the excellence of the religious and moral character of Jonathan Boucher, sole executor and universal legatee of Miss Barton, of Paddington, we have yet to learn from the discoveries of Mr. Odell. Mr. Odell gives us all he can, and we must dream the rest. What he has given is highly creditable to his ingenuity and erudition. The subjects he treats of, however, are of a nature, which, to enter profoundly into them, would not suit the colour of our publication, or, generally speaking, the patience of our readers. We shall, therefore, be brief in our remarks; but, at the same time, we warmly recommend the perusal of his labours to all those whose studies look this way.

The work is divided into three parts. The first, on *English Elements*, is particularly deserving of attention. The simplicity of the system renders it exceedingly interesting on a subject of such primary importance. After unfolding his plan, he observes on "a perfect orthography," the principal obstacle to which, is "a circumstance," says he, "in which we seem to be altogether singular.—While we are careful in our *spelling*, to preserve the traces of etymology, and make *derivatives* follow their *leaders*, we often practise the reverse in our *pronunciation*. Thus we *write*," he adds, "amongst other words, nature; natural; confide; confines—but we *pronounce* netiwr; natiwrul; kunfyd; kunfyhx." P. 45. Where this pronunciation obtains, we are at a loss to guess. Section 23, on *that* used instead of the relative *which*, we perfectly agree with Mr. O. in the preference due to the former in particular cases.—Swift's complaint of one usurping the place of the other, may be read with as much seriousness, as the maintenance of the doctrine opposed to Mr. Odell's. Sect. 24, merits consideration.

The second division on *English accents*, is, as Mr. O. confesses, little more than comment on the text of Mr. Steele's *prosodia rationalis*. It may be allowed, however, that it contains "some ideas both new and worthy of attention." As *melody* is a term which signifies the modulation peculiar to *singing*, our author coins a new word *melopy*, to express that modulation peculiar to *speech*, and to

this, as far as it relates to the word; there can be no objection. All that is proposed to rise out of this *melopoeia* does not stand quite so fairly. By Mr. Steele's system of notation, for representing not only the various tones of speech, but also their metrical proportions; he thought that types of the elocution of Betterton, Booth, Wilks, and Quin, might have been preserved as accurately as the musical compositions of Corelli. P. 101. We should like a set of types of the tones of Mr. J. P. Kemble. By these means he believed, that we might now have been able to ascertain, whether the oratory of our stage is improved or debased. Surely this is amongst the *de-liramenta doctrinae*.

The last part on *English prosody* is well drawn up, but certainly not a little fanciful. The position that "quantity is no where liable to modification from any power but that of rhythmus," is maintained with much ingenuity and learning. Many attempts have been made to write English verses according to the ancient measures, but they have universally failed of producing any desirable effect. After pointing out the errors of Dr. Watts' endeavours at this sport in Sapphics, he submits his own translation in this way of Sappho's ode *φαιναται*, which we find too long to quote. It has some advantage over Dr. W. but it will not be taken for verse by the million, nor by scholars, without the preamble. We shall give a short specimen from the third Book, Ode 3. of Horace:

"Iustum \* et tenacem propositi virum, &c."

No civic ardor, madly tumultuous,  
No frowning tyrant fierce, and implacable,  
Can shake the just man's righteous purpose,  
Firmly to uphold an approving conscience."

P. 180.

This is professedly a good imitation of the Horatian measure; but we must do Mr. O. the justice to say, that he is (and so are we) far from expecting these specimens to provoke emulation. P. 187.

Iustum: We notice this error of the press, for the purpose of observing, that many others occur in the languages employed in this work. *Stigma* is used almost invariably for the final *s* or sigma, which in English might have a *stilt* effect in the pronunciation—viz. for the play is his—the play is *hist*.

Mr. Odell hopes "that some persons, of more leisure and ability, may be induced to give every part of these subjects a thorough investigation." We think the field, which he has endeavoured to clear, deserves cultivation. For our part, we have said too much and too little about it.

*Fireside Stories; or the plain Tales of Aunt Deborah and her Friends.*  
3 Vols. 10s. 6d. Lane. 1806.

WITH some affectation of an ignorant description, this work is not without merit. However the degree is not so great as not to make it dangerous to read these *Fireside stories* very long near the fire, lest their many tedious pages might too potently tempt the reader to put them into it.

*Cow-pock Inoculation vindicated and recommended from Matters of Fact.* By Rowland Hill, A. M. Darton and Co. 1806.

THE Rowleys, Moseleys, and Birches, who have been so clamorous against the cow-pock, "*Pox o' their throats*"\* to use Shakspeare's language, have certainly toiled most dishonourably, and deserved very ill of mankind. It is not possible but they must have seen, from their own observation, the great benefit which it is calculated to produce to the world, and their disgrace, not to say infamy, is consequently doubled. Experience is the best wisdom, and we have that to put them to shame. Mr. Hill's support of Dr. Jenner will, we hope, assist to promote the universal adoption of this invaluable discovery.

*Vaccinia, on the Triumph of Beauty:* 4th. 1s. 6d. Ostell. 1806.

THIS writer, but no poet, feels as every man should on this subject, and he is so far deserving of praise. To mention Bloomfield here would be invidious.

*The Case of the Hypochondriac explained, and the Cure made known, in a Poetic Epistle from an Hypochondriac to his Physician. Addressed to all the World, by William Lardet, Esq. 1s. Hynde. 1806.*

AN hypochondriac is able to fancy any thing, therefore the author of this *Epistle*, perhaps, stands excused for publishing it, since it is probable, though barely so, that he might fancy it what he calls it, poetic. We, however, who are by no means so susceptible these

\* That is, measure for measure.

points, are perfectly convinced that more bald and miserable verses have rarely been printed, and that to address them to all the world, is a favour, which will meet with the most marked ingratitude.

*Monteith, a Novel, founded on Scottish History. By Mrs. Rice.*  
2 Vols. 7s. Lane. 1806.

THIS is an interesting and amusing novel. The wonderful mingled with it does not destroy the effect of its more meritorious parts.

*The Causes of the French Revolution; and the Science of governing an Empire; an Epic and Philosophical Poem. By G. Sanon.*  
8vo. pp. 134. 15s. Highley. 1806.

To those who should enquire, (and there will be as many enquirers as readers) why Mr. Sanon calls this an *epic poem*, the answer is very simple—Every poem must be something or other, and as Mr. S.'s poem is just as much one thing as another, why not style it *epic*? *Epic* is a very good word, and so is *pudding*, and in this instance equally applicable, though perhaps not quite so; for this composition seems much more like the latter, as its ingredients are several plums, a few sweetmeats, a small portion of fine, a large portion of coarse flour, and plenty of water. Its morality being generally unexceptionable, it may be said to be wholesome, though being written in blank verse, of a rude description, it is very far from being agreeable to the taste. The philosophical part is certainly not sufficiently concocted, but we may expect soon, from its exorbitant price, to see the whole go to pot.

*A new Pocket Atlas and Geography of England and Wales, illustrated with fifty five Copper-plates, shewing all the great Post Roads, with the Towns and Villages situated thereon: also a Description of the Air, Soil, Productions and Manufactures, as well as the Number of Hundreds, Cities, Boroughs, Market Towns, Parishes, Houses, and Inhabitants. By John Luffman, Geographer. 4mo.*  
7s. 6d. stained, or 10s. 6d. coloured. Lackington. 1806.

WE had occasion, some time ago, to commend a very useful little work by the present author, called, "*The pocket Chronologist*," and we are pleased to see that he has now produced a suitable companion, in a *pocket Geographer*. Chronology and geography are the eyes of history, and without them this noble study, both of youth and age, is rendered vain and fruitless. Whatever is there-

fore done is either, to assist the master, or to promote the interest of the scholar, deserves commendation. Mr. Luffman stands in this meritorious situation with regard to society. To point out the deserts of his work, we have merely to desire the reader to peruse the contents of, its title page. What it professes, it performs, and the utility of such a performance can never be questioned.

"The number of houses and the population is abstracted from the census, taken by order of government, in the years 1801 and 2, and printed for the use of parliament." *Pref.*

At the end is an *Index Map*, "added in order to show the relative position of one county with another, and their situation by compass from London." *Pref.*

There is much information in this volume, contained in a small compass:—Some may possibly expect more, but they should remember that the work is for the pocket, and not for the library, in which it would fill a long shelf, to expatiate fully on all the topics here noticed, in a single page to each shire.

*Dellingborough Castle; or the Mysterious Redhne, a Novel.* 3 Vols. 7s. Lane and Co. 1806.

MESSES. Lane and wife at their old work again. The perturbed dreams of a literary pair, who "have sapt full with horrors."

*Violet Vale; or Saturday Night.* By Mrs. Pilkington. 12mo. 6s. 6d. 1806.

Mrs. PILKINGTON benevolently perseveres in proving herself the children's friend. This volume will be read by them both with delight and profit, two qualities which our authoress always wisely combines.

*The Belgian Traveller; or a Tour through Holland, France, and Switzerland, during the Years 1804, and 1805; in a Series of Letters, from a Nobleman to a Minister of State. Edited by the Author of Revolutionary Plutarch, &c.* 8vo. 4 Vols. Egerton. 1806.

SOME travels are virtually performed in an arm chair, or rather one less comfortable in a garret, and others are really performed by personal motion, but so interlarded with lies, that it is difficult to give the latter the preference. The present travels may be described as partaking of the chair and the lies, the worst qualities of

both the others. In fact *the Belgian Traveller* is an occasional production, a thing prepared for the taste of the moment, and for immediate consumption. *Fabulæ!* Pure flim flams, edited by the author of the *Revolutionary Plutarch*, that great leader of the legion of horror and diabolical invention.

*The beneficial Effects of Christianity, on the temporal Concerns of Mankind, proved from History and Facts. By the R. R. B. Proteus, D. D. Lord Bishop of London. 8vo. pp. 90. Cadell. 1806.*

THIS truly excellent production has for its object to shew the light, life and happiness, which the sun of christianity has spread over every part, on which its beams have fallen. In particular does it combat and clearly disprove the assertion, that philosophy, and not the mild and divine doctrines of christianity, has produced those charities, which so distinguish the society of christian, from Pagan times. The true parent of the *γυνος φονικωτάτος* is *philosophy*. The greatest philosophers of ancient days encouraged and approved of horrible and inhuman cruelties; of murder in various shapes. But to the influence of *christianity* are we indebted for a happier state of things; for a greater share of peace and good will amongst men.

In France this stands most openly confessed:—See there what *philosophy* has produced, then turn to these more favoured shores, and mark the better fruits of *christian* faith and worship. This, and other positions of equal moment, his lordship, with vast learning and irrefragable argument, firmly establishes, to the honour of the mitre, which he so worthily possesses.

*Ballad and Lyrical Pieces. By Walter Scott, Esq. 8vo. pp. 180. Longman, London. Constable, Edinburgh. 1806.*

IT would be vain to expect to see any thing in this way standing fairly in competition with *The Lay of the last Minstrel*. These *Ballads*, written according to the old school, and often improving on it, have no such pretensions. "They have," as we learn, "been already published in different collections, some in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, others in the *Tales of Wonder*, and some in both these miscellanies. They are now first collected into one volume;" and when we say that they are creditable to the Muse of Mr. Scott, we pay them no ordinary compliment.

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We avoid, as much as possible, any extracts from bad poetry.— We are, of course, constantly on the alert! But when that which is good falls to our lot, "*eximia raritate commendat natura*," we cannot refrain from the indulgence. As the former pieces seem to have appeared in various shapes, we shall select two beautiful specimens from the portion called *Songs*, "Written," says he, "at different times, for the musical collections of Mr. G. Thomson and Mr. Whyte."

### THE DYING BARD.

AIR—DAFFYBZ GANOWEN.

*The Welch tradition bears, that a bard, on his death-bed, demum'd his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.*

#### I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,  
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:  
No more by sweet Telyi Cadwallon shall rave,  
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

#### II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,  
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;  
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

#### III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,  
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;  
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?  
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

#### IV.

And Oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

#### V.

Then adieu, silver Telyi! I quit thy loved scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,  
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

#### VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,  
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!  
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,  
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

P. 174—175.

There is, in these strains, such a delicate pathos and true poetical spirit as can never fail to touch the heart with pleasing pain. They are, like Milton's Nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy." The next piece, though the fact on which it is founded is of no uncommon occurrence, is handled in a most masterly and delightful manner.

### HELLVELLYN.

*In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;  
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.  
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;  
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
And, Oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—  
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;  
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming ;  
 In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming ;  
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb ;  
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.  
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

The introductory matter relating to traditionary circumstances, and the notes subsequent to the pieces, only serve to prove (at this period unnecessarily) that Mr. Scott, alone, is possessed of that sort of knowledge, taste, and genius, which can presume to meddle, successfully, with this branch of literature.

*The Life of Thomas Dermody : interspersed with Pieces of original Poetry ; many exhibiting unexampled Prematurity of genuine poetical Talent ; and containing a Series of Correspondence with several eminent Characters. By James Grant Raymond. 12mo. 2 Vols. Miller. 1806. Concluded from p. 325, Vol. XXI.*

WHEN we last laid down this interesting piece of biography, we left the unfortunate subject of it at Killeigh, resolved on a visit to the British metropolis, and unwisely and ungratefully relinquishing the protection of his liberal patroness the Countess Dowager of Moira. By means of her last present to him, he reached Dublin, where he remained some time "picking up a sorry pittance as a paragraphist, and by now and then a little fugitive lucubration for a magazine." Soon reduced to the utmost distress, ragged, and almost starving, he again applied to his steady friend Owenson, who once more relieved him, and by his interest enabled him to publish his poems. "It was in one of those trying situations, about this period, when our poet was depressed by disappointment and abandoned by the world, that chance brought Mr. Raymond acquainted with him ; and it is with some pleasure and consolation to himself he relates, that his better fortune afforded him, through a number of successive years, the means of often alleviating his misfortunes ; and when extreme poverty, disease, and death itself approached

and struck him down, enabled him to pay some respectful regard to his remains and to his memory."

Many instances of Mr. Raymond's benevolent attention to the interests of this devoted youth are within our own knowledge.—We are ourselves acquainted with him, and can attest that the writer of these memoirs made frequent, but ineffectual, exertions to reclaim him from his errors, and establish him in that rank of society, which genius and learning, like his, entitled him to look up to.

While he continued in Dublin he neglected no opportunity of making his distresses known to the leading men in that city. A letter from himself, or a little flattering poem, was his usual mode of introduction, and there were few characters of eminence, in Dublin, who did not either relieve his necessities or befriend his talents. Dr. Percy, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Flood, Lord Charlemont, Mr. J. C. Walker, Mr. Monck Mason, Mr. Tighe, Mr. Samuel White; Baron Smith, and Mr. Atkinson, were among his admirers and benefactors; but patronage was thrown away upon Dermody; he seems never to have had any ambition that was laudable; and the opportunity of acquiring literary distinction, and honourable means of subsistence, no sooner presented itself, than he was sure to take some step, as if by design, to baffle the efforts of his friends. Had Chatterton been so assisted, we had not now, perhaps, to lament his miserable fate!

We need not protract this article in narrating the fortune, or rather the misfortune, of Dermody in this country, where his genius was as warmly acknowledged, and liberally assisted, as in Ireland. It was little more than a repetition of his past history. His early habits were not to be shaken off. To obtain the means of gratifying, in company with the lowest associates, an insatiable thirst for spirituous liquors, appears to have been the extent of his desires; for this he courted patronage; through this he forfeited the esteem of his patrons. After innumerable distresses, the consequence of his own irregularities and want of principle, he became an object for the attention of the *Literary Fund*, whose benefactions were frequently repeated. The vice to which he had so long habituated himself, brought on a decline. The friend who had hitherto assisted him did not forsake him in this emergency; he represented his case to several of the poet's well-wishers, and collected a sum sufficient to enable him to procure necessaries, and discharge many of his debts.

On the ninth of July, 1802, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Raymond, from Sydenham.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You no doubt have been greatly surprised at my departure. I had neither time nor opportunity to relate my miseries. My poverty, and the importunities of my unfeeling landlord, compelled me to leave those abominable lodgings in Portpool Lane; and I cannot say I have changed for the better. Pray, my dear friend, write to Lord Moira again: say I cannot live long, and it will be the last favour conferred on an unfortunate youth. I expect nothing but friendship from you at this fatal period, and therefore will not scruple to ask an extraordinary favour on my death-bed. I am in want of everything; and in saying this, I need not tell you that the smallest assistance will give me comfort—I cannot live, and my last hours are full of misery. The favour I have to beg is, that you will call again upon Mr. Addington, and explain that you have seen me; say his last bounty is expended; he is generous; and though I do not deserve his kindness, I think you will not fail to move him.

"You will write me immediately, as you perceive I employ another to write. Forget me not, my dear friend; I have troubled you long, but cannot much longer. God bless you!

THOMAS DERMODY.

"9th July.

"This letter," says Mr. R. "the last he ever wrote, unfortunately did not reach town for several days. On the 15th of July, the author, accompanied by Mr. Allingham, went to visit him. They found him in a wretched hovel, leaning over a few embers, which hardly gave warmth to his shivering and emaciated body, in a state of the deepest misery and dejection. He had scarce power enough left to express the grateful sentiments which their visit inspired; the words faltered on his parched lips; his eyes became filled with tears; and being unable to give expression to the strong feelings which laboured in his breast, he sunk again into the melancholy position in which they had discovered him, and continued silent for a considerable time. These emotions having subsided, he endeavoured to relate the particulars of his unhappy situation; but was often obliged to pause, in order to gather sufficient strength to encounter the violent and oppressive cough which momentarily returned. The deserted appearance of the house, better calculated indeed for the retreat of a horde of robbers than the abode of a dying person, and the wretched poverty displayed in the few articles of furniture which it contained—(a few shapeless stools; some faggots of wood scattered on the floor; and a crazy bedstead without curtains, placed opposite a door which admitted through its crevices both the wind and rain)—added to the gloom which was observable on entering it, and the reflection that a human being was there struggling with a fatal disorder, without either medical assistance, the comforts which sickness requires, or the necessities requisite for the mere support of nature, occasioned the most painful emotions in his two friends. When he had recovered a little from the agitation which their appearance had occasioned, he raised himself from the drooping

posture in which for some time he had placed himself over the fire ; and fixing on the author his sunk eyes, said, ' Thank God for this friendly visit ! I thought I had given the whole world, and you in particular, cause to forget me. I have deserved the severest censure ; but do not now remember I have done so.' The caution was needless ; his past errors were buried in the recollection of his present sufferings, and he had little to dread from the chidings of those who had now to perform only the few last offices of friendship. When his disorder allowed him to enter for a moment into conversation, he assumed a spirit which, though faint, was yet mingled with the eccentricity that had, on almost every occasion, marked his character, and which was equally observable on trivial and on important matters. While the author was stating to him some particulars which he imagined might be conducive to his comfort and recovery, Dermody broke suddenly from the conversation, and observing that Mr. Aningham had taken up a volume of *Hudibras* which lay on the table, said, with a ghastly smile, ' You see I am merry to the last.' A violent fit of coughing succeeded this effort ; when, with a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he said : ' That hollow cough rings out my knell.'

" The comforts which his situation required and admitted having been ordered to be procured for him, his two friends went in search of a more comfortable and commodious lodging, which they speedily procured on the most delightful part of Sydenham-Common, where he was to have a careful nurse, and to be removed the following day. Some money was now given to the landlord for his use : and having assured him that they would return the next morning and convey him to the apartments they had provided for him, his visitors took their leave, not without a hope that their solicitude for his happiness, and the anxiety which they had expressed for his recovery, would have soothed his apprehensions, and secured him comfort during the tedious night. Their hopes however were vain, and their labours ineffectual. Dermody expired the same evening, at the age of twenty-seven years and six months."

Thus lived and died Thomas Dermody, a young man, certainly of extraordinary genius, who, as Mr. R. justly observes, " had his ambition kept pace with the encouragement which he received ; had he studied and pursued moral with the same ardour as poetical propriety ; had his regard for character and decorum equalled his poverty and his love of dissipation ; might have lived to be the admiration of the great, the wonder of the learned, and the ornament of society ; science might have smiled upon his labours, fame might have proclaimed his excellence, and posterity with delight would record his name."

These volumes, so creditable in every respect to their author, are interspersed with several beautiful pieces of poetry, and ingenious compositions in prose, by Dermody : and contain a variety of

letters from distinguished characters, who had, at different times, exerted themselves in behalf of that unhappy youth. Some critical remarks on poetry in general, and an able examen of the particular qualifications of Dermody as a poet, appear at the beginning of the first and the conclusion of the second volume.

*The Bankrupt and Creditor's friendly Assistant ; or the Spirit of the Bankrupt Laws, with the Statutes relating to Bankruptcy, Orders for regulating the Proceedings, Rules and Examples for the last Examination, and various useful Observations. By Jos. Montefiore, Solicitor. Crown 8vo. pp. 283. 8s. Lackington & Co. 1806.*

THE fate of bankrupts, as Mr. Montefiore justly remarks, greatly depends on prudence and discretion, and on knowing what is proper to be done in particular stages of the commission. This tract is calculated to furnish every necessary assistance to all parties concerned in insolvent cases, the increase of which, and the distress consequent on them, we have daily cause to deplore. In the year 1770 the number of commissions of bankrupt issued was 38, in 1793 it amounted to 1304.

#### DRAMATIC.

*The Sultana, or the Jealous Queen. A Tragedy. By W. Gardiner. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1806.*

A TRAGEDY, not written for the theatre, would, were it found at a German fair, appear, in a great measure, to resemble the pedlar's razors, which were not made to shave, but to sell. The difference, here, however, is very palpable.—This drama is not only unfit for what its nature seems to require ; but it is unlikely to answer the purpose for which it was intended—sale. That the author is no Orpheus, we are informed, in his preface, which, had it been like the *Irish* historian's (Mr. Plowden's) *postliminious*, would have been wholly superfluous : for he immediately proceeds to prove that he is no poet at all. We doubt not, that when Mr. Gardiner sees the whole impression of his tragedy left on his bookseller's hands, his "dulcet bosom" (as he calls it) will heave ; and, judging from his own, he will be surprised at the public's want of feeling. He once, probably, said, with Dryden's poet in the prologue,

"This tragedy will moisten every eye ;"

and he may now add ;

"If I but look upon't, it makes me cry."

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.*

Cicero.

The Imitation of Life.—The Mirror of Manners.—The Representation of Truth.

## DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. XV.

## A COMPARISON OF THE MERITS OF DRYDEN AND POPE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

THERE is no modern writer whose style is more distinguishable than Dryden's. Energy and ease are its chief characters. The former is owing to a happy choice of expressions, equally emphatical and plain; the latter to a laudable partiality in favour of the idioms and radical words of the English tongue! the *native* riches and *peculiar* genius whereof are perhaps more apparent in him, than in any other of our poets. In Dryden's more correct pieces, we meet with no affectation of words of Greek or Latin etymology, no cumbersome pomp of epithets, no drawling circumlocutions, no idle glare of images, no blunderings round about a meaning: his English is pure and simple, nervous and clear, to a degree which Pope has never exceeded, and not always equalled. Yet, as I have elsewhere remarked, his attachment to the vernacular idioms, as well as the fashion of his age, often betrays him into a vulgarity, and even meanness of expression, which is particularly observable in his translations of Virgil and Homer, and in those parts of his writings where he aims at pathos or sublimity. In fact, Dryden's genius did not lead him to the sublime or pathetic. Good strokes of both may be found in him; but they are momentary, and seem to be accidental. He is too witty for the one, and too familiar for the other. That he had no adequate relish for the majesty of *Paradise Lost*, is evident to those who have compared his opera called *The State of Innocence*, with that immortal poem; and that his taste for the true pathetic was imperfect, too manifestly appears from the general tenor of his translations as well as tragedies. His Virgil abounds in lines and couplets of the most perfect beauty; but these are mixed with others of a different stamp, nor can they who judge of the original

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by this translation, ever receive any tolerable idea of that uniform magnificence of sound and language, that exquisite choice of words and figures, and that sweet pathos of expression and of sentiment, which characterise the Mantuan poet.—In delineating the more familiar scenes of life, in clothing plain moral doctrines with easy and graceful versification, in the various departments of comic satire, and in the spirit and melody of his lyric poems, Dryden is inferior to none of those who went before him. He exceeds his master Chaucer in the first: in the three last, he rivals Horace; the style of whose epistles he has happily imitated in his *Religio Laici*, and other didactic pieces; and the harmony and elegance of whose ode he has proved that he could have equalled, if he had thought proper to cultivate that branch of the poetic art. Indeed, whether we consider his peculiar significancy of expression, or the purity of his style; the sweetness of his lyric, or the ease and perspicuity of his moral poems; the sportive severity of his satire, or his talents in wit and humour; Dryden, in point of *genius* (I do not say *taste*) seems to bear a closer affinity to Horace, than to any other ancient or modern author. For energy of words, vivacity of description, and apposite variety of numbers, his *Feast of Alexander* is superior to any ode of Horace or Pindar now extant.

Dryden's verse, though often faulty, has a grace and a spirit peculiar to itself. That of Pope is more correct, and perhaps upon the whole more harmonious; but it is in general more languid, and less diversified. Pope's numbers are sweet, but elaborate; and our sense of their energy is in some degree interrupted by our attention to the art displayed in their contexture: Dryden's are natural and free; and, while they communicate their own sprightly motion to the spirits of the reader, hurry him along with a gentle and pleasing violence, without giving him time either to animadvert on their faults, or to analyse their beauties. Pope excels in solemnity of sound; Dryden in an easy melody and boundless variety of rhythm. In this last respect he is perhaps superior to all other English poets, Milton himself not excepted. Till Dryden appeared, none of our writers in rhyme of the last century approached in any measure to the harmony of Fairfax and Spenser. Of Waller it can only be said, that he is not harsh; of Denham and Cowley, if a few couplets were struck out of their works, we could not say so much. But in Dryden's hands, the English rhyming couplet assumed a new form; and seems hardly susceptible of any further improvement. One of the greatest poets of this century, Mr.

Gray, modestly declared to me, that if there was in his own numbers any thing that deserved approbation, he had learned it all from Dryden.

Critics have often stated a comparison between Dryden and Pope, as poets of the same order, and who differed only in *degree* of merit. But, in my opinion, the merit of the one differs considerably in *kind* from that of the other. Both were happy in a sound judgment and most comprehensive mind. Wit, and humour, and learning too, they seem to have possessed in equal measure; or, if Dryden may be thought to have gone deeper in the sciences, Pope must be allowed to have been the greater adept in the arts. The diversities in point of correctness and delicacy, which arose from their different ways of life, I do not insist upon. But, setting these aside, if Dryden founds any claim of preference on the originality of his manner, we shall venture to affirm, that Pope may found a similar claim, and with equal justice, on the perfection of his taste; and that, if the critical writings of the first are more voluminous, those of the second are more judicious; if Dryden's inventions are more diversified, those of Pope are more regular, and more important. Pope's style may be thought to have less simplicity, less vivacity, and less of the purity of the mother-tongue, but is at the same time more uniformly elevated, and less debased with vulgarity, than that of his great master:—and the superior variety that animates the numbers of the latter, will perhaps be found to be compensated by the steadier and more majestic modulation of the former. Thus far their merits would appear to be pretty equally balanced. But if the opinion of those critics be true, who hold that the highest regions of Parnassus are appropriated to pathos and sublimity, Dryden must, after all, confess, that he has never ascended so far as his illustrious imitator; there being nothing in the writings of the first so pathetic as the *Epistle of Eloisa*, or the *Elegy on the Unfortunate Lady*; nor so uniformly sublime as the *Essay on Men*, or the *Pastoral of the Messiah*. This last is indeed but a selection and imitation of choice passages; but it bespeaks a power of imitation, and a taste in selection, that Dryden does not seem to have possessed. To all which may I not be permitted to add, what I think I could prove, that the pathos of Homer is frequently improved by Pope, and that of Virgil very frequently debased by Dryden?

The writings of Dryden are stamped with originality, but are not always the better for that circumstance. Pope is an imitator

professedly, and of choice; but to most of those whom he copies he is at least equal, and to many of them superior: and it is pleasing to observe how he rises in proportion to his originals. Where he follows Denham, Buckingham, Roscommon, and Rochester, in his *Windsor Forest*, *Essay on Criticism*, and poem on Silence, he is superior indeed, but does not soar very high above them. When he versifies Chaucer, he catches, as by instinct, the ease, simplicity, and spirit of Dryden, whom he there emulates. In the *Rape of the Lock* he outshines Boileau, as much as the sylphs that flutter round Belinda exceed in sprightliness and luminous beauty those mechanical attendants of the goddess of luxury, who knead up plumpness for the chin of the canon, and pound vermilion for the cheek of the monk. His *Eloisa* is beyond all comparison more sublime and more interesting than any of Ovid's heroines. His imitations of Horace equal their archetypes in elegance, and often surpass them in energy and fire. In the lyric style, he was no match for Dryden: but when he copies the manner of Virgil, and borrows the thoughts of Isaiah, Pope is superior not only to himself, but to almost all other poets.

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### ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

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**JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS**, a tragedy, in five acts, in verse, 1580.

In the spring of 1580, *Henry* the Third, and *Louisa* his queen, proposed to take the benefit of the waters at *Plombieres*. Father *Frenton*, a Jesuit, to amuse their majesties, wished to produce before them the present tragedy, but a contagious fever having spread great alarm in France, the project miscarried, after considerable preparations had been made for the performance. It was represented on the 17th of September, in the presence of Charles the Third, duke of Lorraine. This prince was so well satisfied with his entertainment, that he presented the author, whom he had seen very shabbily dressed, with one hundred crowns of gold, recommending him at the same time to employ part of the money in buying some new cloaths, of which he appeared to stand so much in need.

*The Death of Nero*, a tragedy, by M. *Péchantré*, 1708.

The author, attending to the Horatian precept, was nine years in writing this play, of which the following anecdote is related:—*Péchantré* having left on the table of an inn a paper, wherein there were several sketches of speeches, and among them the following

words, "Here the king shall be killed," the landlord, who was not prepossessed in favour of the poet by his appearance, thought it his duty to carry the paper to the intendant of the police, who ordered him, if the stranger should return, to give him immediate information. *Péchantré* went back to the inn in a few days, and ordered something to eat; but just as he was sitting down to his repast, he was surrounded by a troop of archers. The intendant producing his paper, charged him with entertaining a treasonable design. "Ah, monsieur!" said the poet, "how rejoiced I am at seeing that paper. I have been looking for it several days. It is the principal scene in the tragedy which I am now writing, and wherein I intend to place the death of *Nero*." The intendant sent away the archers, and some little time afterwards *Péchantré* brought out his play.

*DON JOHN*, or the *Feast of the Statue*, a comedy, of five acts, in prose, acted at PARIS, at the theatre of the Palais Royale, 15 Feb. 1665.

It was not through choice that *Moliere* wrote on the subject of *Don John*, or the *Feast of the Statue*, [the *Don Juan* of the English théâtre.] The *Italians*, who borrowed it from the Spanish, had brought it upon their stage in France, with vast success. A villain, odious for his crimes and hypocrisy; the silly miracle of a moving and speaking statue, and the extravagant scene of hell, did not disgust the vulgar, who are always fond of wonders.

In 1660, *Villers*, a comedian of the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, acted it in verse, and *Moliere* performed it in prose, in 1665. His company, who had set him upon this work, were sufficiently punished for their bad choice by the little success it met with; which might be occasioned, perhaps, either by the prejudice (which then prevailed against comedies in five acts written in prose) being stronger than the spirit of whim, which had drawn the public in crowds to the *Italians*, and to the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, or else by their being offended with some hazardous passages in it, which the author suppressed on the second representation.

A company, formed in 1637, out of that of *Moraise* and that of the *Palais Royale*, which were both dissolved, performed *Moliere's Feast of the Statue*, after *Thomas Corneille* had turned it into verse, at the *Hotel of Guenegaud*, in 1677, under which form it drew a prodigious concourse of spectators; and this is the piece that has ever since been acted.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

*Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

WRITTEN ABOUT AND IN THAT COLLEGE.

Sorrows are mine—then let me joys evade,  
 And seek for sympathies in this lone shade.  
 The glooms of death fall heavy on my heart ;  
 And, between life and me, a truce impart.  
 Genius has vanish in its opening bloom,  
 And youth and beauty wither in the tomb !

Thought ever prompt to lend th' enquiring eye  
 Pursues thy spirit through futurity.  
 Does thy aspiring mind new powers essay,  
 Or, in suspended being, wait the day,  
 When earth shall fall before the awful train  
 Of Heav'n and virtues everlasting reign ?

May goodness, which thy heart did once en throne,  
 Emit one ray to meliorate my own !  
 And, for thy sake, when time, affliction calm,  
 Science shall please, and poesie shall charm.

I turn my steps whence issued all my woes,  
 Where the dull courts, monastic glooms impose,  
 Thence fled a spirit, whose unbounded scope,  
 Surpass'd the fond creations, e'en of hope.

Along this path thy living step has fled,  
 Along this path they bore thee to the dead.  
 All that this languid eye can now survey  
 Witnessed the vigour of thy fleeting day :  
 And witnessed all, as speaks this anguist tear,  
 The solemn progress of thy early bier.

Sacred the walls that took thy parting breath,  
 Own'd thee in life, encompass'd thee in death !

Oh ! I can feel, as felt the sorrowing friend,  
 Who o'er thy corse in agony did bend :  
 Dead as thyself, to all the world inspires,  
 Paid the last rites mortality requires ;  
 Closed the dim eye, that beam'd with mind before ;  
 Composed the icy limbs to move no more !

Some power the picture from my memory tear,  
Or feeling will rush onward to despair.

Immortal hopes! come, lend your blest relief;  
And raise the soul, bow'd down with mortal grief.  
Teach it to look for comfort in the skies;  
Earth cannot give what Heaven's high will denies.

*Cambridge, Nov. 1836.*

## PROLOGUE.

To the new play of

**ADRIAN AND ORRILA; OR A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.**

*Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.*

*Spoken by Mr. Brunton.*

LONG has the STAGE, determined to impart  
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,  
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,  
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.  
With elevation now, the alter'd Muse  
That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse:  
In FANCY's rose no vivid colour sees,  
Unless that vividness the Just can please;  
In WIT's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,  
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;  
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,  
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,  
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,  
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!  
Licentious follies rarely intervene,  
And truth, and sense, and honour claim the scene!

When LOVE's distress shall in our story rise,  
Let sighs break forth—for those are NATURE's sighs.  
When persecuted Worth in grief appears,  
Be proud to weep—for those are VIRTUE's tears.

But to our author: Each DRAMATIC BARD  
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;  
Form'd to attract the FASHION of the DAY,  
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.

They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,  
 Uncertain honour, fugitive applause !—  
 Now hopes, now fears his anxious heart compose,  
 Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those ;  
 For in our days, when ENVY smiles to sting,  
 Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.  
 Then WITS and HEROES and the CRITIC few,  
 Here let me pass, and, LADIES, plead to *you* ;  
 You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,  
 All critics comment, and all heroes fight !  
 Protection from the fair at once conveys  
 Ample renown, consolidated praise ;  
 For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,  
 The *smiles* of BEAUTY are the *wreaths* of FAME !  
 Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,  
 Each noble passion animates the breast ;  
 They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,  
 Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind !

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### PROLOGUE TO MR. H—,

*Spoken by Mr. Elliston*

If we have sinn'd in paring down a name,  
 All civil well-bred authors do the same.  
 Survey the columns of our daily writers—  
 You'll find that some initials are great fighters :—  
 How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,  
 When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.  
 With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,  
 Cross Captain X. and rough old General IZZARD !  
 Letter to letter spread the dire alarms,  
 Till half the alphabet is up in arms.  
 Nor with less lustre have initials shone,  
 To grace the gentler annals of Grim Con.  
 Where the dispensers of the public lash,  
 Soft penance give—a letter and a dash—  
 Where vice, reduced in size, shrinks to a failing,  
 And loses half its grossness by curtailing,

FAUX PAS are told in such a modest way—  
 “The affair of Colonel B. with Mrs. A.”  
 You must excuse them—for what is there, say,  
 Which such a pliant vowel must not grant  
 To such a very pressing consonant !  
 Or who poetic justice dares dispute,  
 When, mildly melting at a lover’s suit,  
 The wife’s a LIQUID—her good man, a MUTE !  
 Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,  
 The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,  
 Initials, I am told, have taken place  
 Of deary, spouse, and that old-fashion’d race :  
 And Cabbage, ask’d by brother Snip to tea,  
 Replies, “I’ll come—but it don’t rest with me—  
 “I always leaves them things to Mrs. C——.”  
 O should this mincing fashion ever spread  
 From names of living heroes to the dead,  
 How would ambition sigh and hang her head,  
 As each lov’d syllable should melt away,  
 Her Alexander turn’d into great A.  
 A single C:—her Cæsar to express—  
 Her Scipio shorten’d to a Roman S—  
 And nick’d and dock’d to these new modes of speech,  
 Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H——.

### DESCRIPTION OF A CONNOISSEUR’S ROOM.

IMPRINTS, wings of dragon-flies  
 In curious order catch the eyes;  
 Some Roman sandals to cut capers,  
 A tie-wig wet with Cambden’s vapours ;  
 Of books a rare and precious olio,  
 An Homer—but observe in folio ;  
 He would as soon put out his eyes  
 As have it in a pocket-size.  
 A serpent skin, some Spanish farthings,  
 A lion’s tooth, and such like rare things.  
 Item, a robe with broken spangles,  
 Some stones that form all kinds of angles,

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Some mould'ring halfpence, which might pass  
 With him for antique Grecian brass.  
 These rang'd in their respective places  
 Stand Muses, Cupid, and the Graces.  
 Here an Apollo stands before ye,  
 But fractur'd a posteriori;  
 And there the bust of Virgil dead,  
 Defective only in the head.  
 Item, a toe; but whose, indeed  
 The learned are not yet agreed.  
 Hoyle in two folios thinks 'twas Sully's,  
 But Boole in four affirms 'twas Tully's.  
 Non nostrum est to interpose;  
 Commend me to the worth of toes.  
 Item, three hairs from Caesar's head,  
 A snail, that was in India bred;  
 A three-legg'd saucepan, but which age  
 Into a tripod's form could change.  
 An helmet falling into dust,  
 And crusted o'er with precious rust;  
 With R's, V's; A's, which fully prove—  
 Whate'er to prove th' inventors love.  
 Some sand from the Granicus gather'd,  
 The brush with which King Charles was lather'd.  
 A bottle full of snow Caucasian,  
 A stone, which has some grand relation  
 To the great king of this great nation.  
 Here Venus stands, whose charms to find  
 Requires in truth no common mind.  
 There Jeno with true bullock's eye,\*  
 A Mercur'y without wings to fly,  
 A Momus with a face of woe,  
 And Jove, Heav'n's King! without a toe!  
 While all around, behind, before ye,  
 Crying as 'twere "memento mori,"  
 Lie arms, half eaten skulls and thighs,  
 Teeth, heads, legs, hands, feet, bones, toes, eyes,  
 Enough in conscience to procure  
 The name he longs for—Connoisseur.

HESPER.

\* Водяныя околицы Непт.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

DEC. 8. --- *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*, was revived, as exhibited some years ago at Drury-Lane, with the indelicate, absurd, and meagre additions of Dryden, omitting the female monster, originally introduced as the companion to Caliban. What Dryden, and his coadjutor Davenant, have supplied, not only destroy the design, but detract, materially, from the interest of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and it is not too great a compliment to our own times to say that an audience in the *one shilling gallery* now cannot hear, without disgust, the least offensive of those allusions, which, when Dryden wrote, were, in all their grossness, accepted and applauded by the *bores*. But to have done with the bad taste of Dryden, and the taste equally bad of Mr. Kemble, who could not be content with the *old stock* of Shakspeare without this *base inoculation*, we shall pass on to the performance, which, in some respects, was very creditable to the theatre. Kemble must always impart consequence to whatever character he assumes, and in some of the solemn passages of *Prospero*, he was extremely impressive: but his *forte* is not declamation, and *Prospero* affords little room for any thing else. Emery was much better than we expected in Caliban; the malignity of the "abhorred slave, capable of all ill," was adequately expressed; but there was a falling off in the songs from what we remember them when given by Bannister, and others. The *daughters* were played by Miss Brunton and Mrs. C. Kemble. The dialogue of many of the scenes, in which they were concerned, excited such strong disapprobation, that the effect of their acting could not but be greatly injured. *Trinculo* appeared, for the first time, in a *fool's coat*. That he was a *jester* we know, for he is so called in the original *dramatis personæ*, and that he should wear a party-coloured dress, appears proper from the speech of Caliban, "What a pied ninny's this?" We presume also that Mr. Kemble has some good reason for making him the *king's jester*; but of the authority for this we are not aware, unless the honour of being wrecked in the same vessel with the king, may have been deemed sufficient to entitle him to the distinction. Fawcett was the *Trinculo*, and Munden the *Stephano*. Two excellent comedians they are, and they did great justice to their characters; but after the latter had lost his bottle in the pool, it should not have been seen dangling at his breast. A new *Ariel* made her appearance; a Miss Meadows, whose father performed several years since at the Haymarket. Her voice is very agreeable, her execution promising, and her performance altogether worthy of much commendation. This lady is a pupil of Mr. Davy, who furnished a new overture, which was not unworthy of introducing the admirable music of Purcell.

11. --- *Arbitration*; or, *Free and Easy*. The author of this farce did not, at first, acknowledge it; but the award was given so much in his favour by the arbiters to whom he submitted it, that the name of the writer has transpired, and if Mr. Reynolds had not thought proper to own his offspring, the features of the child must have declared the parent. It is a merry, bustling, little piece, with several *flashes of wit* against lawyers, law-promoters, proctors, &c. which set the audience in a roar, assisted by the boundless vivacity of Mr. Lewis, the *tasty* humour of Blanchard, the comical face of Liston, and the melodious voice of Miss Tyrer.

## DRURY-LANE.

**TEKELI.**—This melo-drama, as we predicted, has proved of great service to the theatre. The origin of the plot is the same as that of the *Escapes*, at the rival house; but perhaps one was taken from the German and the other from the French. The story has certainly appeared in several shapes on the continent, but between the melo-drama and the opera there is sufficient difference to give to the former all the interest and attraction of novelty.

The difficulties which the hero encounters, to elude the vigilance and the vengeance of his enemies, form the subject of the piece; and these are contrived so ingeniously, and by means of so many lucky incidents, that attention is fixed to the scene at the very commencement, and is not once diverted till the end of the second act. There the interest stops, and there the melo-drama should be brought to a final close. The last act is mere declamation, which is more vapid from its possessing nothing new, either as to situation or sentiment. It is a repetition of the last scene of the *English Fleet*. The acting was very excellent. *Tekeli* requires not much from the actor, but Millston knows how to make much of a little, and Mr. Hook is greatly indebted to him for undertaking the character. *Downton*, in *Wolf*, the faithful friend of *Tekeli*, appeared to very great advantage. *Wroughton*, *Mathews*, *De Camp*, *Russell*, *Miss Duncan*, and *Mrs. Bland*, did all that the author could desire or expect.

The scene of the mill is uncommonly fine; in other respects there was a deficiency of show. The decorations were tarnished, and the siege was only a scene of confusion. But it proves that interest is sufficient of itself to support a drama, without the aid of ornament. Our mere spectacles are seldom worth any thing.

Would it not have been as well if Mr. Hook had acknowledged, in the printed drama, the obligations he has been under to the French stage? The task of adapting, we are aware, is considerable; but the inventor is surely entitled to his full share of praise.

27. A gentleman attempted *Pierre*, in *Venice Preserved*.

DEC. 2. Bannister appeared for the first time since his accident, in *Sir Bashful Constant*. The applause was prodigious, and the actor seemed deeply grateful for this additional instance of the public partiality.

10. *Mr. H——*. Under this singular title a farce was produced on this evening, preceded by an excellent prologue, which, that our opinion may be put to the test, we have printed in our poetical department. It is a farce of very broad humour, and quite *sui generis*. The decision, though ultimately unfavourable, should not discourage the writer, who, as we understand, is a gentleman in the India House. The whole turns upon a man's dislike to his own name, and after numerous whimsical embarrassments, (occasioned by his persisting to call himself *Mr. H——*) with his servants, the lady to whom he is attached, and in public company, he inadvertently discovers that his name is *HOGSFLESH*. The house was convulsed with laughter through the whole of the first act. In the second the incidents increased in extravagance, and a few coarse expressions occurring, those who came to laugh, and had laughed most immoderately, exercised their remaining privilege, less grateful to an author's feelings, and the curtain dropped amidst so much disapprobation that the piece was withdrawn by the writer, after having been a second time announced in the bills.

## KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the 13th of December under the able and experienced management of Mr. Kelly, aided by the active exertions of Mr. Jewel, the Opera commenced. The great attraction of the night was *Madame Catalini*, and it was so powerful as to crowd the house in a manner never before witnessed on a similar occasion. *Madame Banti* made her first appearance in *Semiramide*.---*Madame Catalini*, fearing no comparison, chose the same part for her *début*. The music of this Opera was originally composed by *Bianchi*, but the present composition is by *Portogallo*, with a view to bring the vast powers of this surprising singer into the most effectual action. On her entrée *Arema* exclaims *fear not*,---to which she replies *timor non è, it is something more than fear*. The effect which these speeches, so applicable to her situation, had on the feelings of the house must be left to the imagination. During the first act she was not perfectly master of herself, though encouraged by a deserved encore in her duet with *Righi*, and loudly applauded in the *Cavatina* and *Bravura*, which she gave in a wonderful style of excellence. Her confidence increased as she proceeded, and with it the expression of her powers, which have never been equalled in this country. Her acting was only inferior to her singing. The compass of her voice is extraordinary, going at once as low as *Grassini's*, and as high as *Billington's*. Her tones are delightfully soft and musical, and her chromatic execution or running half notes up and down is truly surprising. For the last five years, *Madame Catalini* has been studying at Lisbon under *Crescentini*, a castrato of great science, and himself a prodigy in the art. Of the middling stature, her figure is very interesting, active, easy and graceful. Her face is oval and full of female delicacy and expression. With all these corporeal charms added to a voice which has in it all the "mazy running soul of melody," her accession to this theatre may be considered as one of the happiest events in the annals of the Italian opera in this country.

On the same night was produced a new dancer, *Mademoiselle Presle*. She is by no means a first rate performer. Her agility requires grace. The band, led by *Weichsel*, is as before excellent. The Operatic corps is full and well ordered, the greatest attention paid to the convenience of the audience, and under these favourable circumstances the public have every thing to expect that can ravish the ear and charm the sight.

Last season Mr. Gould, the director and proprietor of the Opera, submitted a state of the concern to a committee composed of his R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the Marquis of Headfort, Earls Cholmondeley and Sefton, Viscount Hampden, Messrs. Bellamyse and Ogilvie. By the report of the third of June, the deficit amounted for the four last years to fifteen thousand two hundred and two pounds three shillings and sixpence. It was therefore proposed to augment the subscription, which was readily agreed to by all the subscribers except three, for whose situation there are above thirty candidates of distinction.

## PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

*Theatre-Royal EDINBURGH.*—It is not my object to detail the merits of a company whose exertions I have so seldom witnessed; or, since they are still incomplete, to discuss their pretensions to the appellation “best out of London,” so modestly applied to them in the manager’s advertisement, even before they had appeared at all. “Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.” They shall hear from me in *due* season, though I have no reason to believe that they are at all calculated to improve upon acquaintance.

At present I state, *generally*, that for Turpin, Hollingsworth, &c. has been substituted, Johnson, and that the world do not conceive, more than I, that any addition has thus been made to the comic strength of the company. His wife is engaged for the tragic heroine, but of this lady I shall not say any thing at present. The pretensions of Miss Benson, a very young lady, who is, I suppose, to be coaxed and dandled into name, I also pass over in *merited* silence, until I can discover that she has real claims to notice, beyond those of her personal accomplishments, which are really sufficient to inspire a hoary anchorite with more than devotion. As little intention have I to enlarge upon the Northumbrian, or “*I’se Yorkshire*” dialect of Mrs. Bennet, as the incessant yelping utterance of Benner. I say nothing of Mrs. Young (my old favourite when Miss Biggs), or of Mr. Archer, because, though announced, they have not yet “met my view.” I mention not the name of Miss Walton, because I have already said of her all I ought to say, and because it is not in my nature to say any thing prejudicial of a beautiful woman. I pass over in equal silence the *pretensions* of John Dwyer, and the *jangling* claims of Berry and of Rock, as I neither can admit those of the former gentleman to the extent he contends for, nor deign to even notice the qualities of the depute manager, when contrasted with those of his popular adversary: the subject is *now* a little hacknied, and the merits of both are, to your readers at least, as *stale*, as their exertions have of late, in Edinburgh, been “flat and unprofitable.” I pass to a subject more agreeable to my feelings, because more suited to the natural mildness and gentleness of my disposition, *viz.* to state, in terms of just eulogium, the merits of Mr. Meggett, whose deserving, as an actor, can only be exceeded by what, in the opinion of his friends at least, forms his merit as a man.

To a figure combining manliness with grace, joined to a deportment at once dignified, easy, and unembarrassed; to a voice susceptible of every modulation, and of considerable compass and strength, this very meritorious, and to us *new* actor, possesses features at once expressive, prominent, and, to a considerable extent, flexible. I regret to have seen him in but one character, and that, on my part, under very *unfavourable* circumstances. I could not help, however, observing, that his general conception of the part was accurate, that, in many of the scenes, he exhibited *pathos* and *force* in the highest degree. That he might fail, indeed, in the finer and more mellowed shades of that great character, may be true; indeed, from

the wise arrangement of the manager, in causing plays to be performed nightly, and of course the due revival or preparation of great parts thus rendered impossible, such deficiencies were natural. I might, indeed, wish that much of the fire expended, and in my mind unnecessarily so, in the earlier scenes, had been reserved for the last ones, which are, in my mind, the greatest, and in which all the fire of almost all actors is at least necessary. I allude chiefly to his manner in the castle, and the beginning of the field scene, where he was *at least* lame, not to say formal. I might mark many errors in the dagger scene, and complain of his displaying too much of the mechanical tricks of the actor, and thus to interrupt the gradual growth of passion, without which the climax never can be reached; that his manner in repeating the lines, which are perhaps the best calculated in the piece for stage effect, "Hear it not, Duncan!" was loud and boisterous, instead of displaying the expression of genuine feeling, pity, and remorse. I might complain of his remembering too much, and expressing too visibly, that he was before an audience, and this particularly in the banquet scene; of his giving too much pomp to level dialogue, and being too formal in more impassioned scenes. I might dispute the propriety of many of his new readings, though, generally speaking, I must allow their *generic merit*, and confess that they, in every instance, proved that they were never lightly or inconsiderately adopted. Indeed, what has been published as the Drury-Lane (at least so denominated) edition of this piece, which Mr. Meggett, in general, seems, with others, to follow, appears to me to adopt meanings totally inimical to the spirit of the play, and the meaning of the author. These and other errors, of no great consequence, might be enlarged upon, but which, in the whole circumstances of the case, it would be unfair to detail. His personification of Scotia's ill-fated monarch was well conceived, and in general most ably delineated. In the first act, in particular, he threw out many beauties, and, as well as in the second, and in parts of the following ones, shewed that he could discriminate with judgment and mark with accuracy. I have therefore no hesitation to declare him "a tower of strength" to the Edinburgh company, or to prognosticate that, in due season, he will be well entitled to dispute the crown, even in your southern metropolis, with the most favoured votaries of Melpomene. I have in fairness to add, that in the opinion of some individuals whom I know to have the judgment to appreciate, and the liberality to acknowledge meritorious exertions, Mr. Meggett's personification of Hamlet was most accurately delineated, and most masterly filled up; that, in the closet scene, in particularly, energy was never so happily and so successfully blended with the finer filial feeling, a task of discrimination which even a Kemble is not always happy in marking. The list of the company, their merits and successes, shall be detailed in my next. I have merely to add, that my sentiments of them shall be, as usual, unbiassed by affection, and uninfluenced by fear.

I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

*The Speech of the Lords Commissioners to both Houses of Parliament, on Friday, December 19, 1806:*

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

HIS Majesty has commanded us to assure you, that, in the difficult and arduous circumstances under which you are now assembled, it is a great satisfaction to him to recur to the firmness and wisdom of his parliament, after so recent an opportunity of collecting the sense of his people.

HIS Majesty has ordered the papers which have been exchanged in the course of the late negotiation with France to be laid before you. HIS Majesty has employed every effort for the restoration of general tranquillity on terms consistent with the interests and honour of his people, and with that inviolable good faith towards his allies, by which the conduct of this country has always been distinguished.

The ambition and injustice of the enemy disappointed these endeavours, and in the same moment kindled a fresh war in Europe, the progress of which has been attended with the most calamitous events. After witnessing the subversion of the ancient constitution of Germany, and the subjugation of a large proportion of its most considerable states, Prussia found herself still more nearly threatened by that danger which she had vainly hoped to avert by so many sacrifices. She was, therefore, at length compelled to adopt the resolution of openly resisting this unremitted system of aggrandizement and conquest. But neither this determination, nor the succeeding measures, were previously concerted with HIS Majesty; nor had any disposition been shewn to offer any adequate satisfaction for those aggressions which had placed the two countries in a state of mutual hostility.

Yet, in this situation, HIS Majesty did not hesitate to adopt, without delay, such measures as were best calculated to unite their councils and interests against the common enemy. The rapid course of the calamities which ensued, opposed insurmountable difficulties to the execution of this purpose. In the midst of these disastrous events, and under the most trying circumstances, the good faith of his Majesty's allies has remained unshaken. The conduct of the King of Sweden has been distinguished by the most honourable firmness. Between HIS Majesty and the emperor of Russia the happiest union subsists. It has been cemented by reciprocal proofs of good faith and confidence; and HIS Majesty doubts not that you will participate in his anxiety to cultivate and confirm an alliance, which affords the best remaining hope of safety for the Continent of Europe.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

HIS Majesty looks with confidence to your assistance in those exertions which the honour and independence of your country demand. The necessity of adding to the public burthens will be painful to your feelings, and is deeply distressing to HIS Majesty. In considering the estimates for the various branches of the public service, you will best consult HIS Majesty's wishes by combining all practicable economy with those efforts which it is necessary to make against the formidable and increasing power of the enemy.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

The long series of misfortune which has afflicted the Continent of Europe could not fail to affect in some degree many important interests of this country. But under every successive difficulty His Majesty has had the satisfaction of witnessing an increasing energy and firmness on the part of his people, whose uniform and determined resistance has been no less advantageous than honourable to themselves, and has exhibited the most striking example to the surrounding nations.

The unconquerable valour and discipline of His Majesty's fleets and armies continue to be displayed with undiminished lustre; the great sources of our prosperity and strength are unimpaired; nor has the British nation been at any time more united in sentiment and action, or more determined to maintain inviolate the independence of the empire, and the dignity of the national character.

With these advantages, and with an humble reliance on the protection of the divine providence, His Majesty is prepared to meet the exigencies of this great crisis, assured of receiving the fullest support from the wisdom of your deliberations, and from the tried affection, loyalty, and public spirit of his brave people.

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## DOMESTIC EVENTS.

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CARLETON HOUSE.—While kingdoms are subverted on the Continent, and monarchs driven into exile, the Prince of Wales seems determined to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of sleep. The following is said to be a correct account of his bed-chamber:—This apartment is entirely hung with drab colour broad cloth, which admits of being drawn aside at every aperture, such as the doors, windows, looking glasses, &c. The whole produces altogether the most novel and singularly pleasing *coup d'œil* imaginable. The *bonne graces* are of a cinnamon colour, adorned with a *pelmet* of black velvet, which, suspended from a richly gilt cornice, composed of the oak leaf and apple branch, harmonize, and add greatly to the grandeur of the general effect. At the two opposite extremities of the room are two projecting domes, with curtains of the same materials as the *bonne graces*: the first forming a kind of anti-room to the bed chamber, in which is suspended a magnificent vase, containing the night light, and in the other is affixed the bed. The latter is certainly the most elegant and appropriate piece of furniture, perhaps ever attempted in this country. The form of this superb article is wholly after the Grecian costume. It is of black and gold, elevated upon a platform, the ascent to which is by a flight of three steps. The lattices are covered with a light blue velvet carpeting. The curtains which are attached to the bed, are suspended from a golden eagle, placed in the centre; they are of a light sky-blue silk, dotted over with silver stars. A large mirror ten feet in height, which forms the back ground of the bed, reflects the

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whole interior of the room, and produces the finest perspective that judgment and taste could devise. The whole of the room is covered with a rich mazarine, or garter-blue velvet carpet, ornamented with gold rozettes. The latter adds considerably to the richness of the *chef d'œuvre*. This beautiful apartment is lighted up by four superb Grecian candelabras placed in the four corners of the room. There are dressing-rooms, and anti-rooms, the latter for the pages in waiting. In the centre of these has been erected a magnificent bath, the walls of which are composed of *verd antique*, and the bath itself is paved with the most beautiful white marble. In the eight niches, or recesses, in the bath, are to be placed the beautiful and in valuable statues which were sent over from Italy by the Duke of Sussex some years since.

**THE BRITISH NAVY.**—The whole of the ships in his majesty's service which are in commission at present, amount to 773. Of these, 133 are of the line, 18 are 50's or 40's—164 frigates, and 198 sloops. In the North Sea and Downs there are 154 vessels—About Spain, Portugal, and Gibraltar, 34; Mediterranean, 34; West Indies, 45; East Indies, 39.

**MURDER AND SUICIDE.**—On the night of the 28th of August, the following atrocious circumstance took place at Basseterre, St. Kitts. Mr. Francis Constable, a man naturally of a gloomy habit, but whose probity and placid manners for several years past had gained him the respect and esteem of the inhabitants of the Island, quitted his store, and went home in as apparent composure as he had ever been. He desired the woman with whom he cohabited, and by whom he had three coloured children, to put them, and his only son by his late wife, to bed. When the stillness of the night made him believe his woman and children were fast asleep, he crept into the chamber, and began the work of death, by an attempt to strangle the unsuspecting mother, giving her at the same instant a violent blow on the temple with a boot-jack, to render her incapable of resistance. Fortunately the blow had not the desired effect, but alarmed her so much, that she struggled from the grasp he had on her throat, and leaped through the window to call in the neighbours. Having previously prepared cords, he put one round the neck of each sleeping infant, and, it must be presumed, that, finding he could not effectually strangle them, he must have held them up suspended in one hand, while with the other he gave them repeated stabs about the body, with a pistol having a spring bayonet. The youngest, (a little girl not three months old) having one slight mark of the weapon on its left pap, no doubt the tightness of the cord had soon finished his purpose with her. His son, fourteen years old, and the two other girls had seven of eight stabs, many of which were mortal. When the door was forced open by the neighbours, he was found pierced with wounds, and weltering in his blood on the floor. Assistance was procured for the wretched man, but happily assistance was in vain; he lived in convulsive agony till past eight the next morning, when he expired. He left a letter, from which it appears that he was induced to commit the horrid deed from the bad state of his affairs.

It is with regret we hear, that although we have such men in Great Bri-

tain as Flaxman, Nolckens, Rossi, &c. the University of Cambridge has commissioned a sculptor in a foreign country to make a design for a monument to be erected to the late illustrious statesman, William Pitt.

On Monday morning Dec. 1. about eight o'clock, a bear belonging to Mr. Bradbury, Clown at the Circus, got loose from his den, in the yard adjoining the theatre, and immediately seized a fine boy, son of a Mr. Wilson, whom he tore in a most shocking manner. The boy was barely extricated alive. He was immediately taken to the hospital; but we understand he is since dead. The animal, which had been generally considered as altogether harmless, had become ferocious from hunger, which impelled him to tear up the stake to which he was fastened, and to rush forth in search of food. His first object was an ostler, who was cleaning a horse in the adjoining yard, but he fortunately escaped through a window, when the boy already mentioned was seized by the ravenous animal, who was prevented by his muzzle from tearing him instantly to pieces. The cries of the boy soon brought assistance, but he was not extricated from the horrid situation till the throat of the animal was cut, and then the mischief had been done, which has been succeeded by such a fatal termination.

Of the savage atrocities committed at Lubeck, the following particulars are stated in a letter received by the last conveyance: After the French troops had entered the city, and glutted their savage ferocity with the blood of those who opposed them in arms, they entered the houses of the citizens in several parts, pursued the defenceless inhabitants, and bayoneted them to discover their property; plundered them and drove them to the tops of the houses, and then forced them back to the cellars, the staircases and rooms screaming with human blood, and covered with the mangled carcasses of those who fell victims to the savage ferocity of those devils in human shape. The writer describes the gallant conduct of the Prussian soldiers under Blücher and the Prince of Brunswick, as beyond all comparison; they disputed every inch of ground, and Blücher never offered to surrender, until he found himself and his brave followers surrounded by six times their number.

At one of the late drill days of the Uxbridge volunteers, on Uxbridge Common, the captain, as usual, returned them thanks for their attention and good conduct. As they were about to quit the field, the sergeant major addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen, you will please to remember that you are to muster here the first Monday in each month, except it should happen to fall on a Sunday."

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#### DIED.

At his seat at Arbury, Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. aged 88.---At Cheltenham, the Rev. Sir Richard Cope, Bart.---At his seat at Pyrland, Sir Wm. Yea, Bart.---Lieut. General Innes.

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